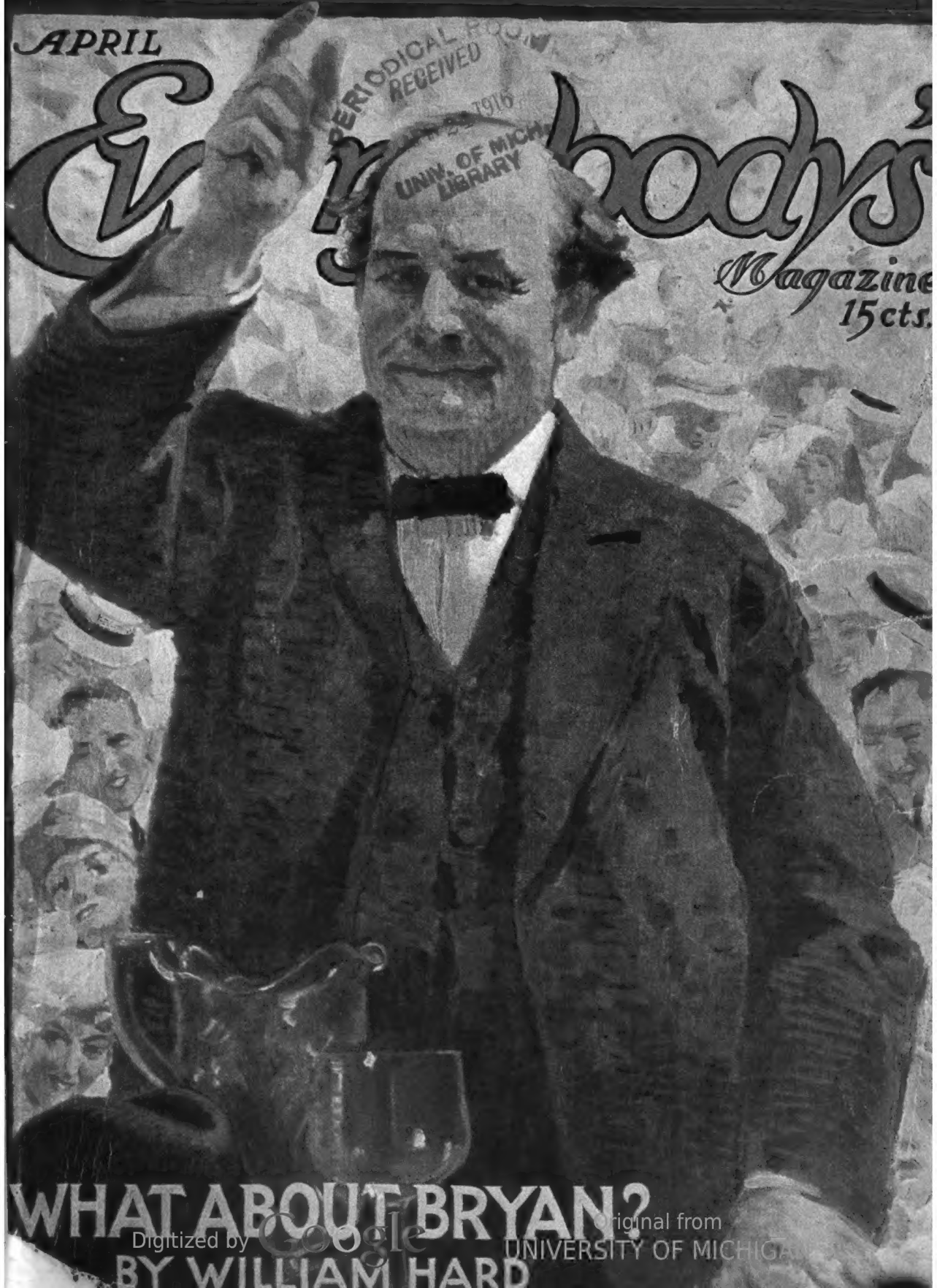

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Everybody's Magazine
NUMBER FOUR APRIL 1916 VOLUME XXXIV

CONGRESS QUIT

The Story of how Our Leaders Turned from Real Defense to a Rally round the Pork Barrel

BY GARDNER L. HARDING

SIGNIFICANT things happened in Washington on or about February 10, 1916—things which may prove to have a vital bearing on the future peace and security of the United States.

On February 9th, President Wilson conferred with the Military Affairs Committees of both Houses of Congress. The head of the House Committee is Representative James Hay, past master of politics, enemy of citizen training. The chairman of the Senate Committee is George E. Chamberlain, author of a bill for universal military training. On that day the Garrison Continental Army measure, makeshift for a system of citizen training, was the Administration program.

On February 9th I saw the Secretary of War, and he was outspoken in his condemnation of a proposal to "federalize" the militia—a proposal which he characterized as "a lath painted to look like iron." He was also outspoken in his belief that universal training is the only adequate system of national defense, but that his Continental Army scheme was at that time the best that "could be got."

On February 10th, the Secretary of War was booked to speak before the Chamber of Commerce of the United States in Washington. He was going to say that state control, looking toward federalization, would not only fail to meet the conditions of the national army promised in the President's message, but was itself exactly opposed to that policy, and would only continue the patchwork disorganization of the present military system. He was going to propose in this speech, therefore, that the Federal

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Government take over the militia bodily, as a nucleus of a citizen army. I have at hand a memorandum, drawn up at Mr. Garrison's direction, and intended to be the framework of this speech. The speech was never delivered.

On February 10th it became known to those who make it their business to watch the wheels go round, that President Wilson had become convinced that the Continental Army scheme would not work; that while "not wedded" to any scheme, he favored the federalized militia bill; and that he had so informed Secretary Garrison.

On February 10th Garrison resigned.

On February 11th Senator Chamberlain admitted to me that there was no chance for his universal training bill. And on that same day there was abundant evidence in the activity of the Military Affairs Committees of both branches of Congress that the federalized militia scheme was well on its way toward the statute books.

I was sent here to Washington to report to the readers of EVERYBODY'S the "what, why, and how of Congressional action relating to the national defense." The main principles of Preparedness have been conceded by the overwhelming mass of the American people. Everything I have seen in Washington has confirmed this fundamental fact. I am glad it is so. Two years ago I should have regretted it bitterly. I had then come back from four years' experience in the world's labor movements—in England, in France, and in China and Japan. I saw then in military strength nothing but the eternal menace to democracy and liberty, and the conscious and uncontrollable curb to the rights of labor and human brotherhood.

The war has revealed to me two things: first, that the conditions of a military autocracy dominated by a single will can never be repeated in a nation of freemen arming to defend their liberties; and second, that unless we ourselves arm and prepare with a new and realistic grasp of our proper position in a world divested of law, we shall sooner or later pay heavily for our neglect.

It is the purpose of this article to estimate how far the leaders of this nation have fulfilled the sworn duties of the jobs with which the American people have entrusted them.

Well, then—

The President and Congress quit.

There is no other way adequately to state the fact.

In the face of an issue more vital to the country than any presented for fifty years, in a moment of high duty and great opportunity, Congress, as this is being written, is engaged in an attempt to log-roll the life out of the national hope for a sufficient defense. And the President is engaged in letting Congress do it. The net product of an insistent demand for real defense is—*pork*.

That is the "what" of it—*pork*.

WILSON gave no leadership. That, chiefly, is the "why" of it. Whether he could and wouldn't, or would and couldn't, is, to use a favorite presidential word, "debatable." This much is sure: A definite, determined word from the White House early in this session would have set this country well on its way toward the answer to its defense problem. Words came, to be sure. Many of them. But no leadership. The sum total of the words gave not the slightest clue to the President's real convictions on this most important of all issues.

Listen to this direct plea for inaction before Preparedness became popular. From the presidential message of December 8, 1914:

"But I turn away from the subject. It is not new. There is no new need

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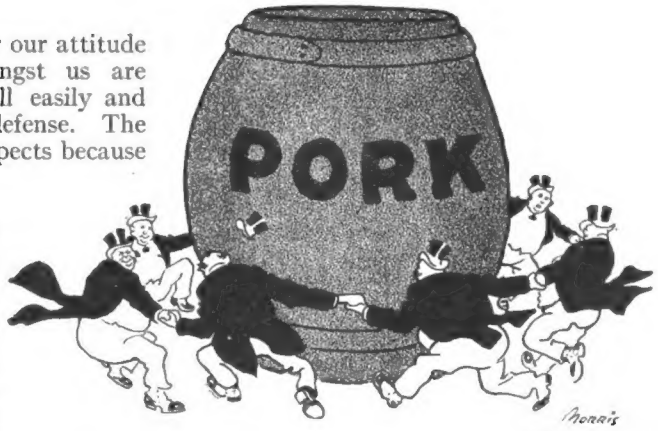
to discuss it. We shall not alter our attitude toward it, because some amongst us are nervous and excited. We shall easily and sensibly agree on a policy of defense. The question has not changed its aspects because the times are not normal."



THE RALLY ROUND THE PORK-BARREL.

And again:

"More than this (Citizen Force and Improvement of Militia), proposed at this time, would mean merely that we had lost our self-possession, that we had been thrown off our balance by a war with which we have nothing to do, whose causes can not touch us, whose very existence offers us opportunities of friendship and disinterested service which should make us ashamed of any thought of hostility or fearful preparation for trouble."

Listen to this same President at Topeka on February 2, 1916—when Preparedness had become a great popular movement:

"It is only upon the most solemn occasion that I would appeal to you as I have been appealing to-day. The final test of the validity, the strength, the irresistible force of the American ideal has come."

At Kansas City on the same day:

"Speaking with all solemnity, I assure you there is not a day to be lost."

This in January, 1916:

"It amazes me to hear men speak as if America stood alone in the world, and could follow her own life if she pleased; we are in the midst of a world which we did not make and which we can not alter, and its whole atmospheric and physical conditions are our own. And, therefore, as your responsible servant, I must tell you that the dangers are infinite and constant."

"Let there be no misconception," he chided in his message of 1914, written four months after the war began, "the country has been misinformed. We have not been negligent of national defense."

"I should feel guilty of an unpardonable offense," were his words in Pittsburgh, in January, 1916, "if I did not come out and tell my fellow countrymen that new circumstances have arisen which make it absolutely necessary that this country should prepare itself for adequate national defense."

The gossip of Washington probably runs in line with the gossip of the rest of the country in giving almost as many explanations for the President's changing front as there were speeches. Some say "politics," in accounting for the Western tour somersault. Others hold to the view that the President, as he definitely implied in his Pittsburgh speech, knew of a peril that he dared not make public. Others profess to believe that he was carried away by crowd enthusiasm, and uttered words that astonished him afterward. Still others believe that his purpose was to impress Germany at a critical point in the *Lusitania* negotiations.

If it was politics, the President tired of the play. If there was a peril of which he alone knew, it passed. If he was carried away by crowd enthusiasm, the exaltation was short-lived. If he thought it expedient to impress somebody, he later found it unnecessary to sustain the impression. The one thing that stands apart as not open to conjecture is that *President Wilson to-day has no constructive policy in the National Defense problem.*

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He is just as uncertain, just as indefinite, just as indifferent toward it as he was on the first day of the war in Europe. Constitutionally he is opposed to the thing that people are demanding. He hopes that it is just a national brain-storm. He would like to see an end to the agitation, and he is willing to let Congress, in its own way, find a means of bringing it to an end that will be satisfactory—to the politicians in Congress. He is glad and relieved to stand out of harm's way and "let 'er buzz." I think in his professorial days he must have felt about the same way and acted about the same way in the presence of a Princeton cane-rush.

In the country at large this shifting of the President's point of view doesn't seem so much to matter, because when the President put the loud pedal on Preparedness most people forgot forthwith, if they ever knew, his long and faithful service on the soft pedal. But in Washington it does seem to matter. Here it is obvious that not only has Woodrow Wilson been inexcusably tardy in approaching a point of view, but that when he was strong for defense, and when he was mild for it, *he was with the majority*. This is not the leadership that would risk anything on unpopular, drastic changes absolutely necessary to the time. By the time the President came round to Preparedness it was already an idea fixed in the minds of thousands of people. It was so largely because "some among us" had been "nervous and excited" for some time previous.

IT IS a good thing to have a Chief Executive who tries to carry into effect what he believes the people think. For the executive leader of the nation under circumstances such as now exist to try to shift the whole responsibility for the national defense to a people's Congress is simply to absolve himself from the leadership with which he has been entrusted.

There is no question but that this has been the attitude of President Wilson. There was one memorable instance of it when the Continental Army was being actively promoted. A well-known and independent-minded congressional leader had an interview with the President on this point, which made him so incensed that he told the whole story to the first person he met after leaving the White House.

The President pointed out to this congressman that the Continental Army scheme was an ideal test for the present Preparedness agitation. If it is genuine, he said, if the people really want adequate defense, why, they'll enlist in the Continental Army. If they don't want it, they won't enlist, and we shall save the expense of such a force. "But, Mr. President," said his caller, "isn't it up to you to find out whether or not the people need Preparedness, and if they need it to go any lengths toward getting it for them?"

The reply to this question has never been given, but from the President's course, and from the increasing bitterness the incident engendered among the opponents of the Continental Army, may be gathered something of what killed the chance for citizen training. The unworthy opportunism of this policy is apparent. Personally, I believe the President did hold this view in the early stages of the present session, and I am convinced that he holds it yet. What else can this passage mean from his Cleveland speech of January 29th?

"The test [of a national army scheme] is going to be the response of the country; it is going to be the volunteering of the men to take the training. It will be up to the young men of this country; . . . and then we shall know how far it is true that America wishes to prepare itself for national defense. It is not a matter of sentiment, but of hard practise."

For "sentiment," write "principle," for "hard practise," "opportunism."

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That makes the distinction plainer, and indicates, less favorably perhaps, but with perfect fairness, the state of mind with which the President has constantly approached this problem.

The President and His War Secretary.

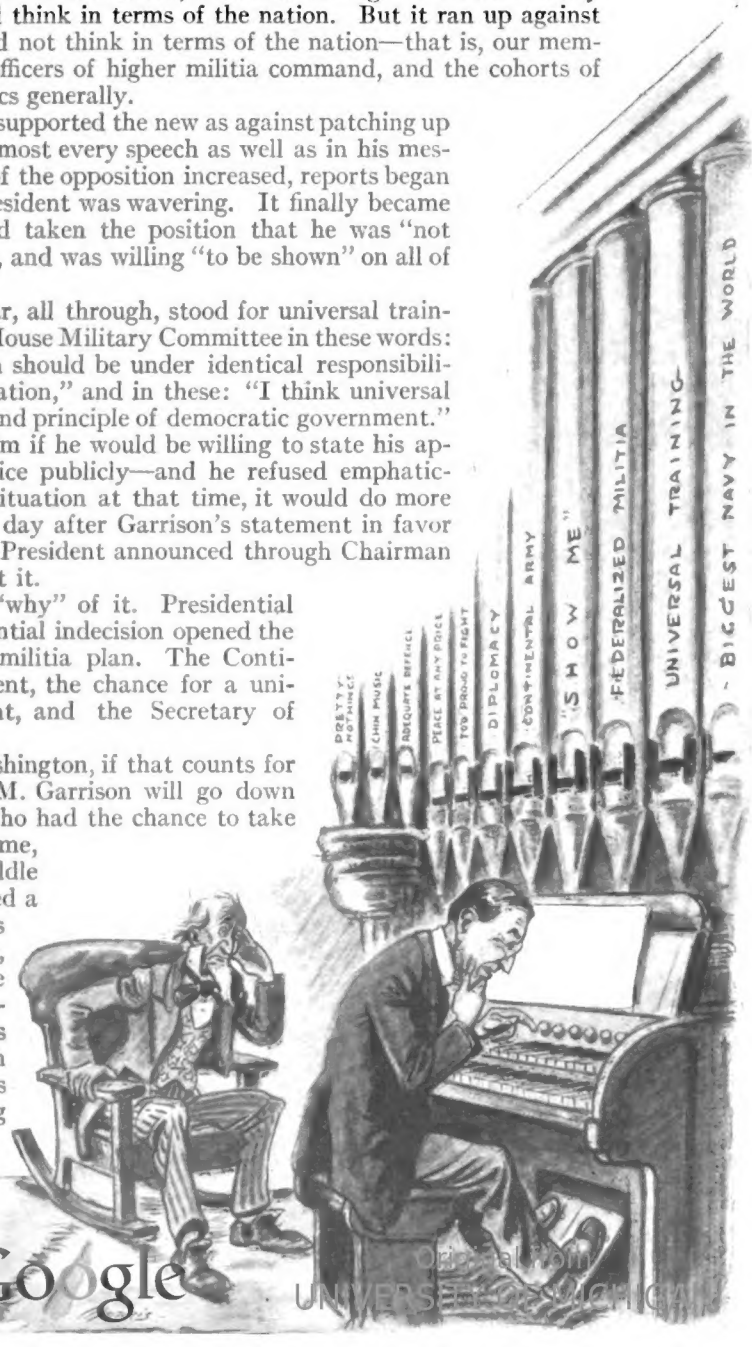
THERE was one time when the Administration had a policy of national defense. That was when Congress opened. The Administration policy centered in the Continental Army. The Continental Army inevitably would become a rival and a successor to the militia. There isn't room for two large volunteer forces in this country, and Garrison knew it. Now the Continental Army has been called a makeshift and a stop-gap, among others, by EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE. Nevertheless, it did clear the ground for a military policy in which we could think in terms of the nation. But it ran up against the very people who did not think in terms of the nation—that is, our members of Congress, the officers of higher militia command, and the cohorts of localism and state politics generally.

At first the President supported the new as against patching up the old, and said so in almost every speech as well as in his message. As the pressure of the opposition increased, reports began to circulate that the President was wavering. It finally became established that he had taken the position that he was "not wedded" to any scheme, and was willing "to be shown" on all of them.

The Secretary of War, all through, stood for universal training—said so before the House Military Committee in these words: "I think every citizen should be under identical responsibilities as to duty to the nation," and in these: "I think universal military training is a sound principle of democratic government." In December I asked him if he would be willing to state his approval of universal service publicly—and he refused emphatically, saying that in the situation at that time, it would do more harm than good. The day after Garrison's statement in favor of universal service the President announced through Chairman Hay that *he* was against it.

And there was the "why" of it. Presidential indifference and presidential indecision opened the way to the federalized militia plan. The Continental Army scheme went, the chance for a universal training law went, and the Secretary of War went.

In the opinion of Washington, if that counts for anything, Mr. Lindley M. Garrison will go down into history as a man who had the chance to take the tide that leads to fame, and chose instead to paddle in a puddle. He entered a Cabinet composed of less than dominant figures, so that what strength he possessed gained exaggeration by contrast. As a consequence, he soon found himself hailed as a "strong man," growing



"GIVE US THE KEY, WOODROW."

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A MAN WHO HAD THE CHANCE TO TAKE THE TIDE THAT LEADS TO FAME, BUT CHOSE TO PADDLE IN A PUDDLE.

daily in the estimation of the press and the favor of the people, and so it was that the Preparedness agitation, directly concerned with his department, offered a specific invitation to big things and distinct leadership.

His original convictions were quite clear. Time after time he declared flatly in favor of universal training, holding that the volunteer system had broken down at every point in history. In his recommendations, however, he put these convictions to one side, and came before the country with the ill-fated Continental Army plan that was neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring.

And yet the scheme, in its essence, contained the big idea of national control of national defense, the only firm ground for any military system that is to provide adequate protection. Bitter as was their disappointment over his abject abandonment of universal training, the supporters of Preparedness were ready to back the Garrison plan out of their conviction that it was better than the militia pay bill.

THEN came President Wilson's refusal of indorsement, although accompanied by the bland statement that his mind was "open." All Washington waited for Garrison to take advantage of that "openness." Here was the chance for the "strong man" to juggle cannonballs! As long as the President had declared the issue debatable, it was the War Secretary's right and duty to fight for the thing in which he believed.

And the "strong man" *quit*. Quit cold, without striking a blow. Quit pettishly, without sounding a single note for the rallying of the thousands on the watch for intelligent, virile leadership.

To be sure, he was up against a stupendous task. Congress, local-minded, narrowly partisan, watchful for mean patronage, was totally out of sympathy with his wider vision. But he chose his ground with exaggerated prudence. If he had voiced his convictions at the first, if he had stood for the universal training that he pronounced necessary and inevitable, he might have saved the nation from further years of waste and failure. Had he stayed on his job, fighting for his Continental Army scheme until kicked out, he might have established the principle of national control of national defense. But he quit.

And Congress at once seized its opportunity. It insisted on the organized militia as the basis of home defense, in the face of facts that establish for this organization one long dreary record of failure, waste, extravagance, and inefficiency. For more than one hundred and thirty-eight years the various states have spent millions on the militia, the annual appropriations going over $7,000,000 in 1915.

In 1903, moved by the glittering promises of the Dick bill, the national government came forward with funds, and in the twelve years that have

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passed, something like $66,000,000 have been used for the upbuilding of the so-called "National Guard." With what result?

A paper strength of 129,000 only, and an actual strength of half that number! A discipline so lax and an instruction so meager that military authorities estimate six months as the amount of time that would be necessary to whip this half-baked handful into shape for the firing-line!

A visit to the War Department office devoted to militia affairs resembles nothing so closely as an hour spent at police headquarters. Page after page there is filled with records of the loot and misuse of Government property, generously loaned to these state troops, in the hope that national aid might bring them to a higher level; all sorts of clothing, firearms, and general equipment used gaily by militiamen in their civil pursuits; tents and camp stuff loaned to fishing and hunting parties; expenditures for whisky, brandy, and allied stimulants over and above any possible proper demand; and a nice sum of one million and a half, representing property that has disappeared entirely.

A principal Government activity has been the promotion of rifle competitions in state, interstate, and national matches, the idea being to teach the enlisted men how to shoot. Not only is pay given, but also transportation and subsistence; yet, in spite of this, only fourteen states displayed sufficient interest to make a showing that might be called satisfactory. Even so, a study of the reports reveals some astonishing facts. While only $24,560.96 was spent on the rifle practise of enlisted men in a year, officers received $113,053. Of this amount, over $34,000, or one-fourth, was paid to generals and field officers, who not only do not carry a rifle, but are not connected with companies, troops, or batteries, and who do not act as instructors of the enlisted men.

In one state a major-general drew down good money for perfecting his marksmanship; twelve states furnished brigadier-generals, and many states had teams composed of fifteen and twenty high officers, with but two and three enlisted men. Further than this, one-sixth of the entire amount given by the Government for target practise went to the horde of civilian employees put to work on the target ranges by politicians.

Prettifying the Pay Bill.

IT WAS to such an organization, then, that Congress contemplated turning over the trust of the national defense; it was upon such an organization that Congress proposed to spend additional millions! It was not a new idea, by any means. The "pork barrel" gentlemen had introduced the bill in 1914, but as none of them had sufficient effrontery to push it boldly, it died the death. It was called the "militia pay bill" then, but now, when the country was awake, and demanding adequate Preparedness, it was painted, powdered, and padded, and never referred to except as a "measure for the federalization of the organized militia."

This was deliberate deception, and every one back of the bill knew it. It is not in the power of Congress to federalize the militia, for that is something which must be done by amendment to the Constitution, a long-drawn-out and complicated procedure that requires the endorsement of three-quarters of the states. No matter how many millions Congress may decide to lavish upon the organized militia, and no matter how cleverly Congress may attempt to create an impression of Federal control, militia control will still be vested in forty-eight governors, and not the slightest

CHANGING HIS MIND.

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obligation can be imposed that would be enforceable.

For twelve years the Government has given equipment to the organized militia, offered pay, transportation, and subsistence to all members willing to submit to the intensive training of camps and service schools, and assigned regular army officers for purposes of instruction. Again let the results be stated: actual strength, 64,000, and attendance at camps and schools about fourteen per cent. All that the proposed "federalization" bill could do that has not been done would be to add to the pile of gold that under the law can be poured into the sieve. With privates receiving $48 a year, and officers from $250 to $500 and even more, This measure, if it became law, would open up a veritable golden stream of patronage. If any proof were needed that the framers were not unmindful of this—the unit of militia was made the Congress Corps, distribution made by congressional districts, and a limit of 800 set to each congressional district. Fair play at the Pork Barrel! Some limit would have to be set, also, for the number of "the faithful" who could be taken care of on the new payroll. Indeed, yes!

"IT'S A BIG JUMP FROM EDITOR OF A COUNTRY

When all is said and done, however, the chief cause of the failure of the organized militia is the dual nature of its service, for while called a "national guard," it is, in reality, a state police force. I have talked with any number of labor leaders, and not one has failed to express his bitter antagonism to the organized militia, branding it a "strike-breaking agency." It is not necessary to enter into the rights or wrongs of industrial disputes to make it clear that any body used for state police purposes can never lend itself to the honest needs of national defense, since it earns inevitably the hate of a certain portion of the population, who will refuse to join it. This disability can not be removed by any act of Congress.

The President did not believe that the militia can be federalized—but his attitude was that he was willing to be shown. One opinion or the other must prevail, however, and when the President doubted his, he gave in irrevocably to the opinion of Congress. And with this act we must pass a definite judgment on Wilson. Invariably when a president is fighting Congress, Congress is out for the local, the president for the national cause. That is the inevitable tendency of their division. Every president has to fight his Congress in the name of this unity, this national policy, which a collective Congress is somehow constitutionally incapable of understanding. That is a check and balance which means something. When a president gives in, as President Wilson gave in, and when he presents the head of his principal Cabinet minister to

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PAPER TO SECRETARY OF THE NAVY."

Congress on a silver charger, he has crippled every executive department of the Government; he has hobbled initiative and leadership. President Wilson did this just at the time when a blundering and divided headship in this country was more likely to make us weak in the face of imminent peril than at any time since the Civil War.

It was not timidity or inability to match strength with Congress that led him to give way. Proof of this is in the record of the vigorous and adroit measures he employed to put an end to congressional interference with his handling of the submarine controversy with Germany. There was no timidity or lack of ability displayed in the manner in which he pressed his demand that Congress go on record. Indecision and indifference alone account for his handling of the defense issue.

The Big Jump of Mr. Daniels.

TO ATTEMPT to discuss the navy in these same broad terms of general policy and leadership is to turn to Josephus Daniels. There is no war-staff in the navy, sharing, as in the army, the initiative of the Higher Command. Secretary Daniels *is* the Higher Command. There are no disputes with congressional committees. Mr. Daniels has been a North Carolina politician for twenty years—and he "gets on" with Congress famously. So, having a free hand, the responsibility in his case is a great deal easier to fix.

I have been many times in his office, but I have had only one long, undisturbed talk with him. That was in the firelight of his huge room, where, on that winter afternoon, I admit, he disarmed most of my questions with his courteous and homely humor. A lively man he was, ready with an answer to anything, quick at replies to arguments and feelings, but rather fumbling and condescending over facts. I particularly remember his passing his hand over his face, and wondering whether Germany had twenty-eight or thirty-eight dreadnoughts—and then saying, with relief, "Oh, I'll give you a book about all that." And he gave me a little yellow pamphlet, "Some of the Principal Navies of the World," of which I had a well-thumbed copy at home. He also gave me his annual report.

Taking this man from the desk of the Raleigh (N. C.) *News and Observer*, and putting him down at the desk of the Secretary of the American Navy, was certainly a bold stroke. It was not so unprecedented, however, when one remembers that Mr. Daniels was not merely an editor, but had been for years North Carolina member of the Democratic National Executive Committee.

Unquestionably there have been bitter and reckless attacks made on him,

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and the unfairness of many of these attacks, the plain abuse on which they mainly depend, has set many currents of public opinion flowing in his direction. But beneath them all, there have been some really genuine complaints which will not down.

What goes deepest of all has been his persistent attempts to make us believe that our navy is stronger than it is. He has been frequently disingenuous, uncandid—and worse. There was a time, a year ago, when everybody believed that the battle-ship had become practically powerless before the submarine. We began to look around at our submarines. We found them, for the most part, unfit to accompany the battle-fleet on high-sea duty. Commander Yates Sterling was in command of the flotilla. The Secretary detailed a number of officers—mostly bureau chiefs—to give evidence before the House Committee on Naval Affairs. But Commander Sterling was not called until Congressman Roberts of Massachusetts demanded his presence. It was then that the country learned that all along the Atlantic coast, out of seventeen submarines, there was only one that could dive. It also began to learn that our submarines were unseaworthy, and wholly unreliable even in near-war conditions.

SUCH a showing would have warned anybody but Secretary Daniels that the honest thing to do would be to admit there was something radically wrong with the submarines, and to set about finding a remedy. Instead, he sprang this Bulletin one fine morning:

Navy Department,
May 7, 1915.

After a continuous and uninterrupted run of about 1200 miles, one of the longest steady runs ever accomplished by American submarines, the Second and Fourth Divisions of the Atlantic Submarine Flotilla have arrived at New York from Pensacola, Florida, via Key West, which port was their last stopping place. The Second Division consists of the D-1, D-2, D-3, E-1 and E-2, and the Fourth Division consists of K-1, K-2, K-5 and K-6. The starting point of the cruise was Pensacola, Florida, where both flotillas, with their tenders, had been engaged for the last four months in drills and exercises in cooperation with a mining division and the Aeronautical Corps, stationed at the same place. This is the first occasion that these three elements of the service have held joint maneuvers.

But credulous persons peered into the details of this run. Congressman Gardner, among others, addressed a series of questions about it to a high naval official, whose name can not yet be divulged. And he received the following reply:

NAVY DEPARTMENT
Washington.

MY DEAR MR. GARDNER: January 8, 1916.

Referring to our correspondence with regard to the nonstop run of submarines from Key West to New York in May, 1915, I am sending you the following detailed information in regard to this expedition: At 9 A.M., on April 30, 1915, the *Tonopah*, E-1, E-2, and the *MacDonough* sailed from Key West for New York. At 9 A. M., May 1, 1915, the *Prairie*, *Worden*, K-1, K-2, K-5 and K-6 sailed from Key West for New York, the K-1 being in tow because both engines were unavailable.

During the afternoon of May 1st defects developed in the engines of the E-2, which necessitated that vessel being taken in tow by the *Tonopah*. During the afternoon of May 4th the D-1, D-2 and D-3 from Annapolis, joined the E-1 off the Northeast End Lightship. The E-1 arrived at Tompkinsville, N. Y., on the morning of May 5th, having made the trip under her own engines from Key West, although she had encountered repeated engine trouble during the trip. The *Tonopah*, with the E-2 in tow, arrived several hours after the K-1. The *Prairie*, *Worden*, K-1, K-2, K-5 and

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OFFICE OF
THE ADMIRAL OF THE NAVY
WASHINGTON

December 24, 1915.

Mr. A. P. Gardner,
House of Representatives.
City.

Dear Sir

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 22d instant, requesting a reply to the following questions.

1. How many ways capable of being occupied by battleships and battle cruisers are now available in all our ship-building yards, public and private?

Including the building slips now occupied by vessels in the course of construction, the following are at present available capable of being occupied by battleships and battle cruisers

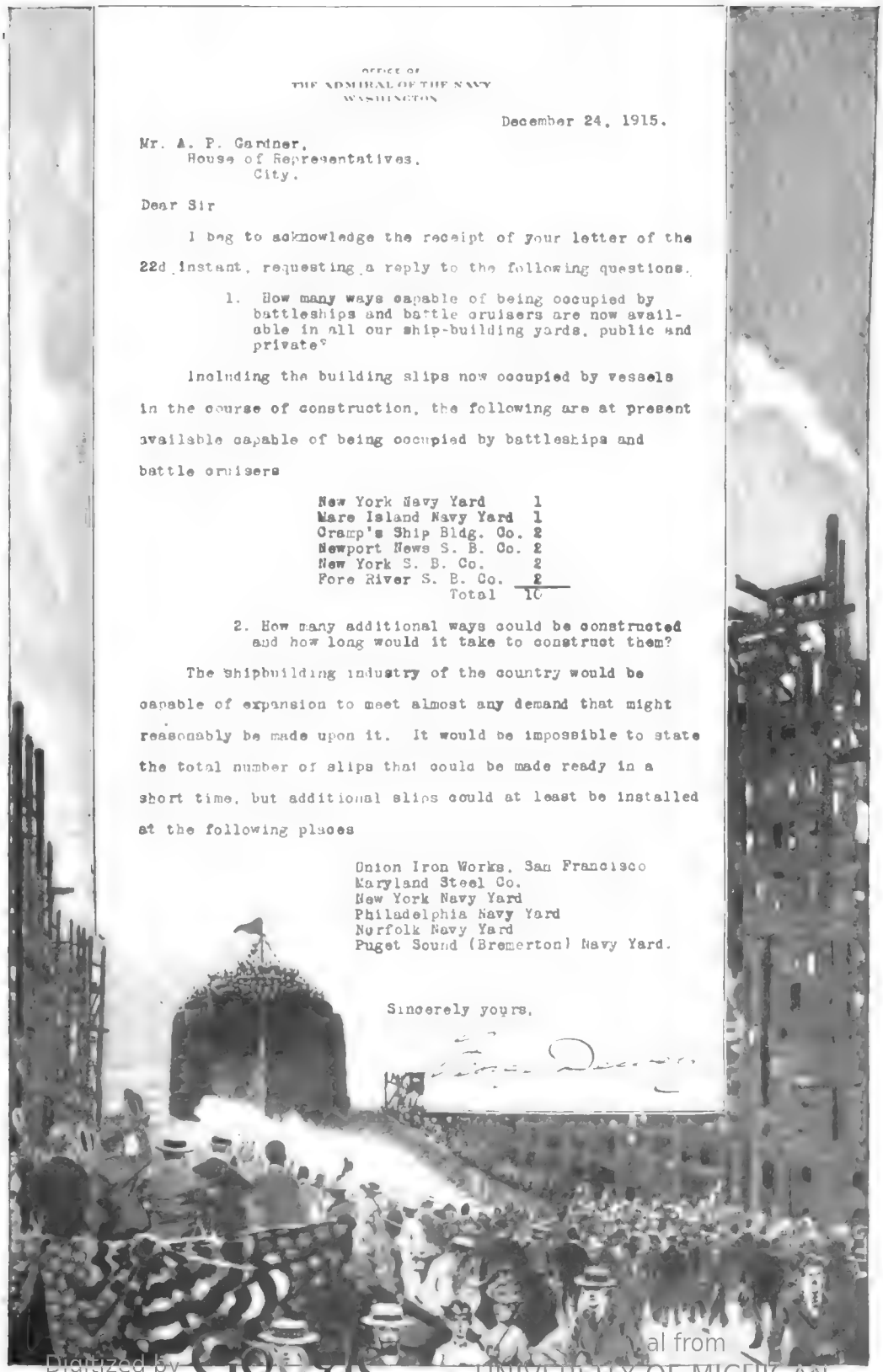
New York Navy Yard	1
Mare Island Navy Yard	1
Cramp's Ship Bldg. Co.	2
Newport News S. B. Co.	2
New York S. B. Co.	2
Fore River S. B. Co.	2
Total	10

2. How many additional ways could be constructed and how long would it take to construct them?

The shipbuilding industry of the country would be capable of expansion to meet almost any demand that might reasonably be made upon it. It would be impossible to state the total number of slips that could be made ready in a short time, but additional slips could at least be installed at the following places

Union Iron Works, San Francisco
Maryland Steel Co.
New York Navy Yard
Philadelphia Navy Yard
Norfolk Navy Yard
Puget Sound (Bremerton) Navy Yard.

Sincerely yours,



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K-6, arrived in the North River, N. Y., at noon May 6th. The K-2, K-5 and K-6 made the run from Key West under their own engines. The weather experienced was good; seas fairly smooth and favorable winds. The U. S. S. *Fulton* did not accompany the expedition. Very sincerely yours,

P. S.—Northeast End Lightship is fourteen miles east of Wildwood, N. J., and twenty-four miles south of Atlantic City.

The false confidence Daniels has allowed to be spread about our big ships is even more intolerable. To our total number of dreadnoughts, built, building, and authorized (seventeen), the Secretary always adds two—the General Board always calls it seventeen; he always calls it nineteen. These mysterious two are the *Michigan* and the *South Carolina*, dating from 1906, and the first all-big-gun ships in the world, but *not* dreadnoughts. Every naval authority in America, official and non-official, agrees that these ships are not dreadnoughts. More than that, I have a letter from Secretary Daniels himself admitting this.

There could be no surer sign of this happy irresponsibility to naval facts than the persistent controversy that has raged in this country for more than a year over the question: Where do we stand among the world's navies? The Secretary has never told us; but the President came out flatly on his whirlwind Western tour and said: Fourth. Yet the Secretary allowed Admiral Fletcher to get into the chair at last year's House naval hearings and say that we were ahead of Germany, we were behind Germany, and that he didn't know. That was in Mr. Daniels's own happy manner, and he could not help saying, after the hearing was over, that he would take Admiral Fletcher's word before that of any other officer in the navy.

These statements about Admiral Fletcher's testimony are, fortunately, easily provable by a reference to the hearings.

First: that we are behind Germany. P. 565.

Mr. Butler: "Where do we stand, Admiral?"

Admiral Fletcher: "I have not personally gone into that, but I have estimates which place us about third at the present time."

Second: that we are stronger than Germany. P. 553.

Mr. Witherspoon: "Do you want us to understand that England is the only nation on earth that has a navy we could not successfully resist?"

Admiral Fletcher: "I think that is the fair conclusion—yes, sir, at the present time."

Third: that you can't tell anyhow. P. 545.

Mr. Butler: "I have never been able to learn whether or not we rank in men or ships with Germany."

Admiral Fletcher: "It is very difficult to give any exact estimate. You can only tell approximately."

IN THE new program, the old principle of Mr. Daniels, the old boosting principle, still shows. He is really spending $67,000,000 on new construction for next year; while the General Board recommended over $96,000,000. In his Report he says he is spending $95,000,000. He gets this figure by adding in the sum of $28,000,000 *continuing construction*, an expenditure which has nothing to do with the new program at all. Twenty million more is slipped in the year after, and the resulting $48,000,000 brings his five-year estimate up to $502,000,000, against the General Board's of $499,000,000.

Moreover, in the first year of the program, the only year over which the Secretary's administration has any interest, four capital ships are to be laid down, as against the Board's recommendation of eight. The Secretary claimed

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at the time Admiral Dewey's report was made public (December 24, 1915), that this country simply couldn't lay down that many ships in one year.

On page 415, a letter signed by Admiral Dewey tells its own story.

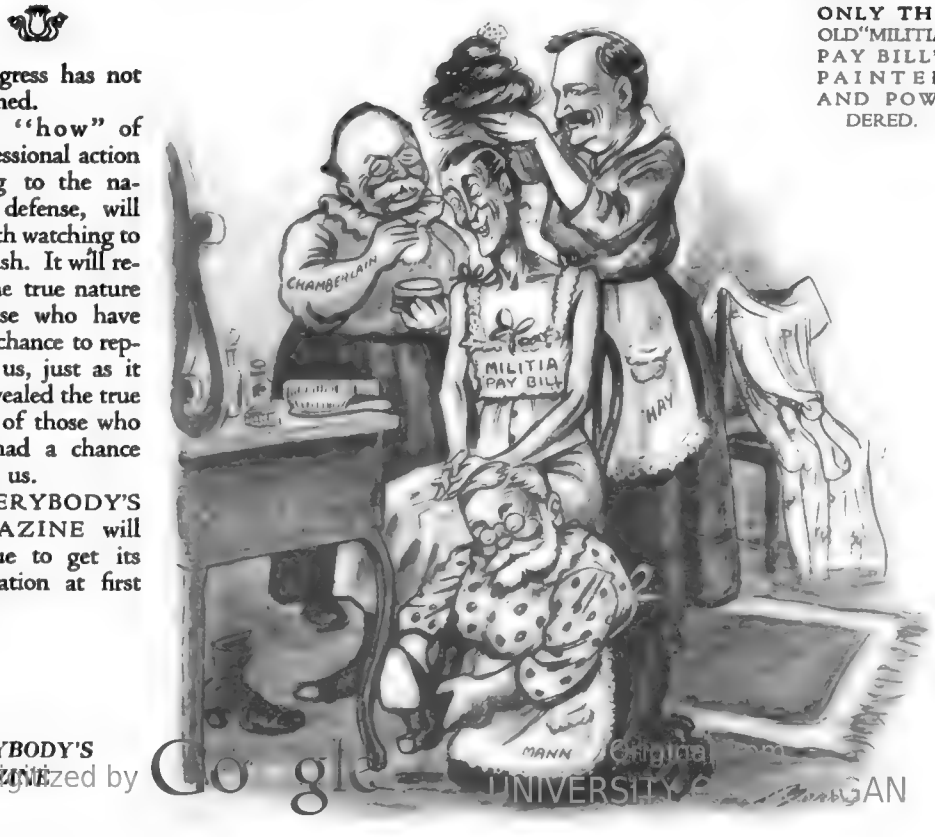
The key to Daniels is a small key. What a different service he would have given us had he admitted that the navy was in bad shape (after all, the Republicans were responsible for that), or even admitted, as Garrison did, that a policy, at least, was fundamentally lacking. But no, the shell of a vainglorious bureaucrat encloses him, and he conceives that to exaggerate the navy's strength is to boost himself. And that, likewise, to suffer honest criticism is to belittle himself. "It's a big jump," he said to me, "from editor of a country paper to Secretary of the Navy." The country is with him on that.

After all credit is conceded to him for his good intentions, Secretary Daniels to-day stands before the American people an officer incapable of performing his important duties, disinclined to remedy his weaknesses by study, and pettishly refusing to seek or accept the counsels of experts, frequently yielding to the temptation to use his high office for political advantage. If a sense of patriotic duty can not lead him to step out, the American people should force him to resign. The thing can be done—and will be done—if enough letters of protest are sent by American citizens to the President and to Mr. Daniels himself.

A navy adequate to the responsibility that will be laid upon it in time of war is indispensable to any scheme of defense. But it can not be denied that the only absolute national insurance is a citizenship trained for defense.

A moment of great opportunity came to Congress just now. And Congress turned its eyes from the safety of a nation to the exigencies of local politics.

With real leadership, Congress could not have done that. It is too bad we had no leader to come before us with a frank expression of honest conviction, pointing the way as he saw the way, heedless alike of protest, abuse, applause.



A "MEASURE FOR THE FEDERALIZATION OF THE ORGANIZED MILITIA" IS ONLY THE OLD "MILITIA PAY BILL" PAINTED AND POWDERED.

Congress has not adjourned.

The "how" of Congressional action relating to the national defense, will be worth watching to the finish. It will reveal the true nature of those who have had a chance to represent us, just as it has revealed the true nature of those who have had a chance to lead us.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE will continue to get its information at first hand.

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WELL?

IT IS a humiliating spectacle that official Washington has presented in the face of the Preparedness issue—an issue more vital to the nation than any since human slavery challenged the equal justice of America. What Mr. Harding has revealed in the preceding pages demands the attention of every American.

Evasion, purposelessness, indecision, and petty political scheming characterized the activities of Congress from the beginning. Preparedness for 1916 is what the party leaders had in mind—not the true and patriotic preparedness that would guard and guarantee the future of the world's one great experiment in democracy.

What are we going to do about it? Sit down, fold our hands, and wait prayerfully in the hope that another Congress will be composed of men of courage and vision? Not necessarily. There is something that each community can do for itself, and in the doing contribute not only to the national defense, but also to its own integrity and welfare.

It's the Wyoming idea. George Creel told about it in the February number. It is an inspiring story of a young army lieutenant who used his spare time to gather the schoolboys of Cheyenne into cadet corps, a story of how enthusiasm swept the state, catching up every youngster in its sweep, and converting parents, pacifists, ministers, and labor unions from antagonism to ardent support. Steever is the lieutenant's name. Just a skilful, earnest soldier, knowing nothing of politics and caring less, but "doing his bit" in our service as best he knows how.

It wasn't soldiers only that Steever made. It isn't soldiers only that any of us want to make. It is *citizens*. He put his emphasis on civic ideals, strengthened their bodies and their minds, taught them the obligations of liberty, equality, and fraternity, gave them hatred of evil acts and evil thoughts, inculcated ideals of public service, and put through his military training as an orderly, natural part of the education of an American citizen who may some day be called upon to defend his country against armed invasion or unbearable aggression.

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DECORATIONS BY VINCENT LYNCH.

Merely an Americanization of the Swiss and Australian systems, to be sure, but a smashing demonstration of the great truth that it is possible to have military training without sacrifice of democratic principles. It does not solve the whole problem of the national defense. Compulsory training of the youth of the land is the one adequate measure, and is the truly democratic measure, since it imposes the duty of national defense upon all citizens equally, high and low, rich and poor. But the Wyoming idea is a splendid start toward real Preparedness.

Do you want to work out the Steever idea in your community? No new laws are required. You will not have to bother with Congress or the legislature. The Wyoming school-boards merely gave their consent, enlistment was entirely voluntary, and Lieutenant Steever devoted a few hours each week to the work. As the thing went along it commenced to be carried by its own momentum, until to-day the cadet corps is a Wyoming institution that couldn't be shattered by siege guns.

We want no big standing army in the United States, for the trouble with standing armies is that they don't "stand." Their tendency is to get busy. We want no system of compulsory service that takes useful years out of a man's adult life, disrupting industry and entailing devotion to false standards. What we want is a system of military training that will operate during the growing years as part and parcel of education itself, leaving maturity free for the normal civil pursuits. The Steever idea gives it.

Why not try it instead of marking time? Get a group together, talk it over with your school-board, hold a conference to agree upon the course of training that will elevate civic ideals even while it gives strong, trained bodies, and then write us about the details.

We'll gladly aid you in getting the right sort of man to start the thing off.

First read Mr. Harding's careful analysis of our leadership. Page 405.

There is still time for a letter from you to reach the President and your own representatives in Congress. Write the letter. It will help. But don't wait for the result. You can start something *now* that doesn't depend on the President or Congress. The Wyoming idea can be set going in your community to-day.

If EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE can help, let us know.

THE EDITOR.

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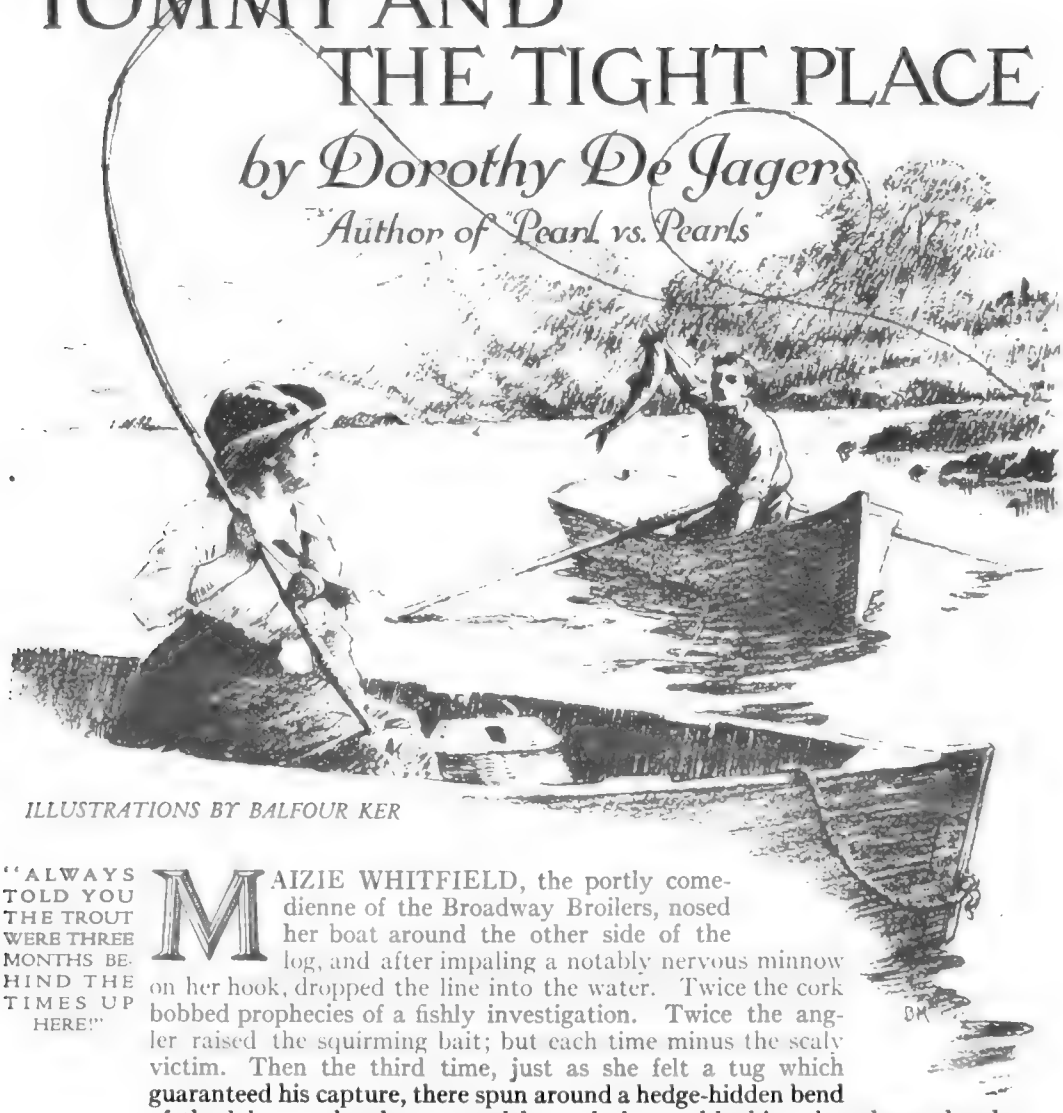
TOMMY AND THE TIGHT PLACE

by Dorothy De Jagers

Author of "Pearl vs. Pearls"



ILLUSTRATIONS BY BALFOUR KER

"ALWAYS TOLD YOU THE TROUT WERE THREE MONTHS BEHIND THE TIMES UP HERE!"

MAIZIE WHITFIELD, the portly comedienne of the Broadway Broilers, nosed her boat around the other side of the log, and after impaling a notably nervous minnow on her hook, dropped the line into the water. Twice the cork bobbed prophecies of a fishly investigation. Twice the angler raised the squirming bait; but each time minus the scaly victim. Then the third time, just as she felt a tug which guaranteed his capture, there spun around a hedge-hidden bend of the lake another boat, oared by a dark, good-looking, long-leggy, laughy youth in khaki.

"Hey!" he trumpeted. "Just landed a five-pounder!"

Maizie jerked her line up in frowning vexation. "You idiot!" she wailed. "You've scared away a bite that's been lipping my bait for ten minutes—and besides, you never caught a trout in August with a may-fly, anyway."

The other held up the disputed trophy triumphantly. "Honest, I did, lady. But then, haven't I always told you they were three months behind the times up in this neck of the woods?"

Just then across the water floated the mustering resonance of the dinner-bell, and Maizie lost no time pointing her punt toward the battered building

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in the distance. But before she was two oar-strokes away, the boy stopped her.

"Look here," he said, "I've got a couple of fish and the hamper; suppose I go to the house for some reinforcements, and we'll cook dinner over in the woods."

Gaining the woman's assent, he pushed off for the structure designated as Skaggs' Inn in the hotel guides, while Maizie paddled to the bank and climbed out. A dozen rods brought her to a thickly timbered recess, where, leisurely seating herself on the nested roots of a large tree, she leaned back against the trunk. Before her the lake, like a huge pewter plaque, faintly quick-silvered at the edges and mounted in the jade of thick, heavy-headed turf, hung from the wall of a hill ahead on the cords of two gravel paths. Above her the sun burned softly through pearly laminæ of drifting cloudland and cool strata of tonic air. Back of her gloomed the woods, dense and dark and resin-scented, while all about her lay scattered fishing-tackle.

As she sat there in the napless corduroy skirt and flannel shirt, burnt by sun and bespattered by mud—matronly buxom and suspiciously blonde—it must be admitted she formed a picture arrestingly incongruous. As a vacationist, you would have expected her in almost any other setting. At some mountain or seaside resort, you would have said, supplying limitless scope for conjecture to the crochet-colony on the porch, as well as generous grazing areas for certain summer insectivora; or even at some sanitarium, busied with the diets and exercises which militate against adipose tissue. But Maizie, actress-angler, caught in a back-to-nature movement? Never!

And how surprised you would be to learn that this was not even an experimental excursion! What a blow to your sense of the fitting to learn she spent each year's outing in practically the same way—that is, at some sequestered spot where the Salmonidæ are lured from aquatic depths. Yea, Maizie was a real piscator. Not that kind for which her sex is famed—that type who, idly dangling a flippant line in the water (which the man at the other end of the boat has baited), finally lands the catch of the season, but one not mentioned in ichthyological treatises. Nor was she the fisherman who measures his pleasure by the well-filled creel and the well-emptied flask and the loungy, loafing enjoyment of raw sunshine and flapping winds! No, her love of the sport was robustly independent of either the elements or the magnitude of her spoils. She joyed in fishing for fishing's sake; and when I tell you she preferred playing a salmon down a rocky stream to playing a matinée at a sold-out house—and that she would rather hook a ten-pound pickerel on her line than hook a hundred-pound Worth model up her back, you will see that she was an angler first, and a woman and actress afterward.

JUST then the youth across the lake, untying his boat, attracted Maizie's attention. As she watched him, she thought with a flicker of amusement of their initial meeting. It had been the third day after she arrived that he had taken the place opposite her at the breakfast-table, and, eyeing her with surprise, had gone through a series of mental processes culminating in a Wicked Wink. To this Maizie had given no sign of notice. Instead she waited calmly till the other five men finished; after which she confronted him of the Wicked Wink, and in the following ten minutes accomplished that which can best be described in the terms of needlecraft. First she took several large tucks in his self-assurance, and, ripping out the assumptions which had twitched his right eyelid, gusseted them together again with bits of advice about the danger of jumping to conclusions. All the seams she

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back-stitched with the fine, sharp needle of her satire and the heavy hempen thread of her strong views about Wicked Winks; and when she had cut and basted this to fit her ideas of sophomore sophistication, very little of the young man's convictions remained.

Yet, with what was left, the two of them, after a day or so, succeeded in piecing out a very comfortable companionship. For Thomas Hood Hoover, Jr., was, in spite of the prejudicial qualities apt to characterize the only son (*ætat.* twenty) of a millionaire, thoroughly enjoyable. True, he was at times absurdly arrogant, profoundly patronizing, and sublimely selfish; yet Maizie found his raw enthusiasms, his originality, and, above all, his disregard of all save the holiday vein in human nature, as refreshing as a needle shower.

The other five men kept to themselves, and that threw young Hoover with Maizie. They were together most of the time, and had progressed rapidly from the early stages of formal acquaintance up to the careless camaraderie of barbed banter and abbreviated names. So now as, nearing the shallows, the boy sang out "Whitty!" Maizie looked up without surprise at the liberty.

"Bread, bacon, potatoes, and coffee," he inventoried. "Some little purveyor of provender, eh?"

"You bet!" Maizie corroborated, and took the things from him.

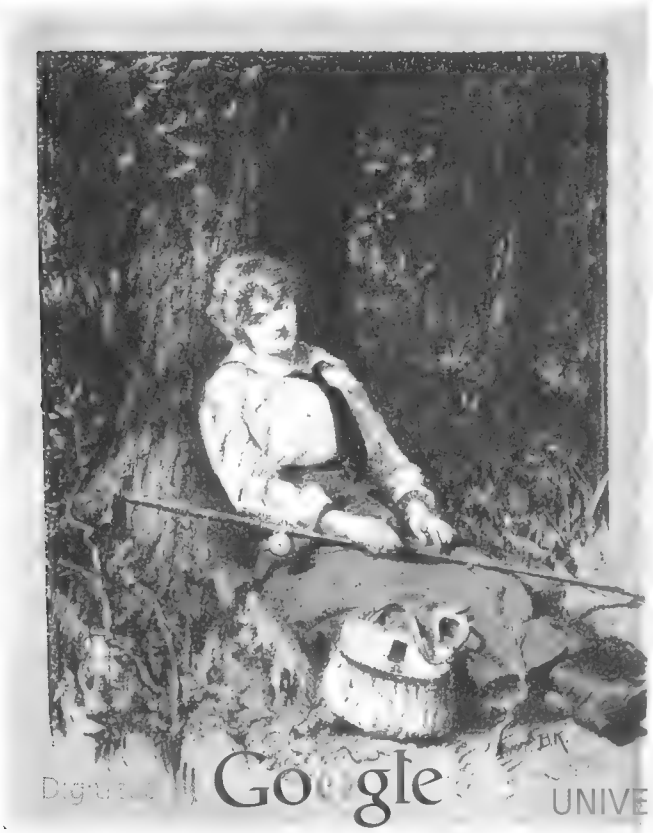
SHE WAS AN ANGLER FIRST, AND A WOMAN AND ACTRESS AFTERWARD.

After fifteen minutes' bustling activity, interspersed with much laughter and raillery, a fire snapped cozily by the shale ledge of a rock, above which twin trout sizzed on a toasting-rack, and the bacon, dangling from forked sticks, crisped to an invitational brown. On a page of a newspaper, the shining cutlery and aluminum dishes from the hamper were grouped in the orthodox arrangements about a fat-hipped carafe. When the plates were finally filled, and after the inevitable platitude about how good everything tastes out-of-doors had been delivered, the boy leaned forward suddenly and said: "Whitty, do you know you're an awfully good old scout?"

Maizie looked up, faintly surprised; then, complacently: "Yes, but when did you find it out?"

"The minute I saw you." This was frankly flippant; but with the ingratiating seriousness of one with an object in view, he went on: "No, but honest, lady, when a fellow is sentenced to a hole like this, just for a few college capers, and finds a — a regular Indian who turns his punishment into a pleasure—well —of course, he's appreciative."

Maizie, occupied with a delicate operation on a trout's backbone, smiled. "But why this faintly farewell tone? You sound like Raoul in these French adaptations, just as he is about to say: 'Heloise, all is over between us — except space.'"



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"Well, Heloise, it amounts to that!"

"Ah! Going to pack your trunk and go home to father, Raoul?"

"No!"—significantly. "Father is coming to me." He pushed back his plate and lit a cigarette. When three or four meditative puffs had evoked no addenda to this cryptic utterance, Maizie detached her interest from matters dissectional long enough to look up. After a second her suspicions worded themselves: "Well, Tommy, it's very plain that you've got something up your sleeve besides your elbow. Out with it!"

SKAGGS, THE INNKEEPER WHO DREW CONCLUSIONS.

Young Hoover laughed out a rather forced gush of amusement with a swirl of smoke. "Well," he admitted, "I *have* got something funny to tell you. You know Skaggs has seen us together a lot and misconstrued our kidding. He knows you're an actress-lady, and I'm a wild collegian, and father a bloated bondholder. There you have it. Three guesses as to his conclusions?"

"Never mind the guesses." Curiosity, well-disciplined but still well-defined, quivered in the sharp soprano. "What are his conclusions?"

"Why, naturally, he thinks—" Tommy's tones were freighted with a stinging scorn for the woman's feeble deductive powers—"that you have an eye on the family exchequer and are trying to whisk me away and marry me."

The actress-lady crossed her knife and fork on the plate before her with dazed precision, searching his face, meantime, for a corroboration of her suspicions that it might be a hoax. Finding none, she smiled at last, but not muscle-sprainingly. "How'd you find it out?" she questioned.

"Well, it appears that Skaggs, thinking he'd get a drag with the old man, wrote him his suspicions. So this morning I got a letter from father, saying he knew all, and would be here on the 2.10. But that isn't the worst. He says he is going to inform this adventuress that her game is up. Oh, Zowie! isn't that a howler?" A sudden appreciation of the comic aspects of the case doubled him up in rocking hilarity, to which Maizie added not the faintest twitter of mirth.

Frowningly, she waited instead till his amusement subsided; then she commented caustically: "Tommy, I've always heard your father was an intelligent person, but, say, anybody who would swallow a story like that, started by an ignorant, gossipy old innkeeper—well—certainly he wouldn't pass the Binet tests."

"Oh, I don't know! My misdemeanors have included about everything but that; so dad's probably been expecting it."

"Well, your young life may be an affair of waste and wassail, but if there are any women added, sonny, I won't be among 'em—all of which I'll tell this father of yours." She bent over the minnow-bucket and began washing the dishes in it, but as the other corrected with a determined emphasis: "Oh, no you'll not. You're going to tell him that I have proposed and you have accepted me!"—she looked up. The glance she threw him registered her assumption that this was an attempt at wit, while the scornful quirk in her upper lip relegated it, as a smile-summoner and a chuckle-challenger, to a place somewhere between *mal de mer* pleasantries and Limburger facetiæ. Ignoring the glance, Tommy, belting his arms about his knees, with the buck-

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ling clasp of two brown hands, leaned back and watched the splashy scullery labors. It was not until every utensil was thoroughly cleansed and set in the sun to dry that he straightened up and began, with a new gravity.

"Look here, Whitty, I'm in a Tight Place—" his tragic seriousness gave the effect of capitalization to his dilemma—"I'm in a Tight Place, and you've got to horn in and help me out. Last winter," he elucidated, "I bought a little second-hand car with some money I won. Zowie! It was some bus!" A broad grin of reminiscence tipped his mouth. "A 1900 model with the spirit of '76, and more rattles than a snake. Well, one night I ran into a farmer and smashed his foot a bit. Didn't want any trouble, as I had no casualty insurance, so gave him fifty, but got no release paper. So this morning he writes to say that blood-poison has set in, and he had to have his large toe amputated. Wants to work me—see? Says if I don't come across with five thousand by Saturday, he'll sue father. Five thousand for a toe, mind you! Some appraisal, eh?"

MAIZIE smiled. "Well, in pugilistic circles, where a toehold is an asset, his loss might be worth that, but not in the ordinary walks of life."

"You're right! Well, this fellow has me in his power, 'sdeath, and I've got to get this five thou. This is my plan: I want you to dress up in long black earrings and a red dress, one of those apoplectic shades designing creatures always wear on the stage. I'll tell dad I am determined to marry you, and you will bear me out. After he rages around a while, he'll do the traditional thing—that is, he'll give you a nice, fat check, at least ten thousand, to release me. We'll split fifty-fifty. I'll pay off this hick, and you get the rest."

When Maizie had finally convinced herself that he was serious, her mouth opened and gaped like the red rim of a shout, then contracted to frame a gasp of sibilant astonishment. At length she spoke: "Before I comment on this scheme of yours, Tommy, I want to ask you a question. Don't you think your father would rather pay five thousand to get you out of a scrape, which was, after all, the result of an accident, than pay ten thousand to extricate you from an entanglement with adventuresses?"

Young Hoover flushed splotchily, and unturfed a square foot of embankment with an embarrassed heel. "Well, you see," he confessed, with noble candor, "in this case, I could boost the blame on to your fatal attractiveness, and after I'd behaved for a few months dad would grow to think I was led into it by a trusting, impressionable nature. But this auto affair, Whitty, he would never forgive. In the first place, he knew nothing about the car, and when I wrote I was using considerable midnight oil, I didn't think it necessary to explain I meant the lubricating kind. Naturally, when he finds out I deceived him, it's not going to add to my popularity. But that isn't the worst. Before he pays this money he'll investigate, and he'll find out the reason I ran into this fellow may have been that I'd just had three rye highs and a couple of Bronx cocktails. That will queer everything. Father, you know, is a high official in the Anti-Saloon League and rabid on this Prohibition question.

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Last winter he got wind of a little spree of mine, and took the next train. He told me right then and there he wouldn't stand for that, and he means it. So, Whitty, don't you see you've got to help me out?"

Certainly "personal dignity" was a deity to whom Maizie had ever tendered meager homage; but still she was human, and the boy's conviction that any self-respecting parent would pay, and pay well, to keep her out of the family, in conjunction with his frankly admitted intention of shifting the blame on to her, kindled a spark of anger in her eyes. "My dear friend," she stated coldly, "there is absolutely nothing doing."

"But why? It's just a joke, of course, and think of the dramatic possibilities! Think of the chance to exploit your talents!"

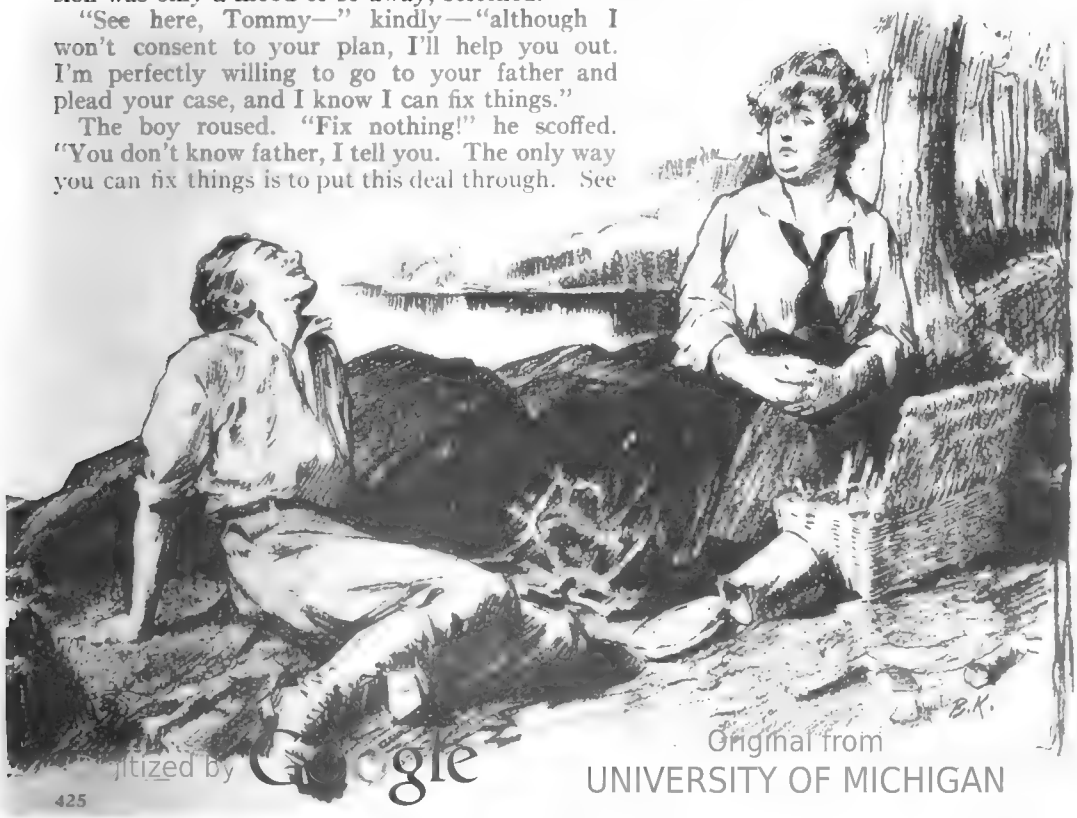
The buxom burlesqueteer laughed sardonically. "Well, it's too much of a Sardou situation for my Gilbert and Sullivan abilities," was her verdict. Then, with a sudden change of tone: "Say, this is a joke between you and me, of course, but do you know what it would look like to an outsider? It would look suspiciously like blackmail. I've been on the burlesque stage, sonny, close to fifteen years, and in that time I've done nothing I wouldn't confide to Pastor Russell or Billy Sunday." She paused with a sudden suffusion of color. "Gosh, doesn't that sound smug? But anyway, I don't want to be pointed out at this age as the woman in that Hoover affair." The boy started to speak, but her upheld hand enjoined silence. "Ah, I know. You're going to swear it would never be known; but it would. Even if your father were as silent as the initial letter in 'knife,' it would leak out somehow. No, Tommy, I can't play your game."

She started to pack the hamper with a decisiveness signifying the colloquy was at an end; but the slouching distress of the figure opposite arrested her. Huddled against a tree he sat, his brow bossed with fear, his mouth sagging with concern. Wholly vanquished was his old aplomb, wholly vanished his fate-defying bravado, and so unexpectedly affecting was the spectacle that the woman, in whose nature, whatever humor she happened to be in, compassion was only a mood or so away, softened.

"DAD SAYS HE'S GOING TO INFORM THIS ADVENTURESS—YOU!—THAT HER GAME IS UP!"

"See here, Tommy—" kindly—"although I won't consent to your plan, I'll help you out. I'm perfectly willing to go to your father and plead your case, and I know I can fix things."

The boy roused. "Fix nothing!" he scoffed. "You don't know father, I tell you. The only way you can fix things is to put this deal through. See



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here, Whitty, do you know what I'm going to do if I don't scare up this cash? I'm going to—" Maizie apprehended suicide, thuggism, or Trappist monasticism—"chuck everything and bolt. Father and I have never hit it off. He's nagged me ever since I was a kid, and I'm getting sick of it. If this fellow sues, it means another uproar, and I'm not going to stand for it. I'm through, I tell you, through!" He laughed bitterly, and added: "The old man has never given a damn about me, anyhow."

It was this last statement which almost won Maizie over, for she detected in it wounded sensibilities far below the surface of his pride. It was the rebellious cry of the offspring cheated of parental indulgence, that cry which makes the step-child so poignantly pathetic a figure in history. But just as she was about to apprise Tommy of her decision, there was reflected on the lens of her sense of the ridiculous a vision of herself, attired like a Bakst poster and prying a fuming father away from a goodly lump of unearned increment. So that settled that! Without saying a word, she rose, and started for the boat, the boy following her, his face asnarl with sullenness. Across the lake they spun, saying nothing. But as Maizie stepped out on the rickety pier, the other made one last plea.

"Whitty," he called, "I'm in a Tight Place. Aren't you going to help me out?"

Maizie halted. "Yes, any way but your way. But, once and for all, Tommy, not that." And with this inexorable decree, she entered the house.

Once in her own room, she slumped into a chair and reviewed the situation. She found the most poignant emotion it elicited now was a hitherto ignored one, that is, a grilling, grisly sort of anger against Skaggs. She had intended staying another week, but a sudden resolve flung the contents of dresser-drawers and wardrobe into a gaping suit-case.

"SEE HERE, TOMMY, I'LL GO TO YOUR FATHER AND PLEAD YOUR CASE."

A consultation of the time-table, however, showed her that the first train did not leave till seven the next morning. So, with a muttered malediction for backwoods railroad schedules, she threw herself across the bed.

Soon she was asleep, and the long hand of the watch that ticked in her shirt-pocket made two whole revolutions before she awoke. Yawningly she arose, and slapped water against her face. Then the remembrance of an unfinished article on muskellunge fishing sent her flying down to the office where she had left the magazine. As she came

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out, she noticed a buggy in front, from which the boy and an older man were alighting. She dissembled her curiosity under lowered lashes and started up-stairs; but a dignified "Miss Whitfield" from Tommy stopped her. She joined them and was presented by a very intimidated son to a very stern father, whom, during the usual perfunctory amenities, she studied covertly.

Hoover was a rather youngish man, with a student stoop and the broad brow of a scholar, impressively august, imposingly grave. It was Maizie's first glance of appraisal which rewarded her with the conviction that he took life much, much too seriously. Subsequent estimates only served to reaffirm this judgment, and she finally catalogued him as a perfect concrete conception of the New England conscience, unleavened by the New England sense of humor. Slender and dark, he bore a striking physical resemblance to the son, but by the supplementary glimpses the woman had of his temperament through the precision of his words and gestures, the ultra-cultured intonations of his voice, his air of fastidious aloofness, she knew they were otherwise antipodally opposite. Indeed, at the difference between Thomas the younger—Tommy, the ebullient, the thoughtless, the hot-headed pagan and dilettante, and Thomas the older — the repressed, the gelid, the irreproachable and unapproachable, connoisseur and esthete, Maizie thrilled with sympathy for the former. She knew how much more tolerable is the blustering, badgering wrath of the typically Irate Parent than the caustic, impersonal acrimony of such a nature as Hoover's.

FATHER — THE NEW ENGLAND CONSCIENCE, UNLEAVENED BY THE NEW ENGLAND SENSE OF HUMOR.

"Miss Whitfield—" it was the older man speaking—"will you come for a little walk?"

Maizie, somewhat astonished, agreed, and they started off down the gravel path. When they had proceeded a dozen rods or so in silence, Hoover cleared his throat. "I understand my son wants to marry you," he remarked.

Maizie stopped short. So that was it! Tommy had thought to force her into her rôle. Well, she would show him. Her mouth opened to frame a denunciatory exposure, but instantly clicked shut. Certainly it was a contemptible trick; but still Tommy was in a Tight Place; and aren't Tight Places apt to squeeze out the marrowy decencies of one's better nature, leaving only the dry pulp of a very human cussedness? Yet this was not wholly extenuating. It took a reconsideration of the chill severity such an exposure would draw upon the boy's head, to seal, finally, her lips. Meanwhile the other, receiving no rejoinder, continued: "And so, I take it, you are engaged."

The cool assurance of this was too much for Maizie. She laughed sardonically. "That's strange. I never understood a gentleman's desire to marry a lady constituted an engagement. The latter usually has some voice in the matter, you know."

"But I inferred yours was not a dissenting one."

"Well, it is!"—emphatically. "Understand me, Mr. Hoover. I am not going to marry your son. That goes for to-day, to-morrow, and forever—world without end. Amen."

The man's eyes grew wary. But as Maizie met his suspicious gaze with her disconcertingly direct one, his wavered and withdrew. "All right!" was his ultimatum. "That settles it."

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He wheeled and started briskly for the inn, while the woman, lagging behind, surveyed his forbidding back commiseratingly. True, the few words he had spoken reenforced her judgment of him as acetous and acrid, and yet, lessoned as she was in the lore of human nature, she wondered whether this were not the outward mask of an inner desolation. Loneliness wears so many guises. And she wondered, too, if some masterly mediation might not bring about that understanding alliance between father and son which would solace such loneliness. Yet she knew only too well how almost impossible it would be to gain admittance to that provisional intimacy wherein one might wedge the word fraternizing. . . . And so it was that, as she walked along, Maizie, the Irreclaimable Arbiter, eager for service and yet debarred from service, felt the itching, impious impotence of an undeliverable sneeze.

Suddenly a man fishing near them had a strike. With a splash and a flip he drew out a bass of three or four pounds.

"Gee! What a beauty!" Maizie applauded. "But what a fool to fish with his back to the sun."

Hoover turned to her with a glance which mutely asked what a follower of a Sam T. Jack's enterprise should know about the pursuits of one Ik Walton. "Doesn't that prove," he commented finally, pointing to the flapping remonstrance on the line, "that there's nothing to that theory?"

"Not to me. I've tested that theory out for almost ten years, and when a woman who freckles tells you facing the sun pays, it must."

For the first time the man laughed. "That point," he contested, "has always seemed to me as trivial as this up-stream and down-stream casting controversy."

Now, Maizie, in her piscatorial career, had found a dozen or more reasons supporting the former faction, and she lost no time enumerating them. The man, grudgingly interested now, listened to each with respect and, dropping to a bench, they were soon discussing the habits and habitat of the genus *pisces* with considerable gusto. Hoover, Maizie discovered, had fished all over the world, and, being an expert in the genial art of plying intelligent questions, she drew from him the angling autobiography of many lands. He talked well—with the highly specialized knowledge of the hobby-happy man and the lyric lore of the nature-lover. With singing, swinging phrases he guided her through England's chalk streams, where the dry-fly captures the shyest and most recusant of trout. He took her, through blinding mist and stinging spray, on the fishing-fleet, where she felt responsive muscles a-tug at the slimy trawl. In wind-washed seas where the kingfisher, a feathery flash of volant sapphire, drops a sudden plumb to its prey panoplied in spume, she trolled with him for tuna. In Labrador, she watched him plunge a seven-tined spear into the opened ice, withdrawing it with its dripping victim. And then as he was taking her to a Norway salmon river, which rented for a hundred dollars a mile, he glanced about at the deepening dusk, and, leaving her stranded somewhere between Jaederen and Trondhjem, rose.

"Can it be possible," he queried, "that it's six o'clock?" And after Maizie's supposing it was, they started for the house.

It goes without saying that through the discovery of a common interest, the Irreclaimable

THOMAS THE YOUNGER.

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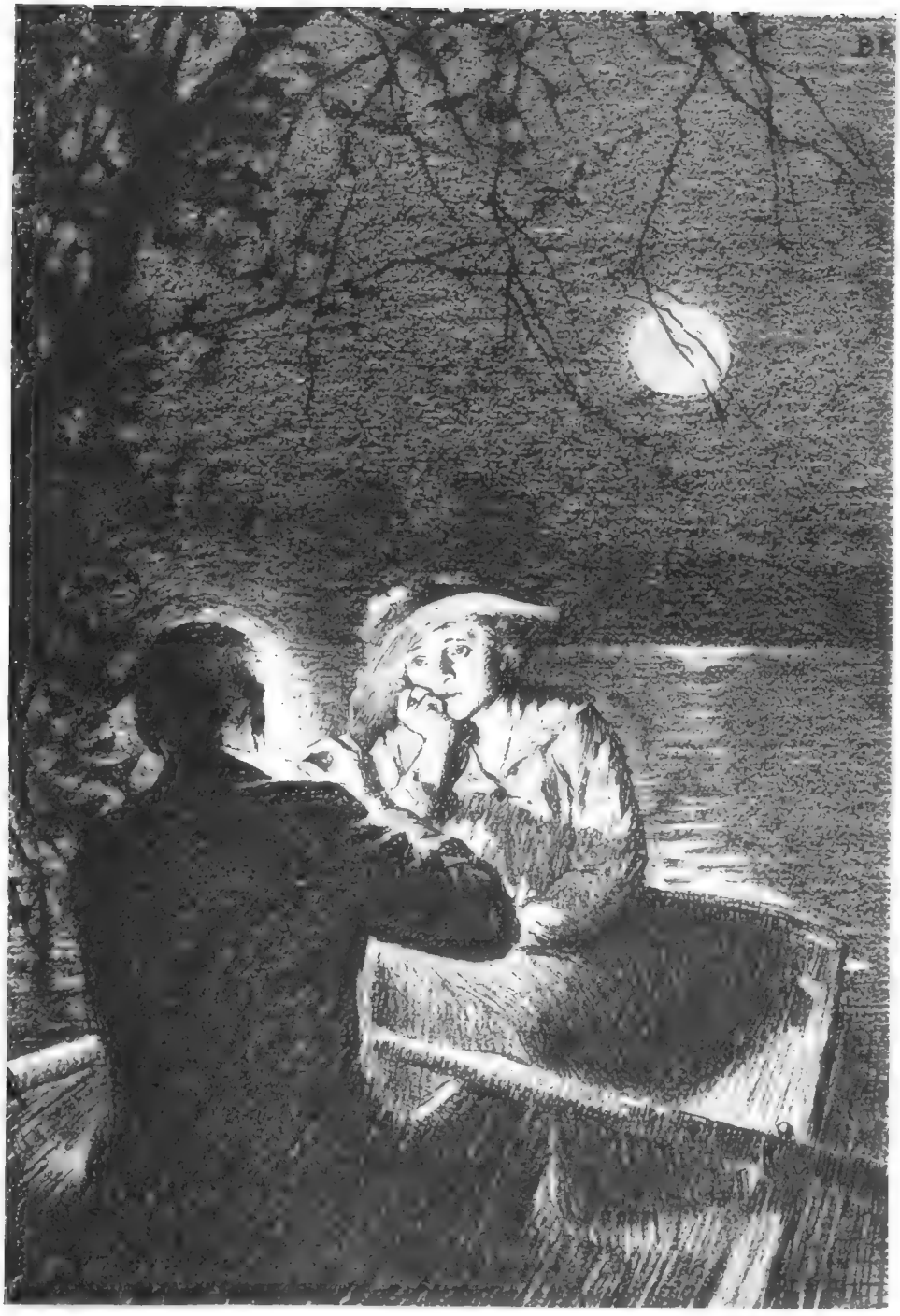

"I SOMEHOW GATHER," HE SAID, "THAT YOU ARE A LITTLE INCLINED TO THE WILD-OAT THEORY."

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Arbiter had gained admittance to that provisional intimacy wherein she might wedge the word fraternizing; but she decided to wait till after the evening meal. For she was expertly aware, was Maizie, that the soothing effects of digestion are forces preeminently worth enlisting in any cause. At last they finished, and while Hoover smoked a cigar the woman went up and changed her flannel shirt for a crêpe blouse. And then, when she came down, she suggested a row, and ushered him peremptorily into a boat.

It was a magic night, star-pricked, odorous, and still. Above, a young moon, ambered and antlered, swung high, laying across the inky spread of the water argent tracks which broke into splintery iridescences with each dip of the oars. For perhaps ten minutes only the soft sibilance of the lake, lipping the banks, and the stridulous honk of a frog perforated the hush. Then, suddenly, Maizie spoke.

"Mr. Hoover," she opened, "Tommy's in a Tight Place."

EVEN in the gloom she could see the father's look of renewed suspicion. "You mean, I presume, his affair with you."

"No!" This persistence of the Hoovers to enroll her in their family ferments was getting on her nerves. "I've nothing to do with it."

"Then why bother?"

"Because I don't think Tommy's had a square deal."

The surprised laugh this evoked had a fillip of irony in it. "The trouble with my son is that he's had it too easy."

"That's what I mean." Then she exemplified the paradox. "Instead of necessity and the contacts that a poor boy has with the wholesome roughness of life, you've given him unlimited leisure and funds—those two able collaborators in the field of mischief. Then, when he falls into ways you don't like, you put all the blame on him."

Hoover laughed shortly, a laugh which Maizie classified as the old ironic mirth of the parent for the child-rearing counsels of spinsterhood. It was several moments before he answered: "I know that's a favorite hypothesis to-day, Miss Whitfield, and I agree with you that the things which go with wealth are sometimes dwarfing. But, after all, if a boy's got the right stuff in him, nothing else matters. I see sons of my friends with the same temptations and resources that Thomas has, who at least recognize certain obligations and inhibitions, and are developing into fine, purposeful, self-governing young men."

The stilted phraseology of this drew a laugh from the woman. "Self-governing at twenty?" she scoffed. "That's a joke. If you see any lads of twenty who are self-governing, they're either mollycoddles who haven't any impulses that need governing or they're abnormal. Before people or nations, Mr. Hoover, reach the self-governing stage, they have to learn a lot. They've got to discover the sequence between cause and effect—the association between burns and exposure to fire, for instance. They've got to make some exhaustive studies in consequences and adjustments, and prove that honesty and a lot of other homely virtues really do pay, even if it's on the deferred-payment plan. And then, after they learn all this (which isn't at twenty), they may go in for self-government, but not before."

The man leaned back in the boat, and lit a cigar. The match, still lighted, he twirled in his fingers, and the glow, falling athwart his face, lit up a thoughtful eye and a reflective brow. "I somehow gather," he said, at length, "that you believe transgression and progression are synonymous, and are a little inclined to support the wild-oat theory."

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"Not at all!" Maizie repudiated with some heat. "I think the theory that a riotous preface to respectable citizenship is not only excusable but to be expected, is sheer idiocy. But I do maintain that no one gets anywhere by a refusal of experience, and that nobody is hurt by a mild sampling of innocuous experiences. And that's what Tommy's misdemeanors are. He has told me all about his lurid past, and I've found most of his escapades vaudevillian rather than villainous, and rathskellian instead of rascalian."

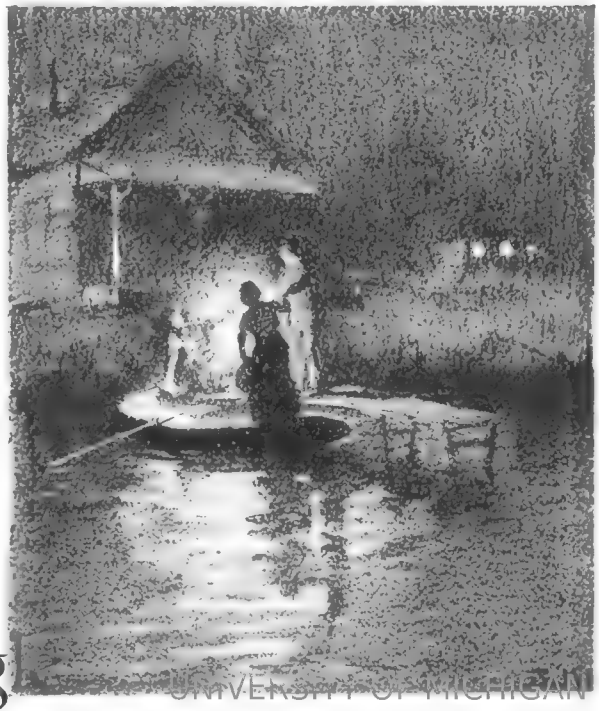
Hoover leaned forward and seized upon the incriminating word as does the ill-nourished trout the fly of the earliest April angler. "Rathskellian," he repeated. "Yes, from the tales I've heard of his carousals, I judge that they are rathskellian." After a pause: "I've stood for all my son's foolishness which you term vaudevillian, but I won't stand for his being a drunkard."

"Not the least danger of his being a drunkard," Maizie assured the disturbed teetotaler. "Listen. Those men at the house have kept the ice-box full of bottles, and Tommy knew it. Yet I know definitely he's never touched a drop. Why, he doesn't care anything about the stuff, really! He drinks when he's with the gang because he thinks he'll be a crab if he doesn't and a whale of a good fellow if he does. But as for being a drunkard, well—you have to have a taste for the grape to be in that class, you know."

"You seem to forget that a taste may be acquired."

The honest histrion sieved a handful of water through her fingers and smiled. "Ah, yes," she reminded herself, "remember the olive, my child." Then seriously: "But don't you see, mister, that this is your time to get him to sack the demon rum before he acquires the taste. Now is the time for you to lure him from an interest in cocktails to one in bucktails—to supplant the cork that pops with the one that bobs." She paused to dry her hand on a wisp of a handkerchief; after which she bent forward, and continued gravely: "See here, Mr. Hoover, this is an important time in Tommy's life. He's in that state of fluidity where he can be molded into a useful, press-fearing, tax-dodging citizen or a worthless parasite, and it's up to you which it shall be."

"Up to me!" There was anger in the reiteration. "You speak, my good woman—" Maizie winced—"as if I had neglected my duty as a father . . ." He broke off suddenly, and the woman saw by the tense turn of his head silhouetted against the dun drop of the dusk that he had lapsed into brooding retrospection, and when he finally went on, the asperity in his voice had blurred into a half-smothered pain. "Miss Whitfield, my wife died when Thomas was but five, leaving the boy the only thing near or dear to me. All my interests, my plans, my hopes were centered in him. You spoke just now of the disadvantages of wealth. Well, I was glad then of my means, because it would give the lad time for the beautiful and the reflective—time to be a



WHEN SHE CLIMBED ON TO THE PIER, IT WAS WITH THE MAN'S PROMISE OF FORGIVENESS FOR TOMMY.

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gentleman and a scholar, that combination which the pressure of activities seems to preclude for the average man. Understand me, I wanted Thomas to be no idler." A sigh escaped him. "The ambitions I had for him! It was a pet theory of mine that our diplomacy might be rehabilitated with such as I hoped my son would be. To that end, I gave him expert training, scientific care, specialized instruction. Yet at every conceivable turn, Miss Whitfield, he has disappointed me. He has scoffed at study and all the worth-while things of life, and shown only a predilection for the flippant, the roistering, and the bacchanalian. He has neither the ideals of a scholar nor the 'genteel timidities,' as our own Stevenson says, of a gentleman."

"GOSH!" This expletive, hurriedly requisitioned from the woman's exclamatory lexicon, published some of her exasperation, but not all.

"Say," she boomed, "it's a marvel that Tommy's the human, likable young cub that he is. You gave him expert training and specialized instruction and other impersonal boons, but did you ever give him tolerance or evidences of just—fondness? No. While Tommy was hankering after a dad who would mend his kite and feel his muscles and make up to him in some vital, endearing-way for the loss of his mother, you were reminding him that if he were extraordinarily good and extraordinarily studious, he'd be a Minister Extra-ordinary some day. Then later on, when he got in a few college scrapes, you called him roistering, when all that ailed him was youth and health. Why, of course, man, you're going to be roistering when your blood, ripping through your arteries, bangs the right auricle and left ventricle so hard you can hear it all over your body. It's when the corpuscles limp through the veins, as yours soon will, that the 'genteel timidities' appeal to us."

Notoriously, the man insensible to humor is the man impervious to reason, and Maizie had despaired all along of converting him; so she was not surprised when, irritated, probably at her arterio-sclerotic prognosis, he burst forth: "That is sheer nonsense. I mean, the affectional element may count much in rearing a girl, but with a boy it's different. Certainly, I never tried to mold Thomas by pampering his pride and feeling his muscle, but he knew that I had his best interests at heart."

"Oh, did he?" Maizie's emphasis, communicating itself to her muscles, fairly rocked the boat. "Listen: only this morning Tommy was confiding some of his troubles, and in closing he said something that put me wise to the real difficulty. He said: 'Dad never has given a damn about me, anyway!' There you have it. That's the reason you've been getting along like a couple of co-stars. He has been wounded, in his careless way, by your indifference, and his attitude toward you has been partly in retaliation and partly to keep you from seeing that he did care. He——"

"Did Thomas really say that?" Hoover eagerly interrupted.

"He did!"—curtly.

"Ah!"

They had drifted into the shallows now, and the boat was thudding lazily against a log. Righting this with the pressure of an oar speared into the embankment, Hoover relit his cigar and puffed in silence. Maizie said nothing, but, watching the shimmer of the water where the moon had leapt, splashless, into the lake, she waited for the other's reaction; since the "Ah" had somehow argued reconstructed views about the better-sons movement. At last she saw him flip the cigar over the bow; after which he said simply: "Well, if Thomas has believed that, certainly I haven't been a good father, despite all my efforts. I think what you say about this being an im-

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portant time in the lad's life is true, and I realize, too, that we've got to co-operate more. But how, Miss Whitfield, how?"

The forceful farceur considered the question. "Why, you've got to make Tommy clear a space in his life for you, and then you've got to find a common denominator. It won't be easy, at first," she warned him. "You've been thinking in the terms of Whistler, Grieg, and Montaigne, while Tommy's done his in the terms of Irving Berlin, Ring Lardner, and the Fishers (both Harrison and Bud), too long to expect any sudden sympathy. But instead of telling the kid his taste is cheap and syncopated, you can at least study his likes and try to find out what their appeal is. Above all things, don't antagonize him. Go to the theatre with him, some show he picks, and when he says, 'Zowie, dad, will you lamp that Orpington next to the end?' don't freeze up and get sarcastic. Just—just—er—lamp her. Limber up, and root with him for the home team; kid him about the razor he bought two whole years before he needed it. Cultivate his friends, his interests, and his viewpoint. In other words: GET TOGETHER!"

She paused to shift a cushion at her back; then went on: "This may sound like a one-sided proposition to you; but it won't be for long. After you've gained his confidence, you can start in on a reform campaign. It won't be hard. Just show him some blear-eyed old rounder at the club some day and remark casually: 'Son, that will show a fellow this rum game is a rum business. It not only plays the dickens with a man's figure, efficiency, and blood-pressure, but it simply ruins a chap's chances for the crew.' That ought to settle that. One by one you can stamp out his vices. And then, some day when he comments that that old guy Montaigne isn't such a dry old boy, after all, and some morning when he says he wishes he had brains enough to hold down a consulate, that will repay you some. But it will be the respect and comradeship behind those words which will make you remember Maizie Whitfield, burlesqueteer, with deathless gratitude." She laughed softly, but

HE SNATCHED IT FROM HER, AND MAIZIE WATCHED HIM READ IT THROUGH.

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pushed on, after a moment. It isn't necessary to report the rest of her discourse, nor to repeat the wealth of aphorisms, analogies, and advice that she included in it. It is enough to say that such was the forceful conviction of it all that when she climbed out on the pier it was with the man's promises of forgiveness for whatever iniquities Tommy's Tight Place might cover, as well as a pledge "to get together."

After breakfast the next morning, as she was waiting for the buggy that would bear her trainward, a shambling hireling about the place handed her a note. She opened it and read the contents, wonderingly. Then, as if fearing some optical treachery, she reread it, after which she threw back her head and laughed with wild, Gargantuan bursts of hilarity. Her mirth was suddenly rendered crescendo by the appearance of Tommy, white-faced and tousled.

"Why, hello," she welcomed. "Have you come into my life again?"

The other waived the greeting. "Thought you'd sneak away, didn't you?" he snarled, facing her. "Well, I'm on to you. Skaggs told me how you stuck to father last night, and anybody but a fool would have understood your game from the first. Thought you were going to work dad for the coin and get away with the whole bunch, eh?"

Maizie gasped and leaned back weakly against the porch post. The unexpectedness of the attack dumfounded her, and the only emotion she could clearly define was a lusty desire to box his ears. Nothing short of actual muscular vehemence, she knew, could relieve her stupefied tension. But before she could act upon her impulse, he had gone on hoarsely:

"Well, are you going to come across with that five thousand?"

She dropped her eyes. "I haven't got it yet," she returned meekly.

"Ah!"—fiercely. "But you admit father offered you money!"

A nodded assent.

"Well, madam—" dramatically—"I shall spoil your little game, all right."

Maizie laughed with the provocative, maddening mirth of the villain's accomplice in Owen Davis's productions. "Oh, I don't know! I have the offer in black and white!"—and she held up the letter.

He snatched it from her, and opened it, while, without any attempt to recover it, Maizie watched him read it through. Surprise succeeded livid fury in his face, and was followed by confusion and remorseful contrition.

"Oh, Whitty," he begged, half-laughing—but the woman took the note quietly out of his hands and climbed into the waiting vehicle. The boy drove off briskly, and when they had taken the turn in the road she herself unfolded the mysterious missive again. This is what she read:

A THOUGHTLESS, HOTHEADED PAGAN.

My dear Miss Whitfield:

After considering the justice of your criticisms on my attitude toward my son and your astute analysis of our temperamental differences, I have come to the conclusion, in view of your sane, wholesome outlook on things, that the best thing that could happen to my son would be his marriage to you. I would not suggest this, had Thomas not confessed his eagerness for such a union, and did I not feel sure that you were restrained from consenting because of the trifling disparity in your ages, since your warm partisanship of my son's cause plainly proves your fondness for him. So I want to say, Miss Whitfield, that I hope you will reconsider your refusal and let me mail you a little pre-nuptial check for ten thousand.

Sincerely yours,

Thomas Hood Hoover.

Maizie finished it thoughtfully, with a smile, not so much amused, now, as tender. Then, crumpling it slowly in one hand, she tossed it into the lake.

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ONE HUNDRED PER CENT.

A Three-Part Story About a Country Club-ful of Married Problems

BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

THE Indian Point Country Club is made up of a half-dozen or so young couples, with Sammy Slocum as a sort of pet bachelor. One winter afternoon Mr. Slocum shows the Club the business circular of Lydia Mott Lovell, Domestic Efficiency Expert, whose profession is to criticize homes. For a hundred dollars she makes a thorough inspection; for ten dollars, a more casual study. Mr. Slocum suggests that they draw cuts to see who will try her out for a hundred-dollar opinion, the results to be announced to the Club, together with the results handed out to all who may employ her for the ten-dollar service. There are protests—several of the couples are far from being a hundred per cent. perfect in their home relations; but finally the idea carries.

That evening, at the Morgans', where Mr. Slocum is dining, Mrs. Morgan expresses a hope that the lot will fall on Caroline and Philip Gibbons, who are considered the model couple of Indian Point.

CAROLINE GIBBONS, to the hilarious satisfaction of the Club, it was indeed. Caroline herself found it almost too unpleasant to believe. Here they all were, grouped again about the fireplace at the Club, and here was Sammy, still holding the book in which his ridiculous strips of paper had been evenly held. Philip by chance had had the first draw, too, which somehow made it additionally maddening. He had been extremely casual and debonair about it, asking his wife cheerfully, "Want to draw, dear?" And Caroline had smilingly answered, "No, you!" Kim had drawn his strip with obvious reluctance, Minna van Derven had laughed a little scornful laugh, Anthony Morgan had been quite unfeignedly interested, and had drawn with an honestly expressed hope: "Here goes, mother! I'll be glad if it's us. I think it's darn interesting!" Ridiculous little Lucy Talbot had caught her breath childishly, and until all the slips were drawn, had stared at hers with absolutely frightened eyes. Sammy, perforce left with the last strip, had caused a slight wave of reassurance to run through the group by exclaiming: "I've got it! I never do have any luck when I bank!"

An instant grouping of heads, and a comparison of the little papers followed. Caroline immediately saw, with a little sinking at her heart, that hers was unquestionably the shortest. She laughed at Philip, shrugged her shoulders, and met the burst of excited question and comment gracefully.

But, driving home with Philip, later in the afternoon, she felt a certain cold distaste for the whole experiment seize her. It was a foolish thing to do. Caroline wished she had said so, more forcibly, a day or two earlier. Even an hour or two ago she might have ended the whole thing, or at least withdrawn from it. Now she was silenced.

"It's simply a hundred dollars thrown away!" she said, uncomfortably, after a rather silent and reflective dinner.

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"You mean she can't find very much to change at our house?" Philip said, coming out of a deep study.

Caroline smiled frankly. "Well, can she?"

Her husband, who wore a slightly sulky and injured expression, continued to stare at the fire. "I suppose she can't—from your view-point!" he conceded, darkly.

"How do you mean, from my view-point?" Caroline pressed him promptly.

"Because you'll take her around, you'll make a hit with her, as you always do; you'll tell her the kids need a governess; you'll explain that your father is a rich doctor, and sends you a check every month—I see her trying anything you don't like, after that!" said Philip.

CAROLINE eyed him with half-humorous, half-reproachful concern. "Oh, Phil! How cross you are!" she said mildly. "Always harking back to daddy. Dearest, I don't expect every man to be like my father—he's exceptional. Do you expect me to break his heart by refusing him the pleasure of seeing me comfortable and happy? Of course we *could* live on your salary, Phil, but not as we're living now. You wouldn't really like to go back to one maid, and no car, and no club—now, would you? I don't depreciate what you do, Phil. There are other things in the world besides money, and I wouldn't change you for the richest man in the world. You know that. But since daddy is right there to help out, wouldn't we be fools to deny him the pleasure?" Philip was silent, and after a questioning pause, Caroline went on, more decidedly: "No, we've been all over this a thousand times. And it comes right down to this, Philip—you're a reactionary, dear. You don't really like your wife to have an income of her own. It galls you—it goes against the grain to have our friends know that I bear my share of the expense. And why? Why, because——"

"Oh, for the Lord's sake," Philip interrupted. "Don't go all over that again! I have my pride, I suppose. You haven't any, with your mother and father, and that's perfectly right. But I have! I don't like to feel that everything my children have, beyond the bare necessities of life, is paid for by another man——"

"By another man!" she interpolated swiftly. "By their *grandfather!*"

"And that you have the right to remind me, as you do remind me, about once a week," he went on bitterly, "that you are entirely independent of *me.* Why, you use the first person about everything—you may not notice it, but I do, and other people do! 'I'm going to have the dining-room papered—I'm going to get a new lamp—how do you like my rug?' "

"Phil!—Is there any use in this?" Caroline pleaded.

"I know exactly how you feel toward my people," he said quickly, paying no attention to her protest. "They aren't quite your sort, I know that. But, by George, I'm not as fond of yours as you think I am! I've eaten every Christmas and pretty darn near every Thanksgiving dinner with your father and mother since we were married; my boy is named Kenneth Messenger, and he wasn't two days old before his grandfather gave us a check that paid twice our bills. That's all right; but my father was named for his father and my grandfather, and I would have liked another Philip, just to tickle the old man! My mother and father dine here now and then, but I notice that when the kids say 'grandma' they don't mean my mother! My sister married a school-teacher—although Minna van Derven may not know it!—and Isabelle would have the time of her life, visiting here some summer, swimming and running around in the car—but I notice that the women who come here are

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HERE THEY WERE, GROUPED ABOUT THE FIREPLACE, AND HERE WAS SAMMY, HOLDING HIS RIDICULOUS STRIPS OF PAPER.

all richer than we are. *You* pick 'em out! Before Christmas I knew what all that talk to your father of the inconvenience of having to share our bathroom with the kids was about! *I* knew what his Christmas present would be, and that your mother was getting the furs you hinted for! For Heaven's sake—"

Caroline had formed, with her lips, the beginning of several retorts, while this speech was in progress. "Your mother and I have always been the best of friends—" was one. "The children don't live as near your mother as mine—" another. "Father was going to give me something, *anyway*—" was a third. But at this point, she began to get angry. Her rather pale, clear skin flushed. "Philip, *kindly* don't be so violent!" she said. "Don't get yourself all worked up. Think of the hundreds of men who would think you were crazy to raise such a preposterous point! What!—object because your wife has a little money! I don't hear many of them objecting! Who do you suppose bears the brunt of it in the Morgan house?"

"Tony Morgan is an entirely different type of man," Philip said. "He's absolutely devoid of ambition, he's perfectly willing to dance and play golf

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"WILL YOU COME TAKE A SMELL OF THE BIR-RD?"

and cards and tennis, and take Edith and her mother out in the yacht. More than that, Edith gained a good deal by her marriage to a Morgan, as we all know. She was nearly thirty when they were married; she wanted exactly what she got. With us, it's different. I—I want to get ahead, by George! And I could, too. I could, if——"

"If I wasn't holding you back?" Caroline supplied sweetly.

"It's not you," he said, too much in earnest to resent her tone. "It's the Club, and the car, and this house, and the fact that money is so easy. Everybody thinks I have a soft snap, and it doesn't help me much in my office—I can tell you that!"

THERE was a silence. Then Caroline said, frankly: "We go over and over this, Phil, and we never get anywhere. I know what's started you off to-day. It's this very question of a resident governess. I say that if I choose to spend my own income that way, that's my business. You say that you want the children to go to the village school. We'll never agree. Why can't we be honest about it, and simply say that the time has come for a different—a different arrangement?"

Philip scowled at the fire. This was the attitude always reserved by Caroline for moments of extreme stress. "Don't talk nonsense," he said shortly. "You know that's absurd. There are the kids to consider; to say nothing of the thunderbolt it would be to your father and mother—and mine. Every one points to us as a model couple. No, there's nothing in that. I wish we could work it out, instead of ragging about it this way, all the time—but if we can't——"

He sighed, and Caroline was discreetly silent. This was no new situation; she knew how to handle it. She was silent for a while; then she began to talk cheerfully of a little business question Philip had confided to her a week or two ago. Later, she was on the arm of his chair, smiling mischievously at him. "Love your bad, extravagant, pig-headed wife, Phil?"

He tightened his arm. "Well, what do you think?"

Caroline was satisfied. She knew that he would kiss her good-by in the morning as he had been kissing her good-by for ten happy years. She knew that he would come home cheerful, full of the small news of his city day. She knew that dear old Phil would tell himself that a beautiful home, beautiful children, an intelligent and devoted wife, a car, a club, friends and comforts unlimited, were unusual assets for a man of his age, however obtained. And in a month or two Mademoiselle Guérin would be an accepted member of the household. In all justice and sweetness Caroline could not see that Philip had any right to interfere with her in this particular matter, anyway.

She was far more concerned with the impending visit of Lydia Mott Lovell. Caroline experienced a sort of spiritual wincing whenever she thought of her. Of course the officious visitor *might* find everything at "Warrior's Rock" beyond criticism; a few weeks ago Caroline would have been serenely confident that this would be the only verdict. But if she did not; if she thought Elsa's salary was too high, or that linen sheets were an extravagance— Caroline set her lips. She hoped that she would be able to laugh off any criticism; but she was beginning to be a little nervous.

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She met Mrs. Lovell—who proved to be a young widow—with the car, on a dark Saturday afternoon. Caroline bowed and smiled to several neighbors, as the arrival climbed in beside her; but Indian Point, to a woman, refrained from interference, and she bore her guest off without introductions.

Mrs. Lovell was a delightful person, to the eye at least. She was more than this: she had the manner, the voice, the speech of a lady. Her bright eyes were kind and humorous, if very discerning, and her nature, it was easily seen, that of a broad and well-poised and generous woman. She admired Indian Point; had heard of the Country Club.

"I ought to explain to you," smiled Caroline, who could bear anything better than to be misunderstood, "that your visit here is in the nature of an experiment to our entire group. There are a dozen of us here, husbands and wives, who apparently can paddle our own canoes very nicely. We get an enormous percentage of satisfaction out of life; but whether we get one hundred per cent. or not—I don't know. Mr. Gibbons and I chanced to be the pair selected for this—experiment!"

"I see," Mrs. Lovell returned, smiling too. "I am quite accustomed to surprise at my choice of a profession, and to apprehension as to the practise of it," she added smilingly. "It's not usual, I will admit."

"Well, I was wondering—" Caroline said frankly.

"Like most things," the other woman said, "it came about by degrees. I was married myself for seven years. I have a married sister, and a brother who is a widower. I am the oldest, and when I visited them both, having always made rather a study of diets and domestic economics, and the servant and rent problems, I interfered, as a big sister always will! After a while I began to think of domestic efficiency: that the home was the one place into which standards hadn't penetrated; that children perhaps weren't rightly nourished; that expenses weren't in proportion—you can see it's a big and a fascinating study. Six months ago I entered the field professionally, and I myself have been absolutely astonished at the demand for my suggestions."

"Why, one home in ten isn't correctly managed!" Caroline remarked, approvingly.

"Exactly. And very often nobody's to blame." Mrs. Lovell smiled very pleasantly. "About a month ago," she said, "I advised a man to remarry. It had never occurred to him. He had one very small child, a busy mother, officious maids, an interfering sister; and right next door to him lived a simple, splendid, faithful woman who had loved him all her life. I met her by chance—his mother had described her to me in very unflattering terms—and the whole thing was clear as print! She was eating her heart out with longing to mother him and the child."

"And are they married?" Caroline asked, laughing.

"ENGAGED to be. Of course, that was an exceptional case. As a general rule I concern myself only with externals, just the things so obvious to an outsider—that the persons most concerned can't see."

Caroline breathed a little freer. She tried to see her home, when they reached it, with the cold eye of a paid expert; yet even then "Warrior's Rock" seemed almost perfect. The sun, battling all day with low-hung leaden clouds, conquered them for a moment, and wrapped the house in stormy and unearthly light. The face of the giant rock by the gate, where savages had sharpened their weapons three hundred years ago, shone with a hundred metallic colors. Caroline brought the car neatly against the step; Amelia opened the door before they could ring; the hall was deliciously fragrant and warm.

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All was exactly as the mistress had planned. A fire crackled in the long, pleasant drawing-room; the guest-room was perfection. Even the children, who naturally had only a vague idea of the situation, were all a mother's heart could ask. Five-year-old Kenneth clung to his mother—could he go with her to meet dad—ah, could he? Couldn't he, moth'? Martha, exquisite at eight, in a brief blue smock, smiled shyly at the visitor at a distance, presently coming to stand at her mother's side, a position not without its effect from a pictorial standpoint. Could they have just one san'wich? Caroline was firm. Not between meals! But both could go with her to get dad, she said, and both went, very correctly hatted and coated.

Phil found her cheerful, inclined to be a little amused. The evening went delightfully. Caroline's dinner was a culinary masterpiece, and the three were young enough to find themselves laughing heartily over the absurdity of the situation, before the meal was done. Afterward, beside the fire, the Gibbonses answered all sorts of casual questions very casually, Caroline displaying, with the pictures of her own parents, photographs of "Mother and Father Gibbons."

Mrs. Lovell's eyes missed nothing, but she was a tactful and wise woman, and she had little to say. She made a brief admiring comment upon the children's roundness and rosiness. "I am rather a student of nutrition and dietetics, myself," Caroline seized this chance to say modestly. Mrs. Lovell looked into the linen-closet and the trunk-room, and had a brief chat with Elsa in the kitchen. She went about her business with a calm and swiftness that rather astonished Caroline; but she was extremely inoffensive about it, and after all, as Philip and his wife reminded each other when alone, they had asked her to interfere, and it was not astonishing to have her do so.

On Sunday, as was usual, Caroline's delicate mother and sturdy, splendid father came in, Mrs. Messenger in a state of gentle and indulgent amusement at "the children's latest nonsense"; Dr. Messenger alert, curious, inclined to be a little impressed. He liked young women immensely, and found this one especially likable. Mrs. Lovell laughed deliciously, flushed, and enjoyed his teasing as if she had been seventeen instead of somewhere in the late twenties; Mrs. Messenger threatened her husband with the expert's criticism of himself and his ways, "after thirty-two years of matrimony!"

THEY all went to the Club together, Mrs. Lovell strolling ahead with the doctor, the older woman with a son and daughter on either side. It was only moments before the stranger was taken to the heart of Indian Point. Mr. Slocum held somewhat aloof from the fascinating Expert in Domestic Science, but all the others welcomed her beauty and her fun, and she was immediately the center of the group.

Sherman Kimball, under cover of the general confusion, had a chance for an aside. "Look here, Mrs. Lovell, I—I can't very well ask you to our house, because Mrs. Kimball——"

"Is sensitive—yes, I can see that!" Mrs. Lovell helped him quickly.

"But—I write, you know," Kim went on. "And I guess I'm a beast; most writers are. I—I'd like awfully well to have a hint, you know—under your hat, of course. I'd act on it; honest, I would."

"I'll get into conversation with Mrs. Kimball," said Mrs. Lovell simply, "and let you know what I think, of course. Something was said of our stopping at your house for a minute, on the way home—that would help."

"You know, there's nothing wrong," Kim said. "But I guess we're not more than ninety per cent., d'ye see?"

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She nodded gravely, looking up to catch Mr. Slocum's watching eye. Sammy was so unwise as to burst into a brainless laugh, sobering instantly and foolishly, as the lady's staid and composed expression did not change. She shifted her gaze immediately and unconcernedly, leaving Sammy somewhat at a loss. He presently came over to sit beside her.

"Did Tenison Talbot tell you that he and his wife wanted your sapient and august opinion, Mrs. Lovell?" he asked in a confidential undertone. "Was Kim telling you his troubles? I think we unmarried young things have the best of them—what?"

She looked at him with cold disapproval. "My work is largely confidential, Mr. Slocum, as a moment's consideration"—she paused—"a moment's consideration would show a person of average intelligence that it must be!"

Sammy tried to convince himself later that he had imagined the faintest stress upon the word "average." At the moment he felt hideously uncomfortable, and could only relieve himself with another empty laugh.

"Mr. Talbot has not spoken to me," Mrs. Lovell said calmly, ending the conversation by turning to Mrs. Prentice.

The Morgans and the van Dervens accepted her presence quite as if she

CAROLINE SAW, WITH A LITTLE SINKING AT HER HEART, THAT HER STRIP WAS THE SHORTEST.

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had been an ordinary visitor at the Club, Minna deriving some satisfaction from the assurance that Mrs. Lovell's mother had really been connected with the Long Island Motts, and Edith remarking, with an endearing smile: "Don't look hard at me, Mrs. Lovell. I am the laziest good-for-nothing on the face of the earth. I don't know and don't care what goes on in my kitchen; but if you say an unkind word to me I'll burst into tears!" But Tenison Talbot did secretly ask her, as Sherman Kimball had done, for a casual hint, and Betty Frothingham frankly and openly engaged her services, at a moment when Sam, Betty, and the visitor happened to be out of hearing of the others.

"Mrs. Lovell, both Mr. Frothingham and I are terribly interested in what you do," said Betty. "And my Uncle Sam here is, too! Why, you said you were, Sam!" she broke off, as her uncle put in a bright disclaimer. "He said that if we'd do it, he would, and I'm going to take him up," said Betty, "because I haven't got any mother or aunt or anything, and I don't suppose I know much. I've got four babies, you know——"

"Child!" said Mrs. Lovell, smiling.

"Betty may do as she pleases," Sammy Slocum said, hoping to ruffle the stranger's maddening complacency. "But I am that obnoxious animal, a perfectly satisfied bachelor. I have a man cook who spoils me to death; a nice little maid whose mother is my laundress—they live in the lodge; plenty of money, good health, average beauty and brains——"

"Isn't he loathsome!" giggled Betty. "He isn't half as horrid as he sounds, Mrs. Lovell. He's adorable to the children; you'll love them, too. He's afraid to let you meddle with his affairs, because he really is spoiled," she went on vivaciously. "But I'm not— If you're not going to be with Mrs. Gibbons to-night I wish you'd come to me. I haven't had time to make any changes, so you'll really get us at our worst. Shame on you, Sam, for a deserter!"

"If Mrs. Lovell and you will lunch with me—let's see, Wednesday—" Mr. Slocum said graciously, "I shall be most honored; and if she can make any suggestion that would increase my satisfaction with life—which is already one hundred per cent. plus—I shall be very much in her debt."

Mrs. Lovell entered these engagements promptly in a small Russia leather book. "As a rule," she said to Betty, "my work is done in an unobtrusive, almost secretive manner. I appear in some family as an overnight guest; I disappear, and a week or two, or in some cases a day or two, later, I send in my opinion. It is unusual to me to have a joke made of the matter as it seems to be here."

"Just how do you do it?" said Sammy engagingly.

"IT'S largely mind-reading, when possible," Mrs. Lovell said, with one of her disconcerting glances, and again Sammy fancied a very faint emphasis, this time on the last word. "I ponder very seriously over the various problems," she went on. "I have more than one way of reaching a conclusion. I have compiled tables of statistics that have covered terms of years."

"Well, you see," said Betty innocently, "*Uncle Sam* did this. He thinks it *is* a great joke, you know! He never takes anything seriously. He's perfectly dreadful about teasing us for the troubles we have with babies and maids and our things-in-law!—you know."

Lydia Lovell turned her quiet eyes—she had very remarkable eyes, he thought—again toward Mr. Slocum. He smiled in a sickly sort of fashion. He decided that she was handsome, but that he did not like her; too cool, for such a young woman.

She said good-by to the Gibbonses in a charming, friendly fashion; they should

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hear from her within a week or ten days, she said. She went home with the Frothinghams, stopping at the Kimballs' pretty bungalow—half studio, wholly charming, on the way. There was more tea there; Mrs. Lovell went up-stairs to get the wonderful view with Amy, and more than once made that rather serious little person laugh; but at the tea-table she talked almost exclusively with Lucy Talbot, who had all the breathless gaiety of a small child trying to hide something.

WHEN THE EXPERT ENTERED, ALL WAS EXACTLY AS THE MISTRESS HAD PLANNED.

Everything was dreadful at the Frothinghams', as Betty had desperately feared it would be. Cherry, the family beauty, had cut her soft little lip, making herself temporarily hideous, and loudly stated that she would "go-bed-good-girl" for daddy, and nobody else. Roddy and Mary were unusually noisy and excited, and the tiny baby hungry and exacting. There was a slight tinge of furnace-gas in the air. Mary shouted gaily that there wasn't ". . . one—button—left—on—her—nighty, mother!" Cassy, the faithful factotum, came forth from the kitchen with the whispered request, "Will you just come take a smell of the bir-rd, Missis Frothingham? He don't smell terrible good, to me."

Billy, upon whom Betty had depended to amuse the guest during the confusion of getting the small quartet to bed, had perforce to take charge of his uproarious youngest daughter. Mrs. Lovell found her bed piled high with curtains fresh from the laundry; the door on her side of the bathroom was locked. She bore these inconveniences cheerfully, told Mary and Roddy a rabbit story, and, when they were in bed, lighted the drawing-room fire herself, and sat placidly beside it reading a magazine until Billy came down.

Betty, in a hostess's voiceless agony, joined them. She had decided against the chicken; they had one of Cassy's fine soups, an omelet, a salad that Billy dressed, spicy cookies, and Betty's own preserves, for dinner. The guest ate heartily, and the three chatted like old friends. But Betty knew that as soon as she and Billy were alone she would cry with sheer nervous rage.

Sitting with them by the fire at eight o'clock, however, Mrs. Lovell said, placidly: "Mrs. Frothingham, I see that there is an eight-fifty train from Indian Point, and I think perhaps I had better take it. There is some work that I could do in town to-night——"

Betty's heart sank. She had planned to let the washing stand over, and give

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Cassy a free hand with a delicious breakfast. She and Billy exchanged dismayed glances. Mrs. Lovell wasn't even going to consider their case!

"The truth is," said the guest frankly, "I might possibly give you two ten dollars' worth of advice from a purely academic standpoint; but the deeper problems, the things that are really at the root of life, are missing here. I can't tell you how delightful it is to find them missing; I'm not sure that I was ever asked to visit just such a household before. My last case was a boy who was worth three millions and had grown so lazy that, lying in bed and reading, he would ring for his man to come up from the basement if he dropped his magazine. I was there a month. The case before that was of a married woman who was slowly going crazy because she had everything she wanted—a terrible case, but we saved her. So you'll forgive me if I find the Frothinghams, from a professional standpoint, *dull*."

Mrs. Lovell's smile, as she said this, won Betty's affection for life. "So I am going to take a last look at your babies," finished the expert, "and go back to a problem that involves a good man, his invalided wife, and his mother-in-law. The wife thinks that she depends for every instant's comfort upon her mother, and the mother is the sort of person whom every one, from the kitchen girls up to the visiting physicians, heartily loathes. The man now says he can't go on living with her; the mother says he is a brute; and the wife, entirely unconscious, smiles heroically at them all. I think I will see his business partner and have him moved to open a branch of the firm in Rio de Janeiro; she could stand the trip very well, and the climate there might do wonders for her."

"Oh, you take a hand occasionally?" Billy asked.

"Whenever it's possible. In this case, if I decide upon that, I shall see the mother's physician, and perhaps persuade him to tell her that she could not stand the ocean trip, but might follow them next year. It may be necessary to give her a slight weakness of the heart."

"I think she's lovely!" said Betty when she was gone. "I'll see her again Wednesday, at Uncle Sammy's. And I'll bet you anything that Edith Morgan asks her to drop in. I shouldn't wonder one bit if Minna did too. It does seem rather a pity that Caroline should have drawn the short strip, for I don't see what she can find wrong in Caroline's house! But, oh, Billy," Betty finished contentedly, "in spite of all the muss and that awful chicken—I ask you, did that *ever* happen in my house before?—I think she likes us. I don't care what she says, now!"

CAROLINE and her children usually lunched with her mother and father three or four times a week, and on the Tuesday following Mrs. Lovell's visit they walked duly at twelve o'clock to the door of the Messenger home. Caroline loved the dignified little brick house, built after her marriage, so that the adoring parents might be near her, and was as much at home there as in her own home. If her mother was in bed for a day or two Caroline ordered meals and directed the two maids, and she and Billy had their own room, to be used by themselves or the children whenever convenience dictated.

She gave her usual gay call in the entrance hall, but it was not answered; and, briskly crossing to the library door, she no sooner found her parents than she realized that something of importance was wrong.

Doctor and Mrs. Messenger, at an hour when the old man was more likely to be found in his greenhouse, and his wife puttering about in the sunny bedrooms up-stairs, were in their usual chairs at either side of the fireplace; but there was no fire. Their faces, too, to-day, wore an unaccustomed look of seriousness, and to Caroline's somewhat bewildered greeting her father merely

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answered with a rueful smile, and her mother with a mild, "Come in, dear."

In a moment, thanks to Caroline's quick tact, the children were banished, and the truth out. Daddy was ruined. A friend—Caroline even might not know his name—had invested money, had defaulted. Everything—everything was gone. No, not quite all; for mother's little money, about twelve hundred a year, was left, and they had the house. With that they might live, of course, might even keep Moira. Of course it was better than sickness, it was better than a thousand other things——

Caroline sat stunned. She told herself in this first horrid rush of surprise that she had never believed such a thing possible; but as a matter of fact she had never given the source of her father's income a thought. Phases of this new state of affairs tumbled haphazard through her mind. She had written Miss Guérin only an hour ago—her hospital board—her new suit that demanded a new hat—even on the old income there had been bills that they did not find it easy to pay!

Bitterest of all was the thought that Philip would not be sorry. It was his turn to be ungenerous. Oh, if only Philip had failed instead of dad—then she might so heroically and splendidly have stood shoulder to shoulder with him for the rebuilding! She had said, when Philip's father's business was sent to

"OF COURSE, IT'S HARDEST ON YOU, CAROLINE DEAR," HER MOTHER'S GENTLE VOICE WAS SAYING.

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the wall a few years before, that something fundamental must have been wrong or it *couldn't* have gone to the wall. She had said: "Dad isn't a business man, but he can retire on a comfortable fortune, I notice!" Philip would remember these things now.

"Of course, it's hardest on you, Caroline dear," her mother's gentle voice was saying. "Daddy and I aren't very exacting. We can live along very comfortably. We already plan to rent the house and go away. But, for you, I'm afraid it means giving up Elsa, and perhaps other things that you and Philip are used to. You have no rent to pay, of course, and if you keep only one girl why, after a month or two, it may not be too hard."

Caroline writhed at the hideous perspective. "But I should think you could *do* something, dad," she said impatiently. "Whoever this wretch is, he ought to go to jail! That's actionable, isn't it—misappropriation of funds?"

"WELL, you see, he has a wife and children," the old lady said mildly.

"Wife and children?" Caroline said impatiently. "Mother! That's simply sentiment. Seven or eight hundred thousand dollars——"

"Oh, my dear, it wasn't that!" her father protested. "It was more like a hundred—a hundred and forty thousand, something like that!"

"But—but you sent me three thousand a year," Caroline said, with hot cheeks.

"Well, you're our only child, Carrie," said her mother.

Caroline scowled and bit her lip, her mouth set rebelliously, her eyes bright and hard. "I'm not thinking of myself," she said briefly. "But—but it seems so outrageous after dad's hard life, and his invention, and all!"

"Oh, I'm not terribly depressed," her father said cheerily. "I've got my girl safely married to a good man—the salt of the earth. Your babies aren't in the nursery any more. I—I did more for you than many a better man is able to do for his daughters, Carrie."

"Kenneth!" his wife said quickly.

"You did everything; there aren't any better men," Caroline said perfunctorily. Her eyes were somber with thought. "But I can't see why you take it so quietly, dad. It's monstrously unjust. Philip and I, of course, can get along! We'll have to rent the house, I suppose, and move away."

"Philip's mother has that big empty house in Brooklyn," Mrs. Messenger said mildly.

Caroline was conscious of an irrational desire to weep—strange to her. She thought that her mother and father were talking in a heartless manner, but could in the confusion of her thoughts find no fault with anything they said. "That's impossible," she said quickly and briefly.

"But why, dear?" persisted her mother. "It is nearer New York. It is convenient for Philip——"

"I don't think married people ought to live with their families," Caroline said, "and I don't think it would be very wise for the children——"

"Oh, I mean only temporarily," said Mrs. Messenger innocently. "Just as you came to us for six months when the house was being built, and when Martha was born, don't you remember?"

"But—" Caroline began eagerly. Her voice dropped. "Yes, I know," she said dully. "I don't believe we would save anything by moving," she added, after a pause.

"Nor I," her father agreed briskly. "And of course you are young," he went on bracingly, "and Philip is young. You may find some way of adding to your

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income youself, Carrie, as so many women do nowadays. I am not at all sure that it is a kindness to simply hand a girl out money without ever attempting to bring to her mind the difficulty of earning it. However, the blow has fallen! And, of course, we know what to expect of our splendid and capable girl."

Caroline managed a brave smile, but she had never in her life been so unhappy. She chatted through luncheon, and kissed her parents good-by with quite her usual appearance of serenity. But when she was gone the old people looked at each other through reproachful smiles.

"Kenneth, you were dreadfully hard on her!" said the mother, tender eyes on Caroline's erect figure, with the children's figures beside it, disappearing down the drive.

"By George," said the doctor, "it was a revelation to me, Martha! I stand corrected. That little Mrs. Lovell was right. We've—we've spoiled her, mummy! Or I have. I—by George, I couldn't believe it!"

"Our only one!" Mrs. Messenger said in excuse.

"KENNETH, YOU WERE DREADFULLY HARD ON HER!" SAID THE MOTHER.

"I swear I thought her one thought would be for us, and for Philip," said the old man bewilderedly. "I—have I been wrong all these years with that monthly check? Do you suppose it's possible that she has really made it harder for Philip? I can't believe it! Our Carrie, always the best girl in the world!"

"Well, I suppose we should have let them stand on their own feet financially, just as they did in every other way," his wife said slowly. "I've just suspected it sometimes. Of course, I think Mrs. Lovell is a little extreme, but we really haven't felt as if Carrie belonged to Phil. It's been lovely for us, but bad for Carrie, perhaps. She's been with us every day since she married, she's lived with us part of the time, she's turned to us more than to Phil, in emergencies, she loves to say that being married hasn't made her one bit less our child. It wasn't all money, of course, but the money part made it hard for Phil to protest, as Carrie has protested against *his* people!"

"Do you suppose it's possible that Phil feels to us as she does to his father and mother?" asked the old doctor with a horrified look.

"Oh, no, daddy! Philip loves us. He's like our own son. And I don't consider the situation desperate, in any case. But there is no question in my mind that this will be wholesome for Carrie. She'll respect him more, and his father more. She'll learn that she is very fortunate in having such a steady, faithful fellow to take care of her. She'll learn that money is a reward and not a right. And when shall we tell her, dear?"

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"Well, perhaps never," smiled the old man. "That is, you and I are just as happy, if not happier, in this new rôle. The money is safe enough, it will pile up for Philip and Caroline. And if we get very tired of being poor, we'll travel, and spend all we like on the sly."

"I'm not sure but that we ought to get away," agreed his wife. "You were very wistful and pathetic to-day, daddy. I doubt if you can keep a secret!"

"Well," her husband said thoughtfully, "there's California. But what would Caroline think of us?"

Mrs. Messenger laughed doubtfully. "We don't seem to care what Caroline thinks of us!" she said recklessly. "After thirty-two years, an absolute stranger comes into our lives and tells us that Caroline is in danger of becoming a smug theorist— And by the way, daddy, you sent Mrs. Lovell a check?"

"FOR one hundred dollars. But Caroline will never know that. Caroline will think she is negligent about sending in her bill; some day I'll tell Carrie that it came in and we paid it."

"I can't understand yet how Mrs. Lovell got at it so fast," said the old lady, "mind-reading or no mind-reading! Why, even if you and I did think sometimes that Caroline was a little—well, a little *firm*, we never dreamed that Philip was brooding over it! I remember the time when she decided to have the children's fur coats made last month. I said I thought they were rather expensive; what did Philip think? 'It's my money, mother,' she said in that quick, pleasant way of hers. I thought then that she was a little high-handed, but it never occurred to me to speak of it!"

"I've always wanted to see California, Martha," said the old man irrelevantly. He winked boldly at his wife. "Renting this house, you and I could manage to finance the trip!" he said.

"Well, we've said for years that we were going," his wife answered placidly. "Now go out in the kitchen and discharge Mina; she can get a dozen good places to-morrow, and the sooner the sad news of our loss gets about the better!"

Meanwhile, Caroline Gibbons was walking home in great distress of mind. She knew the situation, as it stood, was monstrously unfair, but she could not quite define its unfairness. Daddy had always had plenty of money, and she had had more than her share. She had felt a vague superiority, in consequence, over girls whose fathers were neither so fortunate nor so generous. Was there any harm in that? Having the money, of course, she had spent it, had formed habits of life that demanded it. Now, without a moment's notice, it was stopped. Of course, daddy had not had any notice either—she couldn't blame him for *that*. What was she blaming him for then? She did not know.

But she knew that she was wretched, anticipating Philip. Philip, who had said more than once of late years that he wished she had had to earn a little money, once—! Caroline went through the sunny, dreamy winter day in a daze of discomfort. She looked out at the familiar friendly roofs and the bare trees of Indian Point with the eyes of a stranger. Tying the children into hoods and coats, she burst suddenly into tears. Martha should never suffer this way! Martha should have a trade or a profession.

After dinner she told Philip. Dear old Philip, who never failed her! He was so serene about it, so gaily philosophical. They even got to laughing wildly over the new state of affairs. Philip wouldn't hear of their giving up the house; especially after Caroline had suggested that he might now and then spend a night with his mother when he was very tired. Elsa would have to go, but Amelia was a tower of strength, and Caroline could do some of the cooking. Little Martha was old enough to be of real use.

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"And I suppose she had better go into school here," said her mother.

"I'm afraid that's a disappointment to you, dear!" How honestly and sweetly Phil said it. Tears, but not of disappointment, rushed to Caroline's eyes. "I'm afraid the whole thing is hardest on you," her husband went on. "Your mother and father won't mind much, and I'll be in clover. But you'll feel it every instant of the day!"

The sympathy, so exquisitely welcome after the hard day, robbed Caroline of the power of speech. The fire suddenly turned to bright darts and arrows before her eyes. "I'm—I'm glad, at least, that the D-domestic Expert found us at our best!" she said shakily, after a while.

IT WAS more than a week later that Mrs. Sherman Kimball lunched in town, as was her wont on shopping days, with her husband. The Kimballs were always together, and consulted over the question of each other's hats and gloves with real lover-like consideration. To-day they lingered pleasantly over their restaurant lunch, deep in amicable conversation.

"I wish—we've had such a happy morning to-day—that we never quarreled," said Amy.

"I wish to the Lord we didn't, my dear!" her husband said.

"I wish I were the sort of woman, Kim," she went on, "who has all sorts of outside interests—that would be good for us both. Or else that you played golf a lot, or did something that separated us and shook us up. I'm so stupid that I don't get much out of clubs, and of course I sort of hang about while you're writing. It's hard on you, I see that, but I don't know what to do. I'm not smart like Caroline——"

"Caroline!" her husband snorted.

"Well, she's very amusing. But I—I really haven't anything to do. Ellen could manage three such houses as ours; Fanny is the best cook we ever had; I am afraid to drive the car. Kim—" Amy's color rose—"did you get a written report from that Mrs. Lovell?"

Sherman Kimball looked at his wife seriously a moment before he replied. Amy surprised him oftener than she dreamed. "No," he said, with a boy's sudden, abashed smile.

"I know you asked her," continued Amy, with a rising inflection. She was not very sure.

"Haven't had a line from her," said Kim. "Well—! Finished? Let's be on our way."

"Where are we going?" Amy asked contentedly. She loved these idle afternoons with Kim.

"UNCLE SAMMY ISN'T HALF AS HORRID AS HE SOUNDS," GIGGLED BETTY.

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"WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MY BOY?" ASKED KIM.

It was only when he was busy, or in a tense and irritable frame of mind, that she had cause to worry. She followed him out of the restaurant, Kim glancing at his watch on the step.

"I want you to meet a friend of mine," he said in a businesslike tone. "Awfully nice chap—you'll like him." He signaled a cab, and Amy got in, and they clattered away.

"I love cabs—where are we going?" Amy said, indifferent, happy eyes upon the busy streets. "Oh—your man is sick?" she questioned presently, as they stopped at a big institution.

"This isn't a hospital," her husband said, as they went up the enormous flight of entrance stairs. Amy gave him a bewildered look, but he did not explain. In a daze she followed him. They were in a big hallway, they were being led into an enormous room where fifty tiny children were playing. Others, too small even to play, were fastened into high-chairs, watching, and a uniformed nurse at one end of the room was busy with the very little ones, placid rolls of blue blanket, with a dark or bald head showing against each pillow.

They were all good children, with sober, clean little faces, cropped heads, and dark-blue aprons. They looked well-fed, and as if they had enough sleep and enough fresh air. But they were not noisy, as all children should be, and nobody had had time to brush up the boys' hair in the little loose wet waves and scallops mothers love, or tie big foolish bows of ribbon above the girls' unchildish eyes. Amy saw all this with a stab of bitter pain.

The nurse had one particular bundle in her arms as the Kimballs went in, and toward her Amy, like an arrow toward a mark, went with a little cry of eagerness and delight. Amy was never shy, was never self-conscious with children. She held out her arms, the blue bundle went into them, and Amy sat down in a low chair, too absorbed to notice the effect upon Kim or upon any one else.

"Oh—you darling!" said Amy. "It's a girl?—You sweet! You're not afraid of me, are you, baby? She sees my hat—well, you don't know who this big, strange person is, do you? You're not awfully sure that you like me, are you? Look at the little mouth, Kim! Isn't she a love?" Amy, coming out of a roseate cloud, eyed the nurse seriously. "She really is a perfectly *gorgeous* baby!" Amy stated.

"We think she's very pretty," the nurse agreed.

Kim had singled a three-year-old boy from the crowd, and now brought him to Amy's knee, where he leaned with endearing confidence. Not a particularly handsome boy, but sturdy, wistful, and with a sweet and resolute mouth.

"Don't press against the lady, Peter!" said the nurse.

Amy's arm went about the little dark-blue shoulders. "Oh, let him—I love it!" she said eagerly. "You're Peter, are you? Oh, Kim—" she broke off short.

"Oh, what?" her husband asked. Seeing her so, in the low chair, with one

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child in her arms and another at her knee, and with her serious little face wonderfully alight, he felt as if in some spiritual sense he were seeing her for the first time. "What do you think of my boy?" he said.

He had intended a day or two before, when it was all planned, to say it lightly and laughingly. But some deeper current than he had known his nature to possess, betrayed him. His voice, thickening suddenly, stopped short. He smiled uncertainly at his wife, and Amy, gathering both of the children close to her, burst into tears, with her face hidden against her son's cropped little head.

But in another moment she was laughing, the happiest wife and mother in the world.

"I came here two or three days ago," Kim presently explained. "My idea was an awfully young one—that is, if I had any serious idea of getting one at all. But Peter liked me from the word go; he walked right out of the group, and took my hand. While I walked around looking at babies, Peter hung on—darn it! I had the feel of that little fat, moist hand all day. I couldn't make head nor tail of the very little ones—they all looked alike to me, but all the next day I kept thinking of Peter. You were calling on the Hillikers, and I came in and had another look at him. He was asleep then, but he looked pretty good to me. However, I knew that you liked 'em little—I never thought of trying the two. They don't know much about Peter, but I'll bet his people were nice. Anyway, if he grows up and turns out rotten we can think how much worse he would have been if we hadn't given him a show. Besides, a writer ought to know something about parenthood. And Ellen is the demon limit when it comes to raising kids—perhaps she'll let up after this on how nice the back yard and the sun-room and the third floor would be for children! We can take him now, but you may have to go through some red tape about the baby!"

"Not much!" the nurse said encouragingly. "You went through all that with Peter here. Shall you call him Peter?"

"I like Peter," Amy said, one radiant smile. "Peter and Pamela! *Well*, I don't see what's so funny—mother's mother was named Pamela," she added in an injured tone, as her husband laughed outright.

"We can see about Pamela immediately then," Kim said. "We'll stay in town overnight, and rush it if we can. Meanwhile this kid needs clothes—a reefer, you know, and a round hat with a bluejacket's ribbon, what?"

"My dear!—and flannels and nighties and slippers and little patent-leathers with straps!" Amy exulted. She took a long deep kiss from the baby's soft little face.

"And *she* needs everything!" she added. "I'll have one set sent here, and we can change her before she goes out. The darling! I wonder how soon she'll know me!"

"This kid knows me now," Kim said, complacently.

"Kim," said his wife, suddenly struck, "when we go down-town to the hotel and register 'Sherman Kimball, wife and child,' what will the old desk-clerk say?"

"What does he have—crib in our room?" Kim asked interestedly.

"Well, yes, for to-night. But usually we'll bring Ellen, and have a room connecting with ours," Amy decided busily. She put the baby down. "Good-by, you darling!" said Amy. And a moment later as she and Kim engineered little Peter down the great steps of the institution, she added: "Never—never, never in my life have I been so happy!"

"One Hundred Per Cent." *will be concluded in the May number.*

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The Garner

Rosamund Marriott Watson

ALL that's best remains, the rest's but
dust of withered leaves;
Memories of a thousand Aprils
haunt the lilac close,
This year's harvest holds the wealth of
centuries' garnered sheaves,
All the fragrance of the past breathes
in this year's rose.

I hear the call of all the years in every
springtide voice,
All our music's sweeter for the music
said and sung;
Echoes held through countless ages bid
the heart rejoice,
Even as those that sang together when
the earth was young.

Surely trees are greener now and skies are
bluer far,
Every summer gathers beauty from the
summers gone;
Calm eternities of splendor shine from
every star—
While my heart enshrines them, those
I loved live on.

There is treasure yet in Time's gray castle
keep,
A ship will sail her course upon a chart-
less sea;
Still my lost world opens with the gates
of sleep,
Dreams give back the glory of my youth
to me.

Clara Elsene Peck

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WHAT ABOUT BRYAN?

Answer Attempted by William Hard

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON
DECORATIONS BY HAROLD SICHEL

THE ELECTORATE, though it consists mostly of males, is a woman. The politicians woo it; and they are in a continuous and miserable state of uncertainty and wild surmise and despair. The Electorate will hold hands with one candidate in the public streets up to the very last minute and will then give itself in marriage at the polls to another. It will live contentedly for several years in a nice, quiet home with a southerly exposure in the society of a God-fearing man who is a good provider, and will then elope in broad daylight between the hours of 7 A. M. and 7 P. M. with a notorious political rake and ruffian who will break its heart and beat it.

The Electorate wallows in Domesticity. It also yearns for Romance. It is fickler than any actual woman—and just as contradictory. It wants a public man to be strong, independent, masterful. It wants him to be tender, attentive, obsequious. It wants him to insist on having his own way. It wants him to yield to every one of its own whims. It demands leadership, and then it demands subservience, and it is impossible to tell whether it demands it because it likes it or because it happens to like a man who happens to have it; and there is not one of its fondest and most flattering admirers who fails to have moments when he is convinced that *Othello* was a great man and quite right after all, and only erred in not smothering *Desdemona* the first time he saw her.

This being the case, and the heart of the Electorate remaining an eternal mystery even to the most experienced among the innumerable aspirants to its favors, we are placed under a most particular obligation to a distinguished contemporary American novelist who recently has advanced a rule of thought which perhaps may shed at least a small circle of light on the calculation of political futures. He lays it down, out of his prolonged and intensive study of the multitudes of ladies who unwittingly have sat to him as models for his portraiture of his heroines, that when a woman says she hates a man, and she does hate him, hates him terribly, but you notice that she can not stop talking about him, you must warn her on the spot. If she isn't careful, she will find herself in his arms with a plain round band of gold slipping itself on to the fourth finger of her left hand.

This radium-chunk of wisdom—brought back from years of fearless exploration—touches American politics and illuminates it. There are just two American public men whom the Electorate can and often does terribly hate and whom it never, never, can stop talking about. How it hates them! And how it longs to see them coming up the front walk and ringing the front door-bell. Good afternoon,

SEPARATED FROM MANY OLD SUPPORTERS BY A RIVER OF GRAPE-JUICE.

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Colonel! Good afternoon, Colonel! How dare you, either of you, call on me? Just sit down for a couple of hours while I tell you what I think about you.

Our novelist would say—and most national politicians would regretfully agree with him—that neither of the Colonels will be politically dead as long as he is physically able to totter into the haughty and loquacious presence of his loved one.

Just at present Colonel Bryan is hated by a larger part of the Electorate than usual. The reasons given are numerous. Some of them are local and special.

FOR instance, in Missouri and in certain parts of neighboring states there is an amazingly intense feeling against Bryan because of his "desertion" of Champ Clark in the Democratic National Convention at Baltimore in 1912. Clark is a real favorite son in Missouri among the rank-and-file voters as well as among the politicians. He is also the object of considerable personal regard elsewhere. It is not forgotten yet by any means that he ran up to a majority vote in the Convention in 1912, and then was prevented from getting the two-thirds vote necessary to a nomination. Who took the leading part in the rush to Wilson? One of Clark's own delegates, sir, one of Clark's own committed delegates—a man from Lincoln, Nebraska—a man who talked against Tammany—a man who, back there in former times, in the year 1900, in the Democratic National Convention at Kansas City, accepted Tammany's support for himself and was mighty glad to get it—and this man was talking against Tammany and jumping on Clark, when he was pledged to Clark by the sentiment of his own state! It keeps on rumbling and rankling.

Again, in St. Louis and in Milwaukee and in Indianapolis and in almost all the larger cities of the West there is a strong conviction that Bryan has proved false to the cause of human liberty. Kosciuszko was for liberty. Kossuth was for liberty. Carl Schurz was for liberty. They appear in the advertising columns of the newspapers, regarding a glass of beer and saying so. William Jennings Bryan is sadly different. He has abandoned the rights of man and is in favor of state interference and paternalism and tyranny. This rankles, one should remember, not only in the paunches of the brewers, but also in those of the working men, among whom Bryan has always had a large following. He is now separated from many of his former supporters by an apparently unfordable and certainly undrinkable river of grape-juice.

A third source of hatred is to be found in the select circle of the Sternly Efficient. These gentlemen, hearing that Bryan was a reformer, thought that when he became Secretary of State he would bubble over with enthusiasm for efficiency in government. Instead, he bubbled over with enthusiasm for almost anything and everything else. He would sit earnestly signing large numbers of temperance pledges to be sent on their errand of uplift all over America with "William Jennings Bryan" encouragingly written just under the solemn words and with an inviting space for your own humble name right under *His*, while visitors who had something to take up with him in the way of government business were being driven to drink in the anteroom. He had time for moral efficiency, for political efficiency, for religious efficiency, for pacifist efficiency, for millennial efficiency, but very little time indeed, relatively, for plain grubbing governmental efficiency. It was easier to get an hour with him for a talk on the future ideals of international law than it was to get three minutes for a talk on a cargo of goods that you wanted to get out of Rotterdam and through the British blockade into the port of New York, in accordance with present international law, for the purpose of keeping American factory-wheels turning and American working men employed.

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For such matters there was, of course, "Jedge" Fleming, a fine old party from Kentucky, a delightful specimen of "Deserving Democrat." He was "Trade Adviser" for the State Department. It was an indignity to the "Jedge" to limit him by such a title. He should have been simply and spaciously "Adviser." There was nothing in his career to indicate that he had ever confined his attention to the narrow field of international trade-relations. He could have advised on anything else just as well—and perhaps better. His special task, as it turned out, was to match his wits against those of Sir Richard Crawford of the British Embassy. It was a fine arrangement. What the "Jedge" didn't know about international trade-relations, Sir Richard did. On one great critical occasion the "Jedge" folded his arms and waved his whiskers with finality and said:

"I shall know in fifteen minutes, sir, if Sir Richard has been playing horse with me."

The instantaneous rejoinder in the breasts of all present was: "Why wait fifteen minutes?"

To the Sternly Efficient this sort of appointment—no matter how engaging the appointee may be or how honest—is "Spoils." Bryan is now revealed to them to be a "Spoilsman." It was bad enough for him to replace experienced public servants with utterly untrained "Deserving Democrats" in virtually all our legations throughout Central and South America. He rose to a crime, a genuinely first-class crime, when he appointed outsider amateurs to such offices as that of "Receiver-General of Customs in Santo Domingo."

The Receiver-Generalship of Customs in Santo Domingo is our highest and most delicate experiment in giving technical assistance to the smaller and weaker nations in this hemisphere. We shall thus protect them against political pressure from their European creditors, and we shall thus teach them to have confidence in our own international intentions.

If we are not at our best in this matter in Santo Domingo, we are shamed and hindered in our whole future development of the Monroe Doctrine.

THERE IS NO LOGICAL LEADER FOR AMERICAN PACIFISM BUT HIM!

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When Bryan became Secretary of State, the office of Receiver-General in Santo Domingo was held by William Pulliam. Mr. Pulliam had entered our customs service in the Philippines in 1901. He had gone to Santo Domingo in 1907. His training had been thorough. He was ripe. So Bryan himself thought. He plucked him and, in his place, gave Santo Domingo that quick-blooming colonial administrator, Walter W. Vick.

Mr. Vick came from the absolute outside of the public service and the absolute inside of the Democratic Party. And it was to Vick, it was to the Receiver-General of Customs in Santo Domingo, that Bryan chose to send the letter in which the phrase "Deserving Democrat" was started on its loud way down the cheering corridors of time. It was in the office of the Receiver-General of Customs of Santo Domingo that Bryan particularly wished that numerous places for "Deserving Democrats" might be found or made.

When Vick retreated to the United States a suitable successor for him was discovered in a newspaper office in Paterson, New Jersey. Mr. Clarence H. Baxter was there editing the *Guardian*. He was a natural-born Santo Domingo Customs Receiver. One may suspect that Mr. Tumulty, the President's secretary, who lives not far from Paterson, was the first man to notice this gift in Baxter. At any rate, Bryan soon noticed it, too. It is now venting itself on our political future in the Caribbean.

Such are the reasons why the Sternly Efficient are doing their hating. It is a noble hating and a diligent one. Yet it does not spread very far beyond the bounds of the great cities. It does not arouse the deepest passions of the men who dwell on the countryside and in the small town. Most of them would tackle a job as Customs-Receiver or anything else, anywhere, any time. Their reasons for putting in their evenings hating Bryan are quite different.

Bryan once rebuked the newspaper correspondents in Washington for asking him questions about his Chautauqua fees. He said that the public was not interested in that question. He then and there proved once more the sad fact that the wooers of the Electorate are sometimes the last to find out what is passing in the lady's mind.

There was a farmers' convention in the Middle West month before last. Among the delegates there were many Democrats. Would they talk about Bryan? They would, until stopped by train time. Bryan was a fine man. But greed of gold was getting him. His Chautauqua fees were too large. Far too large. He was rich. Too rich. Far too rich. It was said that he had a couple of hundred thousand dollars. He ought to talk more *freely*. Great laughter. It was said that sometimes when he was going to speak he got his pay in advance. He got it before he had said a word. This showed just how mean and grasping he was getting to be. He was a fine man. But he was being rolled and ruined in money.

IN THE minds of these farmers the question of Chautauqua fees was the biggest question in Bryan's whole public life. Only one other question came in for even casual mention. This was his resignation from the Cabinet. He ought not to have resigned when he did. He got out at the wrong time. He abandoned the President of the United States when the foreign foe was in the very act of storming the White House. He was a fine man, but he quit under fire.

What was said in that convention is being said in small towns and on countrysides throughout the United States. The news of it comes from every quarter in response to personal inquiries and in response to inquiries by letter. It is always the same. Greed of gold and quitting under fire—those two points—and—always stuck in—he is a fine man.

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HOW STRONG IS BRYAN?
HOW STRONG IS THE ANTI-PREPAREDNESS MOVEMENT?
THE SAME QUESTION.

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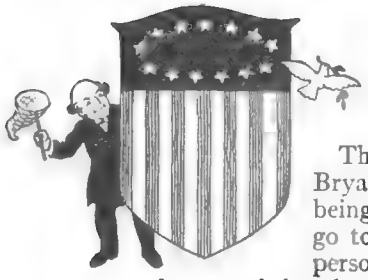

And hardly ever, from these small-town and countryside people, except in certain sections of the Northeast, a single word of really severe criticism of his Pacifist doctrines and pronouncements!

That fact is to be thoughtfully filed. It will be useful later. Bryan is going to make Pacifism his issue. The criticisms now being made of him in the country districts are personal. They go to flaws or to what are thought to be flaws in his recent personal behavior. Otherwise he is a fine man. His private character is in other respects excellent and his public opinions are not assailed. They may not be in every respect applauded, but they are not assailed.

The criticisms actually being made are, in a way, as personal as the criticisms of Roosevelt that were made so widely in 1910 and 1911 and 1912 for being eaten up with ambition and for having quarreled with poor dear old Taft in the midst of Taft's greatest troubles. Such criticisms did not prevent Roosevelt from being able to take a great political party and break it into two pieces, for the time being, and make away with the larger of those two pieces for himself. Events have always proved that criticisms of a personal sort can be largely swept away—not wholly—but certainly largely—by the winds of great public issues.

That Bryan will continue to have power in spite of all the hating of him that is now being done was clearly divined by a certain ex-governor of a populous Western state who recently gave an hour to discussing Bryan's present symptoms. This ex-governor has known Bryan personally since 1896. He has also known the country districts of his state from boyhood. He said that Bryan was much weaker than he used to be. Champ Clark. The Resignation. Untrue to Champ. Untrue to Wilson. A fine man. Yes. A quitter. A double-crosser. He was now bleeding at every pore. He was sinking rapidly. Too bad, thank God. What? The next National Convention?

At those words the ex-governor's face took on the fire and the fatigue of long nights spent in previous conventions wrestling with the angel of light from Lincoln, Nebraska. He was quite willing to say what Bryan would do at the next convention. Bryan would come. He would want to be temporary chairman. He would want to be a member of the Resolutions Committee. He would want to make that committee resolve in favor of his own strange ideas of war and peace. He would want to make the Convention resolve in favor of them. He would speak. On the first day it would be possible, as at Baltimore, to hear all the speakers. On the fourth day, as at Baltimore, every voice but Bryan's would be worn and shredded to rasping husks and Bryan's would be the only one audible at a distance of forty feet from the platform. He would then speak all the time. He would throw the convention into excitement, uproar, turmoil, confusion and alarm. That's what he would do. So weak, and yet so terrible!

That ex-governor knew Bryan and knew Bryan's folks in all the back-homes on the farms and in the towns with 750 pop. He knew that Bryan can lose a great many of those folks and still have enough of them left to be able to make any Democratic National Convention listen to him with awe and pain. He also doubtless knew, though he didn't say so, that the anti-preparedness movement in this country is going to continue to exist for a long time, and that it is going to be in urgent need of a leader. In proportion as that movement organizes itself, Bryan's political strength will once more get organized and consolidated into effectiveness.

This begins to show already in certain communities. Some of the politicians of Kansas say that in the back-homes of various parts of their state Bryan

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is going to be stronger this year than ever before in his life. The reason is a sound one. Kansas has been exceptionally well agitated and organized in favor of Pacifism. The editor of a strong Preparedness weekly paper, who knows the wheat-fields of Kansas as well as he knows his own office, says that the letters of protest from his Kansas subscribers now form a large part of his office furniture, and that in his judgment, from personal as well as professional inquiry, the voters in the towns he reaches are against Preparedness by ten to one.

This editor may have been smarting under his subscribers' chastening rods. It is a fact, nevertheless, that in Kansas the Pacifist writers and speakers have produced what looks like a majority for their ideas; and it is a fact, further, that in virtually every state in the West (and, for that matter, in the East too) there is now going forward a definite work of Pacifist agitation and of Pacifist organization which will continue irrespective of what Wilson or Congress may say or do. In most states, according to the best belief of the best observers, it will be a minority movement. In some states it will be a very small minority movement. But it will be a movement. It will move.

Now what are Bryan's qualifications for leading it? They are better than for the leading of any other movement he has ever led. The human center of Pacifism in this country is in the Protestant churches of the country districts. The philosophical center is in a hatred of material reality. At both those centers Bryan is our most resplendent public luminary.

BRYAN began making speeches on politics when he was twenty, but he began making speeches on religion when he was fourteen. He has talked more to the American people about their souls than any other public man in our history. Much of his Chautauqua speaking is entirely about religion, and virtually all of it is partly about religion. He knows that it is the most popular subject possible. He will often begin one of his lectures by saying something to the effect that if he were to talk about public questions he would interest the politicians, and if he were to talk about history he would interest the scholars, and if he were to talk about trade and commerce he would interest the business men, but he is going to talk about religion, and everybody has a soul, and he is going therefore to interest everybody. He is right.

What he then goes on to say is usually as direct and as simple in its language as if he were talking at a private dinner-party. His speeches have been much misunderstood by those who have not heard them, and even by many who have actually listened to them but have never afterward looked at them in print. His voice makes you think that he is "eloquent," that he is committing "oratory." In fact, he seldom commits it. Crosses of gold and crowns of thorns are infrequent purple patches on the plain linen cloth which he spreads before his audiences. He is characterized really more by humor than by tragic or otherwise lofty qualities. He is at his typical best in a certain sentence which he uses in his lecture on "The Value of an Ideal." He says: "It is poor policy to fight the devil with fire. He knows more about fire than you do, and he does not have to pay so much for fuel." This is religious, ethical, whimsical, homely. There could be no better illustration of Bryan's usual lecture method.

He speaks on religion not merely to analyze it but to make his auditors grow in grace. In his "Prince of Peace" he always says: "If I discuss questions of government, I must secure the cooperation of a majority before I can put my ideas into practise; but if, in referring to religion, I can touch one human heart for good, I shall not have labored in vain, no matter how large the majority against me may be."

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His face and his language, when he discusses such matters, establish his sincerity. I venture to make that statement because of being, on my own account, in such matters, an expert of long standing. I was brought up in the household of a Methodist minister and I have heard thousands of the brethren testifying. When any brother who isn't really saved gets up and tries to invent a religious experience which he never had, I can detect him going off the tune in his very first sentence. He at least sharps a note or flats it. This man Bryan is saved; he loves God, and God loves him; and in my opinion it is futile to deny it.

It is equally futile to deny that his hatred of reality is sincere and continuous. One of his favorite topics is Evolution. He will say that if the "survival of the fittest" in "the struggle for existence" is the means through which mankind has been brought to its present high development, then one must conclude that the law of life is a law of combat and of hate. But, he will go on, I do not accept this conclusion, and I therefore reject the theory of Evolution because I "prefer" to believe that the law of life is a law of *love*. He "prefers." And there you are!

THE natural result of this method of thought in Bryan is that in politics and in economics, as well as in science, almost anything seems to him to be true if it is a thing which he would "prefer" to have true. Life, with him, does not start in facts and build itself up to higher facts which constitute an "ideal" toward which we struggle. Life, with him, reaches out into the infinite void and grasps an "ideal" and comes back and beats the facts senseless with it.

Let others spend their time elaborating the petty details of child-labor legislation. They hope in that way to bring about a state of things in which childhood will be devoted wholly to study and to play and to growth. That state of things is, to them, an "ideal." Bryan will approve. But he will not be profoundly moved. He will give his own time rather to elaborating some rule of personal behavior which, *if it were only universal*, would make it quite unnecessary to meet the reality of child labor with the forceful force-using reality of child-labor legislation. Such a rule, destined to yield such a result, it happens that Bryan has actually discovered.

It is the "Law of Rewards." He propounds it in his standard lecture on that detail of the Universe called "Man." The "Law of Rewards" is that "every person is entitled to draw from society in proportion as he contributes to its welfare." There is no plan of organization mentioned or apparently needed. It is not a state of *things*. It is a real genuine Bryan ideal. It is a state of *mind*. It is a beautiful state of mind. Now, ladies and gentlemen, if we would only all of us just get together and simply *believe* it, why:—

"There would be little difficulty in adjusting hours of labor and conditions of labor if only the primary question of participation in profits could be adjusted; and that adjustment can equitably be made on this basis of equivalent values. With universal acquiescence in this rule, the usurer would disappear, carrying his train of evils with him. With the establishment of this rule, the stock-jobber and the market gambler would cease to disturb the law of supply and demand, and the reign of watered stock and of exploitation would be at an end. The observance of this law would make factory laws unnecessary and relieve from premature toil hundreds of thousands of children."

It certainly would. You listen, and your heart

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rises into your throat and then into your head, and before you can get it out and yell: "See here! Who's going to operate this law, and how's it going to tell me how much to sell toothpaste for in my drugstore?"—Bryan has caught his train. What you got out of it was a moment during which you were a person of ineffable nobility of character.

This faculty for making people feel noble and for making them believe (till after breakfast next morning) that nobleness, by its own intensity and universality, can resolve the technical problems of industry and of life in general, is highly useful in the field of Pacifism. Already, in his old and established lecture entitled "The Value of an Ideal," Bryan is equipped with a Pacifist passage of such splendor that one may doubt if even the inspiration of this year's campaign will yield him its equal. It is this:

"IT IS ALWAYS WICKED TO FIGHT."
"FORCIBLE RESISTANCE TO WRONG IS ALWAYS BAD."
"MEN WHO MAKE WAR IN ANY CAUSE ARE NO BETTER THAN MURDERERS."
LINCOLN
WASHINGTON
COPY BOOK MAXIMS

STILL—HE IS "IN FAVOR OF MAINTAINING THE MONROE DOCTRINE."

"Instead of trying to make our navy the largest in the world, let us try to make our government the best government on earth. Instead of trying to make our flag float everywhere, let us make it stand for justice wherever it floats—for justice between man and man, for justice between nation and nation. And then the peoples of the world will learn to know and revere that flag because it will be their protection as well as ours. *And then if any king raises his hand against our flag, the oppressed people of his own land will rise up and say to him, 'Hands off! That flag stands for our rights as well as the rights of the American people!'* "

Here, indeed, is a joy-ride on the bare back of an unbroken and unbreakable "ideal"! Those foreigners have a "king." They are "oppressed" by him. They can not keep him from "oppressing" them. But if he should try to oppress *America*, they would rise and smite him to the ground! And the fiery hoofs of "Idealism" blaze across the firmament and strike the lightnings of world-justice from the pavement of the luminiferous ether.

To such a man all things are possible. He seems to think so himself when he talks about the law of gravitation. He is always talking about the law of gravitation. There is something about it that fascinates him. He used to

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talk about it in the campaign of 1896. He talks about it now in his campaign against Preparedness. He is obsessed by it. He can not get it out of his mind. Perhaps he has an uneasy feeling that it is an enemy. It seems to be a fact, a harsh fact. It seems to operate whether you want it to or not. But Bryan can make it stop operating. Yes, sir. See! He moves his foot. There! Every time we move our feet, says he, we "overcome" and "annul" the law of gravitation! "The tiniest insect that creeps upon the ground wins a victory over it every time it moves; and even the slender blade of grass sings a song of triumph over this universal law as it lifts itself up toward the sun!" And then he leaves the room and goes down-stairs carefully by the staircase instead of saving time by throwing himself buoyantly out of the third-story window.

In his present contributions to the art and science of war Bryan goes through all the several mental stages so far noted in his regular ordinary platform performances.

First, there is the religious stage. He gets up and says: "The commandment against killing does not read that you must not kill unless a large number join with you. On the contrary, the Bible plainly declares that 'though hand join in hand they shall not be unpunished.' It is just a plain, blunt 'Thou shalt not kill.' " This is plain, blunt Protestant literal Biblical exegesis. You conclude that Bryan is a non-resistant.

Then comes the idealistic stage. Even if we ourselves do not kill, there are perhaps persons who might try to kill us. So "let us consider the way out or the road to permanent peace." This way out, it appears, is treaties—treaties binding the nations to submit their disputes to international commissions which will inquire for one year and then report. They will have no international armies or navies with which to enforce their findings. Bryan does not care for "The League to *Enforce* Peace." His commissions simply tell the offending nations that they are bandits, and then those nations, seeing that there are no sheriffs being sent after them, simply come in and give themselves up, just as the James brothers did for so many years. This is the "road to permanent peace." It is the end of the idealistic stage. It is the nobility moment. It is the moment when humanity sings a song of triumph over the law (the *Biblical* law, too), that "there is not a just man upon earth that doeth good and sinneth not." Sins by nations have ceased.

But then comes the third stage—the stage in which Bryan makes his way back to earth by the staircase, after all, instead of *via* the window. You approach him. You say: "Do you believe in having *any* army?" He is at once violently angry. The "metropolitan press" seems to live to misrepresent him. Of course he is in favor of an army—and of a navy. "Then you believe that some wars are justifiable?" Of course he does. His anger becomes even more intense. There in his Johnstown speech, just the other day, he said: "There is no danger that an attack on us would not be resisted." As he says it, he looks as if he himself would do an earnest share of the resisting. And he would. Give me one man of God for such work rather than ten sons of Belial. When God tells him to break the teeth of the ungodly, it gets done.

STILL, you are pained. The Bible does not say: "Thou shall not kill, except when Florida is invaded." It says, so plainly and so bluntly: "Thou shalt not kill." This man is a man of blood. He believes in armies and navies and he believes in wars of defense. Perhaps he believes in other sorts of wars, too. You will ask him. You say: "If a European nation should come across the Atlantic and conquer Salvador, would you believe in a war

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IN POLITICS, ECONOMICS, SCIENCE, ALMOST ANYTHING SEEMS TO HIM TO BE TRUE IF IT IS A THING WHICH HE WOULD "PREFER" TO HAVE TRUE.

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for throwing it out of Salvador?" Then indeed all seven vials of wrath are poured out. It is a hypothetical question. It is a question set to trap him. His passion about it is incredible. "I will not answer it. But—" You wait. "But you may say for me that I am absolutely in favor of maintaining the Monroe Doctrine!"

He is in favor of "maintaining" the Monroe Doctrine. Well, that's enough. Who wants anything more than national defense and the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine? Hardly anybody. Bryan is with the mass of us. All this talk about "Thou shalt not kill" and about one-year-talkings-and-reportings is on the platform. On the street we are going to defend and we are going to maintain. The Bryan Peace Treaties, which he signed with those thirty nations, commit us to allowing international commissions to talk about the Monroe Doctrine and to report on it. They may report on it unfavorably. But we are going to "maintain" it, anyway. Of course. And Bryan would be right there with his regiment.

AT WHICH point the fourth stage sets in. This, I maintain, is the really decisive one. Bryan might be as religious as he pleased—and as idealistic—and yet his belief in national defense and in the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine would surely force him into believing in military training, were it not for the fact that in his heart he does not really believe in any kind of training at all for anything, in the sense in which the word "training" is used in the modern industrialized, specialized world.

Bryan's "Spoilsmanship," for instance, was not moral viciousness. It was simply antique American frontier Jack-of-all-Trades cocksureness. You can make Indian-killers without special training. You can make local office-holders without special training. You can make envoys extraordinary and ministers plenipotentiary to Central and South America without special training. You can make managers of West Indian governmental finances without special training. You can make State Department officials without special training. Therefore, my friends, "If we ever have a war, we will depend, as in the past, upon those who work when the country needs workers and fight only when the country needs fighters."

Such is Bryan's Pacifist philosophy. It is much more congenial to that of the mass of Pacifists in the United States than is the sophisticated cosmopolitan palaver of most of the Pacifist leaders in the East. In Bryan there is religion, idealism, provincialism—and a red-blooded American eagerness to come forth and start to slay the enemies of the United States just exactly as soon as it is too late. In most of the Eastern Pacifist leaders there is no blood at all. They are internationalistic members of the human race. Bryan, after all, is a member of the American race. There is no logical leader for American Pacifism but him. It would seem inevitable that he should lead it and that it should give him a very considerable amount of political power.

What will he do with it? It is an article of faith in administration circles in Washington that Bryan, though he may raise a great following, will come into the Democratic National Convention and be good. He will support Wilson and he will submit himself to the people's verdict on Wilson's policies. Yes. But part of that verdict is to be sought in the opinion of the men who are chosen to be National Convention delegates. Will not Bryan feel it his duty to mold those opinions? He has always felt such a duty and has always discharged it in former presidential years. And in this year there is a new urgency upon him. He used to be one of the sunniest-tempered men in American public life. He is now one of the most irritable. He is full of

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sudden and mighty rages. He is that most dangerous of persons—a Christian gentleman with a mad on.

He has reasons—many of them. To begin with, life itself is so intractable when one is in office. A Secretary of State should tell the people the people's affairs. Diplomacy should be frank and open and public. Yet, just as soon as one becomes Secretary of State one discovers that there are many things which can not be disclosed. They must be secret. This is upsetting. It is maddening. Along come the newspaper correspondents. They ask questions. Elihu Root, who knew that diplomacy must often be secret, would say: "I can not tell you." Bryan, the exponent of frank and open and public diplomacy, would fly into a fit of wild anger, and shout: "That is an improper question. You ought to know better than to address such a question to me! It is highly improper!" So he dodged, and grew angrier with every day of dodging, and more and more suspicious and more and more unhappy.

This was the first difficulty presented by life itself, in office. There followed many others. All of them, though, were really trifling compared with the blow struck at him, not by life in general, but by Wilson. Bryan's resignation has been misinterpreted. It was a morally and intellectually necessary resignation. Bryan had gone ahead and signed those Peace Treaties with those thirty nations, calling for international commissions of inquiry. Wilson let him go ahead and sign them. Bryan was Wilson's foreign minister. He acted for the administration. The administration sanctioned the one-year-talk idea. It committed itself to it. It was Bryan's greatest idea. It was his life-idea. He nailed it to the wall of time with his name on it. And Wilson was behind him, holding his garments and consenting to his labors.

Then came the test. Who failed in it? Not Bryan. Wilson. As soon as we had a real foreign difficulty—the one with Germany—Wilson utterly abandoned the one-year-talk idea, reverted to the oldest forms of diplomacy—individual pressures, threats, ultimatums. Bryan and his life-idea were

ON "THE ROAD TO PERMANENT PEACE."

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discredited and discarded. The one great policy which Bryan represented in the Cabinet was taken from its altar (where Wilson himself had placed it) and cast down and trampled under foot.

In such circumstances, no English Cabinet minister, no French Cabinet minister, would dream of staying in office. Even members of American Cabinets, though supposed to be the President's personal body-guard and not a responsible ministry, must be permitted to have a certain amount of self-respect.

SUCH being the man's old character and such his present mood, it seems to some of the sages that Wilson's one best chance of keeping his party more or less effectively intact is to fail in his party leadership. Let the Preparedness plans be rejected by Congress, under the influence of the Democrats who are in constant communication with Bryan. Or let those plans be accepted, but accepted in a form so toothless as to be nothing but a mumbling mockery of their former youthful happy selves. Then Bryan might conscientiously go to the Democratic National Convention and say: "Our beloved leader has been right on all things but one. On that one we controlled him. We ran him on his one-track mind to the place where he keeps his turntable and brought him back headed in the right direction. We are once more a united family. We were against the world on its way to the Gold Standard. We were against it on its way to Colonial Expansion. We are now against it on its way to Preparedness and Nationalism. Our lot is not with the world. It is against it. And Woodrow says so, too, now." That would be an issue, commanding Bryan's allegiance.

But suppose that Wilson recovers his courage and dons the spurs and makes the mule jump through a high Preparedness hoop. The National Convention, to save its party face, will surely be obliged, no matter what Bryan may say or do, to claim that it enjoyed the hoop and that Preparedness is right. What then? Unless Bryan's character gets shattered in a night, can anybody really imagine him supporting a Preparedness platform, a Preparedness party, a Preparedness candidate?

He will retire to his tent. There are at least five hundred thousand Northern Democrats to whom Preparedness is the greatest immoral issue of all known time. Crowds of them, on election day, will either stay at home or else vote for the Socialist candidate, who is going to be a complete catch-all Pacifist propagandist.

This assumes that Bryan will not actually bolt and lead a forlorn hope toward the White House in his own name. Yet why is it impossible that he might do even that? He is the same man who, in 1900, when he might have become President on Anti-Imperialism alone, insisted on adding a million or so enemies to himself and to the party by making the party commit itself also—and all over again—to Free Silver. He is the same man—only more so—because anger, like wine, brings the depths of character to full release. He is temperamentally quite capable of bolting; and surely those who believe that he would be without followers have underestimated the passionateness of the resistance to Preparedness and have overlooked the fact that Bryan is the one and only great man, *in either of the great parties*, who has even offered himself to that resistance for its leader. It must take him.

So it would seem. On the day when these words are written, so it would seem. The Pacifist element in the Electorate must take Bryan—so it would seem. In dissecting the Electorate's heart the boldest surgeon, in his most dogmatic moments, will softly add: "So it would seem—to-day—in the forenoon."

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MISS SMITHY AND THE PRODIGAL SON

by Fannie Heaslip Lea

Author of "Quicksands," "The Jaconetta Stories," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARY GREENE BLUMENSCHEIN.

THERE was a southerly wind that day and a strong surf running—except for which atmospheric conditions Miss Smithy and the Prodigal Son had never made history.

A southerly wind in Honolulu means blistering days and a sea piling drift on the beach. Over the reef the surf comes snarling—and the town wilts under an area of high pressure. One day of it is bad, two days of it is worse, and three days of it saps the morals of even a little school-teacher from Alabama. The natives call it the *muki* wind—the sick wind—and in their simple phrasing hit the nail. Mercifully, it is the rarest wind of the four.

Miss Smithy, on the day of which I have already made mention, dismissed her final class at half-past three, and by half-past four was tying a handkerchief about her head in one of the bath-houses of the Outrigger Club. It was a homely handkerchief, of the sort known in the South as blue guinea, and completed a homely swimming-suit, full where it should have been scant, and scant where it might have been full—too long about the knees, and too high about the neck. Neither Miss Smithy's neck nor her knees were bad, but she hid them very carefully. Had Miss Smithy been Venus she would not have risen from the sea without a bathrobe.

Having quenched the youth in her small face by pushing the last soft strand of her hair under the blue handkerchief, Miss Smithy put on black stockings half a size too big for her—they wear longer that way—and went out on the beach, unashamed.

Her head was aching, so she refused, with a tight-lipped smile, the invitation of a fellow teacher, a kindly young man from Massachusetts, to sit on the sand and talk. Instead she walked into the ocean and hid her face in the first towering wave that met her, with a little gasp of relief. Then she swam, with a

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"I BEG TEN MILLION PARDONS," SAID THE PRODIGAL SON CONTRITELY.

breast-stroke, precise beyond any necessity, out to the raft and back. It made her feel better. The band around her brain loosened, and the lines around her mouth. The feel of the water on her arms, and on her legs, even through the black-cotton stockings, was fairly luxurious.

Miss Smithy turned over on her back and floated, looking up to the afternoon sky. She knew she was getting her hair wet beneath the blue-guinea handkerchief, but the day had been long and full of English literature; Miss Smithy no longer cared.

It was while she was floating that the Prodigal Son came along and, swimming with his face under water—a beautiful crawl—collided with Miss Smithy and sent her squarely to the bottom.

In such a case rescue is considered proper. The Prodigal Son grasped Miss Smithy by the shoulder—they were in only seven feet of water—and dragged her up again. She looked at him and sputtered like a drowning kitten. Water streamed from her features. Having swallowed a good bit of the ocean, she choked.

"I beg ten million pardons," said the Prodigal Son contritely. But he grinned—he could not help it. Miss Smithy looked so like a sleek, drenched little mouse.

The Prodigal Son was sleek enough himself, but in a comelier way. His straight black hair was sleek on his shiny wet head, and his shoulders and arms were burned to a wonderful brown. When he grinned at Miss Smithy his teeth showed uncommonly white, and his eyes were blue. Miss Smithy, being

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woman beneath the homely swimming-suit and the blue-guinea handkerchief, saw that while she sputtered.

"Honestly, I *do* beg your pardon," he said again.

"It does not matter," said Miss Smithy.

She hung to the rope that extends from the beach to the raft, and he swam in circles around her, as unconscious of effort as any fish.

"Rotten weather," he said cheerfully, when it began to appear that Miss Smithy was not going to make conversation.

"Very oppressive," said Miss Smithy. She had a nice little voice touched with the awful crispness of the pedant.

"Feeling all right again now?" inquired the Prodigal Son. He added boldly: "I think I haven't seen you on the beach before."

He would not have seen her then except for the trifling incident of their collision. Miss Smithy was not of the sort that imprints itself superfluously upon the masculine retina.

"I swim almost every evening," she told him nervously. She had her breath back, but she was still a little shaken.

"That's good," said the Prodigal Son. He reconnoitered with a careless eye and saw a man that he knew a wave or so away. "Well," he suggested, "I'm mighty glad I didn't do any damage. 'Fraid I had, at first—Good-by——"

He should have gone then—he would have gone, his bronzed shoulders and sleek black head splendid against the sea, but Miss Smithy spoke. She might as well have put out a hand to stop him. The intention was as evident. "Do you—do you swim every day?" asked Miss Smithy.

The Prodigal Son lingered, treading water. His eyes showed a certain surprise. Miss Smithy did not look like a flirtation. Less than any woman he could think of, Miss Smithy suggested the great feminine game of catch-as-catch-can. Yet here she was, making one of the opening moves.

BEHIND the mask of her dripping little face, Miss Smithy entertained an equal astonishment, directed at herself. Yet she persisted. Even the memory of English literature flashing chastely across her mind failed to save her. "I—I think I have not seen you before," said Miss Smithy.

It was all as incongruous as a chorus-girl bathing a baby. Caught by the very unexpectedness of the situation, the Prodigal Son remained. "Oh, yes," he said lightly. "I'm out every day, pretty nearly, every day I can make it, that is. I'm up here at Fort de Russy, y'know."

"You are—in the army?" asked Miss Smithy. All in a moment drums throbbed in her ears, she saw a flag snapping in the wind—the glitter of gold braid—the grim glory of shoulder-straps—

"Private in the rear ranks," explained the Prodigal Son.

"Really?" said Miss Smithy faintly.

"Co. C—of the —th Engineers."

Inevitably a small silence fell upon the face of the waters.

Presently the Prodigal Son laughed. He misquoted, with a flick of one hand through the sun-shot air:

> "Oh, it's Tommy, here—and Tommy, there—and Tommy, go away!—
> But its 'thin red line of 'eroes'—when the band begins to play.

You thought I was an officer—of course."

"Oh—I——"

"Not even a non-com.," said the Prodigal Son cheerfully. With a humorous recognition of the situation he continued: "I'll say good-by—now." And

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for the second time Miss Smithy called him back to her.

"Do you—do you like the army life?" asked Miss Smithy.

I have no means of explaining Miss Smithy's reversion to type—if you choose to call it that. She had come to Honolulu from Greenville, Alabama, than which there is no town in the states more observant of the proprieties. Her schooling had been done at Newcomb, and she had been teaching in Honolulu for two years, quite long enough to be aware of the fact, if she had not been aware of it before, that a private in the army—in any army—is not generally accorded the social privileges of his superiors. You might say she knew better—but you might add that so did Lucifer, not to speak of other falling stars.

The Prodigal Son—witness his reference to R. K.—knew very much better, and wondered profoundly at the tired-looking little creature in the frumpish blue bathing-suit who clung to the rope and held him with the unspoken hunger in her eyes.

She was obviously not common, in the accepted sense, obviously not fast—old enough to take care of herself— "What do *you* do?" the Prodigal Son asked keenly.

"I teach English."

"Good Lord!"

She made a queer little gesture of assent, whereupon he added, grinning: "That goes double?. You don't like your job?"

"I like it when I'm not tired," said Miss Smithy. "When I'm tired I'd rather dig ditches."

"You'd dig a pretty poor ditch—wouldn't you?"

"That's why I'm teaching English," she conceded.

He laughed, and the corners of her mouth unbent a little.

"I wonder what you'd look like without that handkerchief," the Prodigal Son suggested coolly.

"Not much better than I do with it."

"I believe you would. You've got wistful sort of eyes, and a chin like Undine."

"You know 'Undine'?" said Miss Smithy, the wistful eyes widening.

"You mean—what does a private in the Engineers know about 'Undine'?" the Prodigal Son corrected kindly. "As much as you, most likely. Ever see the Rackham edition?"

"In the shops," said Miss Smithy bitterly.

"Nice stuff," he mused. "Say, does this place remind you just a little of Rackham? Those banyan trees, y'know. I'm always looking for trolls among the roots. And the flush on the mountains at sunset—on the water, too, for that matter. I'm going to miss the color when I get away from here."

He answered the silent question in her face.

"Oh, my time's almost up—I'll be out in about a month now."

A GREAT wave lifted the rope, and Miss Smithy's black-cotton legs showed in a welter of water. "Where do you go then?" she asked, righting herself desperately.

"You're a bit light for the big ones," said the Prodigal Son, "aren't you? Where do I go then? I haven't made up my mind. Maybe Japan—maybe not. There's something in Kobé I want to see. I'll tell you the first thing I'm going to do. I'm going to buy myself some regular clothes and get back into

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private life again. I'm sick of walking around in a uniform—tagged, second-class male matter."

Miss Smithy barely smiled. "Can't you ever go out in ordinary clothes?"

"In cits? Not never. And every woman I'd like to know looks at me, when she sees the khaki, just as you did when I told you I was a private. Don't you want to swim in now?"

"I did not know that I looked at you—at all strangely," said Miss Smithy.

"Then perhaps it was my imagination," said the Prodigal Son, with an uncommonly friendly grin.

Half-way to the beach he stopped swimming. "Want me to go all the way in with you?" he inquired.

Miss Smithy had been working hard to keep up with his easy stroke. "Why not?" she gasped.

"MIGHT queer you if anybody saw."

"That is absurd!" said Miss Smithy. She retained a certain clearness of accent even in a choppy sea.

"All right, I'll go in then," he agreed. "I left a magazine on the beach that I want."

"What was it?" panted Miss Smithy.

He told her, and added casually: "I've got some verses in it this month."

"Which are they?" she demanded. "I have that magazine." She fought out of wave after wave a little behind him.

"See if you can tell," the Prodigal Son said with a chuckle, made her a bow, and left her at the edge of the beach.

Miss Smithy, who was cold and looked it, proceeded up the path to the bath-house and returned to her accustomed outer semblance, in this case a sprigged cotton, devoid of coquetry, and a small white hat with a sober blue rose and a narrow white ribbon. Without the blue-guinea handkerchief she was frail-looking but oddly pleasing. Her lips and cheeks lacked color—her eyes, shine. She was like a little lamp that has never been lit.

Before she ate her dinner that night she got out the magazine of which the Prodigal Son had spoken, and looked for his verses. I call him the Prodigal Son because that is what Miss Smithy called him to herself—then and after. His real name was Larry Sloane.

She found the verses at once, with that name at the head of them, and knew them for his with the first three lines. The fourth line scanned a little lame, which decided her forever as to the writer. No mere syllable could halt him, she felt sure, in what he had to say.

As for the verses themselves, they were not bad. Something about a wandering foot and far lands—they sang with youth and a kind of devil-may-care lust for freedom. To Miss Smithy, who had been reared on Shelley, and whose private dissipation was Swinburne, the lines lacked elegance, but she felt the life of them distinctly.

That night, after correcting thirty-five papers on "My Interpretation of the Character of Macbeth," she went to bed, and deliberately tried to dream of the Prodigal Son.

Poor little Miss Smithy! She was twenty-seven, and the nearest approach to a love affair in her arid annals had been the attention of the young man from Massachusetts who taught geology, with astronomy for a side-line, in the same school with Miss Smithy's careful English classes.

The young man from Massachusetts was blond, to the point

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of anemia, and his hair curled. Otherwise he was a good soul and well disposed, if scarcely conducive to emotion in the other sex. Miss Smithy knew him as [redacted] and before that day of the southerly wind had regarded him kindly. Now, by some ardent metempsychosis, he became in one brief hour hateful to her sight. The Prodigal Son had set her a standard.

That night Miss Smithy tried to dream, and dream she did. In her sleep she walked in a nursery between rows of beds where flowers slept, not children. Beside her walked the Prodigal Son. She saw his smile and heard his voice. Suddenly he stooped to kiss her—so near she felt the warmth and roughness of his cheek—

"Larry! Larry!—don't!" said Miss Smithy in her dream, and woke.

OUT of that night and into the next day the nearness of the Prodigal Son, the startling intimacy of her dream, held Miss Smithy spellbound. She went about her work with her wits in the clouds, gathering moonshine and starbeams.

To Miss Catton, the older woman who shared her tiny cottage and assisted at the first of each month, she explained carefully that she meant to go to the beach every day that summer. "Something in the water makes me feel so alive," she said—which was true enough.

But the Prodigal Son was not on the beach on Friday, which was the next day, nor yet on Saturday; Miss Smithy came back to the cottage a little tired-looking.

Sunday morning she had no thought of seeing him—it is not a crowded time at Waikiki—but when she walked down the runway and out upon the beach he got up from the sand and came to meet her.

Fortunately, Miss Smithy could not know with what a jar his beauty-loving senses accepted once more the fact of her drabbled blue serge and black cotton and blue guinea.

"Hello!" he said pleasantly. "I've been lying here watching for you. The water is like champagne this morning. Could you pick out my verses?"

Miss Smithy walked beside him a little way, and sat down at his gesture upon the hot white sand in the full glare of an eleven o'clock sun, something she had rarely done before.

She quoted in her precise, soft little voice:

> "The gold sun sinks in a waveless sea,
> And there's three masts out where I want to be;
> My hand is strong and my foot is free,
> So it's over the world and back, for me!"

The Prodigal Son laughed shortly. "That's me," he said. "How did you like 'em?"

"They scan badly," said Miss Smithy

"And that's *you*," retorted the Prodigal Son. "They never were meant to scan. It's just a kind of a chantey I made one day, watching a tramp head out at sunset." He lay at full length on the sand, and dug little holes with a restless forefinger.

"There is music in them—of a sort," Miss Smithy admitted.

"You bet there's music in them," said the Prodigal Son, "but it's a music you'll never hear, Undine-Priscilla—unless I miss my guess."

Miss Smithy, her queer, mad little dream close at her elbow, did not contradict him. "Have you written other verses?" she said hesitantly.

"Miles of 'em. I'll write you one about yourself some day."

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"Are they—have they all been published?"

"Mostly."

"And do you ever write prose?"

"I call it such," said the Prodigal Son modestly. He chuckled. "I'm going to write a little prose when I'm my own man again—that's one thing sure. I've got stuff for a thousand or so stories—gorgeous stuff—out of this three-year grind."

"Have you always written?" inquired Miss Smithy.

"Largely, I've lived," said the Prodigal Son, "but I've got ink in the blood all right. My father's one of the biggest newspaper men in New York." He regarded her gravely. "Am I talking for publication, Polly Pry?"

A wave of color surged up to Miss Smithy's eyes.

"By golly! You can blush!" said the Prodigal Son.

They went into the water shortly after that, and swam out to the raft. The Prodigal Son taught Miss Smithy to swim overhand, and induced her to take off the black-cotton stockings and tie them to a post.

"You can swim better barefoot," he assured her.

Miss Smithy with characteristic modesty tied the stockings about the post below the water, and the tide promptly bore them away.

"I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT YOU EVER SINCE I TRIED TO DROWN YOU THE OTHER DAY."

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Afterward they swam in to the beach again, and at the Prodigal Son's urgent request, Miss Smithy took off the blue-guinea handkerchief with the rubber cap beneath it, and let down her hair.

That, mercifully, is something Mrs. Grundy herself might do on the beach of a Sunday morning. When she lay once more upon the clean, hot sand—it is after a swim the most luxurious feeling in the world—Miss Smithy was painfully conscious of the absence of her stockings, but she rejoiced in the feel of her loosened hair.

It hung about her shoulders like a silken veil, pale, but gold-shot, and curling upward at the ends.

"Now you're like Rapunzel," said the Prodigal Son.

His eyes had a curious warmth when he looked at Miss Smithy. Once he laughed. "You're a funny little thing," he said almost caressingly. "Do you know, I've been thinking about you ever since I tried to drown you the other day."

Miss Smithy began to bloom that morning, like a moon-flower feeling the dusk come on.

"Why don't you get a regular swimming-suit?" asked the Prodigal Son just before he left her at noon. "And a gold-colored silk handkerchief—you'd be a peach. It's a crime to do yourself up in that thing you've got on. You're nobody's grand-aunt."

So Miss Smithy, who would not read George Moore, and had declined an invitation to see "Mid-Channel" when it came to Mobile, took twelve dear dollars of her income from the bank, and two days later walked out upon the beach, a slim little creature in a one-piece suit of black jersey, with a gold-colored silk handkerchief tied gypsy-wise about her hair, and one honey-colored wave in the middle of her forehead. The audacious whiteness of her legs and arms disconcerted her badly, but the pallor of her cheeks and lips was noticeably less.

The lamp had begun to glow.

Miss Catton disapproved of the change. So, it appeared, did the young man from Massachusetts. But the Prodigal Son whistled between his teeth, and said he knew she had it in her, and Miss Smithy was satisfied.

She missed few days at the beach after that, and nine times out of ten when she came down to the sand the Prodigal Son was waiting. Within a week she was calling him Larry. When she told him her own name was Esther he scowled and shook his head. He called her Undine-Priscilla most of the time, and once, "my dear," which kept Miss Smithy dreaming several nights. Whither Miss Smithy was tending she did not even ask herself. She flowered late but sweetly.

People talked, perhaps—in her inexplicable recklessness she never looked at that, or looked and put the fact away from her. The Prodigal Son, bronzed like an Indian and electric with life, commanded all her mind. She could hardly in those days hold herself down to the interpretative study of "Macbeth." In an exquisite obsession her thought ran all one way. Some day the Prodigal Son would speak.

Time justified her. After three magic weeks the Prodigal Son spoke. On the beach at the end of a perfect afternoon

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he said: "I never get a chance to talk to you here. I'm coming to see you—wherever you live. When can I come?"

That morning at breakfast Miss Catton had said: "I've got to spend the night with old Miss Miller to-night. Can you get Taka to stay in the house? I do hate to leave you."

And Miss Smithy had answered: "Yes, I'm quite sure I can. Of course you must go!"

Which is a very pretty example of the long arm of coincidence. Miss Smithy called it kismet.

To the Prodigal Son she said primly, her heart thudding in her breast: "You might come to-night if you like. I'm going to be at home."

So the Prodigal Son came—at eight, in the olive-drab khaki of his trade—looking a very fine figure of a man, and Miss Smithy met him at the door in her softest white frock.

There was a bowl of nasturtiums, butterfly things, on the table beside a picture in a little silver frame of Miss Smithy's mother. Miss Catton was at the other end of town reading Thomas à Kempis to old Miss Miller, and Taka was in the wash-shed splashing happily through her nightly hot bath.

"I HOPE nobody saw me coming in," said the Prodigal Son—"a private, my dear—an ordinary private!" His imitation of a matron in Gaul was perfect; but at the end of it, just as the door closed behind him, he dropped his hat on the floor and caught Miss Smithy in his arms.

"Undine-Priscilla!" he said, with the under note of the born lover in his voice—"tell me you want me to kiss you—now that I've found you a soul."

She might have told him—she was that far gone in madness, but he did not heed her.

"Larry—Larry, don't!" said Miss Smithy, breathless and trembling, as she had said it in her dream.

She greatly liked the sound of the words.

Then she made him sit in a big chair beside the table and sat on the floor at his knees, and talked her heart out—the little lamp aflame in good earnest.

Taka came into the house after a while and padded softly about in a rear room.

The clock struck nine and then ten.

"I suppose I shall have to send you away now," said Miss Smithy, but when she had gone with him as far as the door she hung back. "You'll be swimming to-morrow?" she said, her wistful eyes on his face; because after all there seemed still something to be said.

"You don't even *talk* as you did at first," said the Prodigal Son exultingly. "You're human now—warm as a rose—I feel as if I'd made a sunrise."

He kissed her again before he went and she kissed him back. She lay awake half the night thrilling to think of it.

Miss Catton returned before breakfast and commented pleasantly on Miss Smithy's appearance. "I never saw you look so well," she said. "I declare, you get younger every day. It must be your swimming."

Miss Smithy said demurely "Very likely," and that she thought she had gained. She did not say just what. And the day went by somehow, in a delicate chaos of metrical analysis and "Hamlet" and dreams and other things until at last it was time to go to the beach.

Miss Smithy, getting into her boyish black jersey and gold-colored handkerchief in the bath-house, suffered a series of delightful little feelings over how the Prodigal Son would look at her, and what he

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would say to her. Her finger tips went cold when she saw him coming toward her on the sand.

However, his look warmed even her finger-tips, and he said very little. "Want to swim out to the raft? Water's fine."

They swam out side by side, Miss Smithy overhanding bravely. When they had pulled themselves up and were sitting on the edge of the lower structure, dangling their feet in the water, the Prodigal Son put his hand over Miss Smithy's and shut it tight.

"Big doings. Undine-Priscilla," he said with an edge of keen excitement on his voice—"big doings!—we're going to Mexico. Got orders to-day."

Miss Smithy's wistful eyes shut and opened and shut again as if blinking at the sunset, which indeed they faced across the water, a welter of glory in the western sky.

"Mexico!" said Miss Smithy a little stupidly. She repeated: "Mexico?"

"Something doing!" said the Prodigal Son. He let go Miss Smithy's hand and smote his fist into his palm. His eyes were very blue and bright.

A great wave lifted the plank on which they sat and let it down again. A man dived from the upper structure, striking the water with a flat, clumsy splash, and swam away.

Miss Smithy said the only thing that came into her groping thoughts to say: "But you're out of the army—I thought—next week——"

"Re-enlisted," returned the Prodigal Son briefly. "Lord—! three years of it without seeing a day of service—then along comes a thing like this! What d'ye think I am, Undine-Priscilla? I grabbed it, of course. This is the life!"

Miss Smithy did not say what she thought he was—or even what she thought *she* was herself.

She noted the greenish whiteness of her feet in the water and the magnificence of the sunset, trying meantime to mask an uncontrollable quiver of her chin.

"Say you'll be sorry to see me go," said the Prodigal Son softly.

Miss Smithy looked at him, her soul quite naked in her eyes.

Then the Prodigal Son did an astounding thing. He bent his head, in that lonely glory of sea and sky and sunset, and set his lips hard upon Miss Smithy's pitifully unsmiling mouth. The Prince must have kissed the Sleeping Beauty like that in order to waken her.

"You *do* care,

THE PRINCE MUST HAVE KISSED THE SLEEPING BEAUTY LIKE THAT IN ORDER TO WAKEN HER.

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don't you?" said the Prodigal Son. His own hands shook a little, and his voice was none too steady. "I wanted to be sure, that's all. Did you really think I was going to leave you, Undine-Priscilla? The army *isn't* going to Mexico."

The sea bore a tear to the shore, fallen from Miss Smithy's helpless lashes. She found herself unable to speak.

"Will you marry me, Wednesday?" the Prodigal Son inquired politely. "I'm my own man after Tuesday—and we can get a boat back to the States next week."

Miss Smithy looked at him once more, and once more the Prodigal Son kissed her. She did not know that the far country might not call to him again; she did not know if he had yet done with the husks and the swine; she did not even know whither he would be taking her nor to what end. Neither did she care.

"You do trust me absolutely, don't you?" whispered the Prodigal Son. He was a little awed by what he saw in her face.

"Even if I didn't," admitted Miss Smithy, "I'd have to go with you, just the same."

She knew her disease, you see, having lived with English literature for several unbelieving years.

"This is the life!" quoted Miss Smithy all at once, and recklessly. She almost dimpled.

The Prodigal Son, watching her, knew the triumph of all creators: he and none other had made this sunrise.

SPRING IN VERMONT

BY

SARAH N. CLEGHORN

DARK on an April day
A flash of hail and snow
Drives through the mountains gray
And sweeps the plain below,
And beats the fragile windflower down;
the dead leaf's darling is laid low.

The gusts browbeat the trees
And drive the sap to root;
The beechen buds they freeze,
And lash the blackberry shoot
That clings unto the stalwart brier,
and bends unbroken to its foot.

The melted drifts return
And brim the forest pool,
Engreening moss and fern,
And flooding to the full
The pale Canadian violet,
that loves the rising freshet cool.

In the late afternoon
Returns a Southern swallow;
Then to the woodland soon
Young men and maidens follow,
And call across from glen to glen,
"Arbutus in the Windward Hollow!"

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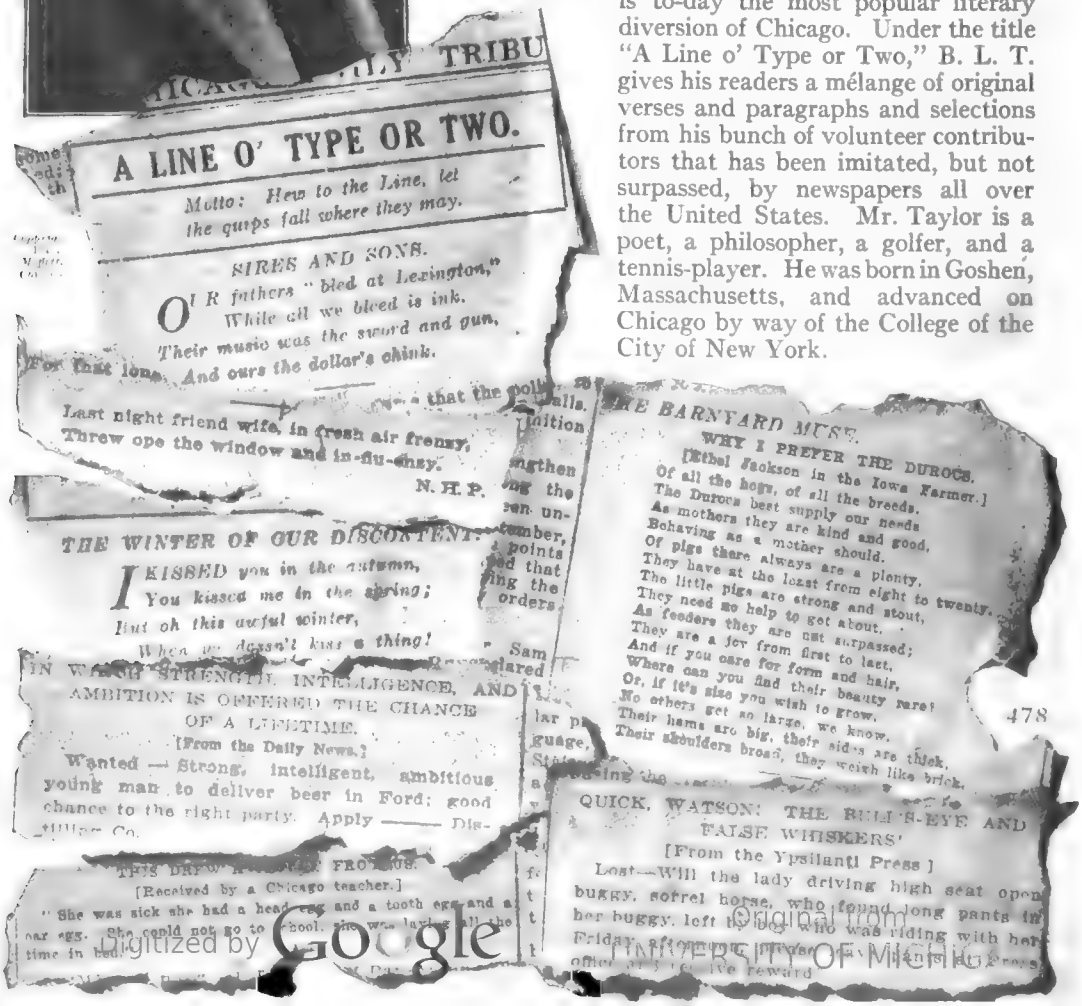
BERT L. TAYLOR
COLYUMIST
of The Chicago Tribune

IF EUGENE FIELD had made his "Sharps and Flats" in the Chicago *Daily News* a "colyum" instead of a column, he might not have worked himself to death so soon. His job was all hand-work. The "colyum conductor" writes only a part of his daily stunt. He clips from other newspapers and points the paragraphs with his own comment, and he Tom Sawyers a lot of contributors into thinking it fun to do the rest. Bert Leston Taylor invented the "colyum" (composing-room pronunciation) in the Chicago *Tribune* fifteen years ago, and he still holds the record of running the full-column distance on a minimum of conductor's ink. "Making the Colyum"—that is, writing something good enough to get into it—is to-day the most popular literary diversion of Chicago. Under the title "A Line o' Type or Two," B. L. T. gives his readers a mélange of original verses and paragraphs and selections from his bunch of volunteer contributors that has been imitated, but not surpassed, by newspapers all over the United States. Mr. Taylor is a poet, a philosopher, a golfer, and a tennis-player. He was born in Goshen, Massachusetts, and advanced on Chicago by way of the College of the City of New York.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A LINE O' TYPE OR TWO.

Motto: Hew to the Line, let the gumps fall where they may.

SIRES AND SONS.

O[illegible] R fathers "bled at Lexington,"
While all we bleed is ink.
Their music was the sword and gun,
For that long. And ours the dollar's clink.

Last night friend wife, in fresh air frenzy,
Threw ope the window and in-flu-enzy.

N. H. P.

THE WINTER OF OUR DISCONTENT.

I KISSED you in the autumn,
You kissed me in the spring;
But oh this awful winter,
When we dassn't kiss a thing!

IN WHICH STRENGTH, INTELLIGENCE, AND AMBITION IS OFFERED THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME.

[From the Daily News.]

Wanted — Strong, intelligent, ambitious young man to deliver beer in Ford; good chance to the right party. Apply ——— Distilling Co.

[Received by a Chicago teacher.]

"She was sick she had a head ache and a tooth ache and a ear ache. She could not go to school. She was laying all the time in bed."

THE BARNYARD MUSE.

WHY I PREFER THE DUROCS.

[Ethel Jackson in the Iowa Farmer.]

Of all the hogs, of all the breeds,
The Durocs best supply our needs
As mothers they are kind and good,
Behaving as a mother should.
Of pigs there always are a plenty,
They have at the least from eight to twenty.
The little pigs are strong and stout,
They need no help to get about.
As feeders they are unt surpassed;
They are a few from first to last.
And if you care for form and hair,
Where can you find their beauty rare?
Or, if it's size you wish to grow,
No others get so large, we know.
Their hams are big, their sides are thick,
Their shoulders broad, they weigh like brick.

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QUICK, WATSON: THE BULL'S-EYE AND FALSE WHISKERS!

[From the Ypsilanti Press.]

Lost—Will the lady driving high seat open buggy, sorrel horse, who found long pants in her buggy, left the boy who was riding with her Friday, [illegible] please leave [illegible] reward.

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OHIO SOCIETY NOTE.

[From the Findlay Courier.]

C. M. Larue, residing near the four county corners in Pleasant township, assisted by his neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Beller, and their pleasant and attractive daughter, did the butchering for the winter's meat last Thursday.. An effort was made to outdo the long sausage that was turned out at Butler's mill last winter, when a stretch of ground hog 68 feet long was made without a break. And it may be that the feat was accomplished, but there was no yard stick at hand and the rod pole was up in the granary loft. The sausage reached six times across the large extension table and several links hung down over the ends of the table.

"WHO is Florence?" inquires the Lafayette Journal. We may not disclose; but we violate no confidence in reporting that Miss Pink Shanks lives in Salem, Va.

ALL ABOUT THE NEIGHBORS.

[From the Lincoln Courier-Herald.]

(Anna Keller, Cor.)

Miss Anna Keller called on Pearl Briggs Sunday.

Mr. Jacob Lozer, Jacob Keller and Misses Anna Keller and Thelma Dea spent Saturday eening in Lincoln.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Keller did shopping in Broadwell Tuesday

A. B. L.

HER yearning for a taste of the gay life of Chicago extinguished, a Keokuk woman has returned to her home. It really isn't necessary to leave Keokuk, or Ashtabula, or Terre Haute. One may stay at home, turn on all the lights, start a ragtime record on the phonograph, set fire to a pack of cigarettes, and drink a bucket of slops compounded of bad whisky, resinous beer, and gasoline. If loop-hounds are desired, a couple of dogs sniffing outside the door will supply sufficient resemblance.

Pig for Convention.

[From the Fort Wayne News.]

Miss Corrinne Straus of Ewing street is home from Chicago, where she was the guest of her husband.

NATURE MAKES ANOTHER PAUSE.

[From the Garden City, Kas., Telegram.]

My office will be closed until January 17th on account of Mrs. Butt and myself taking post-graduate work in Orthodontia and Oral Prophylaxis.

DR. J. W. BUTT.

P. S. W.:

Our gracious correspondent, Mr. Josh Slinger, tables us the outline of a pathetic case. An innocent bystander in some manner got locked in with the Argonauts when the railway train was sealed, and was obliged to listen to their debates on the way to The Hague. When removed from the train the poor devil was a mental wreck.

GRAVITY IS RESUMED.

[From the Sheridan, Ill., Chronicle.]

Roy Nelson has had an attact of the grippe but is doing well now as everything he eats goes to his stomach.

WHY COMMIT SUICIDE?

[From the Spring Valley, Ill., Gazette.]

Dr. Mittenberger spent Friday in Chicago taking a post graduate course in surgery.

TWO remarkable things. The valued Post reports that an explosion in a powder factory "shook" Philadelphia, instead of rocking it, and the Seattle Post-Intelligencer relates that a schooner "crept" into port, instead of limping in

WOOF! WOOF!

[From the Illinois Medical Journal.]

History affords many instances of great achievements in advanced age. Picture to your mind the sturdy old dogs of Venice.

HAVE A CHAIR!

Sir: We are still sitting by the President H. U. F.

Careful Colin.

Strephon kissed me in the spring.
Robin in the fall,
But Colin only looked at me
And never kissed at all.

Strephon's kiss was lost in jest,
Robin's lost in play,
But the kiss in Colin's eyes
Haunts me night and day.

SARAH TEASDALE.

ONE O' TYPE OR TWO.

"TWENTY years ago," recalls the Wendell, Idaho, irrigationist, "Lewis M. Runner left home for Washington to patent a device. He had never been heard from since until recently, when he returned home." That will give you some notion of the red tape in the patent office.

LIBBY, the Leader.

"LOST—On St. Joseph's Ridge, hind wheel of Ford automobile. Finder notify Rudy Werner."—La Crosse Tribune.

On arriving home Rudy must have been somewhat annoyed to discover that one wheel was missing.

PASSING THE MUSTARD.

[From the United Presbyterian.]

Since we are closing our work in Newton, we want to publicly express our thanks for all the many kindnesses extended to us by the good people of this church and city. It is with regret that we leave. Our reason for leaving is because we are asking the district court to change our name from Mustard to Dinamore, and we feel that it would be a matter of continual confusion and inconvenience for us to remain here with the two names, for as long as we would stay here we would have the two names. Consequently we want to go into a new field with the new name." PAUL P. AND ANAH MUSTARD.

Sir: Amelie Rives in February Cosmopolitan: "Damn you, Fenella!" he hissed softly, "Damn you—damn you—damn you!"

As all the Sher needles on our hisser are dulled I pass it on to you.

"IF we knew everything," wrote Anatole France, "we could not endure existence a single hour."

ANATOLE would never do as a colyum conductor.

B. L. T.

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THE LODGE IN THE WILDERNESS

by Beatrice Grimshaw

Author of "When the Red Gods Call," "The Sorcerer's Stone," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. T. BENDA

NOW that she is dead, I want to tell the truth. It is strange that I did not care about that before. People believed a lie of her, and it was nothing to me. But since she has been hidden away under the red canna flowers, with the big tree-fern for headstone, I have been conscious of a wish to tell—to set her right.

I think it is because I can not dream about her. I used to dream of her often when she was alive, when it did not matter at all. Now it matters terribly, but I can not dream. Ever since the end, my sleep has been widowed of her. It seems as if my soul were deaf and blind. I know she is near me, but she does not speak. Perhaps she can not; there is something darker and heavier between us than that curtain of the flesh that may so easily be rent and thrown away—the dark, heavy veil of a lie.

I will lift it as well as I know how. . . .

The wind is blowing about my little hill-top house, set in the No-Man's Land that lies uninhabited between the tribes of mountain and of sea, here in solitary New Guinea. It is the southeast trade, which sweeps across the land like a river of blue air, from May until November. Day and night it runs, a hard, bright wind, hot and full of drought, roaring over the tiger-colored plain that lies below my lodge in the wilderness. A long way off, on the horizon, rise the incredible blue ramparts of the Owen Stanley Range, where the great forests begin, and where there are waterfalls, sheer precipices scarfed with cloud, birds and butterflies like jewels, palms, orchids, flaming creepers.

There is nothing in this No-Man's Land, nothing but sun-cracked earth, sparse grasses, biscuit-colored rocks, and scattered, shadeless clumps of eucalyptus, streaming endlessly northwestward in the wind. Yet, such as it is, I love it better than any other place in the whole island continent of Papua, which no man knows altogether, but which I know more than most.

It was because of this knowledge that I went recruiting into the unexplored Kuniki hills, six months ago next week. (I have to remind myself that it really was six months, and not ten years.) Once I had spent some time in a village at the edge of the Kuniki country, looking for sapphires. The people were cannibals, but the New Guinea cannibal is not a bad fellow, if you know his ways, and I got on with them all right. I learned their language, too, and tried to find out something about the tricks of the Kuniki sorcerers; there, however, they beat me. New Guinea is as full of sorcery as a granadilla is full of seeds, but the Kuniki are certainly the cleverest magicians of the lot.

As I have said, it was to the Kuniki country that I went—seeking labor for Kelata plantation.

I had been overseer of Kelata in name, and manager in reality, for a year, when Garnet Stannaway came. His coming was a bad disappointment to me; I had thought my work was good enough to have earned me the job. But

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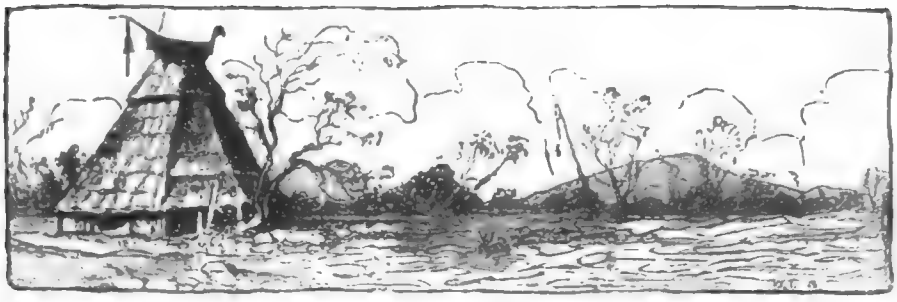

WE WERE CAST AWAY TOGETHER IN A SEA OF SAVAGERY.

Stannaway was a director's nephew, and he had got into trouble at home, and every one was anxious to see him as far out of the way as possible. So they pitchforked him into Kelata, a raw young ex-dragoon, who had failed at keeping order in an English barrack-yard, to manage a set of wild savages away at the "back of beyond." This is the kind of thing they do in Papua often enough.

Well, Stannaway came, and I went down to the log jetty to meet the boat that brought him up our river from the ship. Of course I knew a good deal about him before I met him; what every one knows. It was that Stannaway who broke every world's record up to five miles on the running track, in 1908, and who capped the performance by breaking two more world's records—high-jump and throwing the hammer—a few days after. Every illustrated magazine in the Empire had his portrait; they made songs about him in the music-halls; they called him the modern Achilles.

It went to his head, of course, and more or less was the cause of his spoiled career; there are few characters strong enough to stand the sudden, cheap glory of athletic fame that descends now and then on some lad no better than his fellows. Being a very handsome youth, apart from his muscular victories, he was worshiped by half the women in the kingdom; being a "good fellow" after the usual definition, he was dined and suppered and theatred wherever he went, and champagne, I suppose, must have flowed in his path. Stanna way took what was coming to him, as much as came. In 1909, attempting to uphold the honor of his regiment against the rival service, he was publicly, hopelessly, and repeatedly beaten, on the track, in the gymnasium, and in every throwing competition. He dropped athletics and took to drink.

After which, when he had outstayed leave, been rude to his superior officers, and muddled the accounts of sports clubs in a way that needed all the hushing-up his relatives could obtain for it, they "allowed him to resign" from his regiment, and he came out to New Guinea—with his wife.

YES, he was married. I knew who his wife was; we had relations in common, and they had written to me about her. Ettarre was a girl in good society, delicately bred; a girl with a small fortune of her own, which Stannaway had run through. This fortune was supposed to have been his chief reason for marrying her. Why she had married him—seeing that she was, by report, handsome, well-connected, clever, and charming, and could have chosen almost any one she liked—was a mystery to me, until I met the two upon our plantation jetty. Then I knew, for I saw that Stannaway was the type that, by some strange law of nature, draws the very best sort of woman to itself, and, in or out of marriage, draws it to its undoing.

He was a man of some five feet nine—the athlete's height—with shoulders

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of almost extreme width, and a figure and carriage that the most jealous rival could only have described as superb. His hair showed the athlete's crisp, and he had a fine, pale, hawklike set of features, that went well with the proudly carried head—all save the mouth, which was hard and weak. That mouth, and the mingled coarseness and coldness of the large gray eyes, should have given any woman warning. They warned none. Ettarre, his wife, was, as I said, only one of many girls who were dying for love of Garnet Stannaway, in the year of his earliest fame. And of them all she was the most unlucky.

WHEN the disgrace came, and his friends made interest to have Stannaway packed off to "the colonies," every one supposed that Ettarre would remain at home. But Ettarre, a woman of five-and-twenty now, older in mind by ten years than the vicious boy of her own age to whom she was hopelessly bound—Ettarre, whose girlish fancy had flared up swiftly like a marsh fire, and died down long ago in swamps of bitter disillusion—Ettarre went too.

They talked to her. They told her that no one could expect it. They hinted that her husband had ceased to care for her, which was true; they suggested that he would not live long, since he drank so heavily, which was untrue, if the instances one sees every day may be counted as evidence. In fine, they did all they could.

Ettarre had not much to say; she was never a talkative girl. She only told them that she had made a promise, on her marriage-day, and that it was an absolute promise, not a conditional one. It spoke of worse conditions as possible; it declared that it was meant to hold for life under any conditions. "What is a promise for?" said Ettarre to her relations. And again, when they wearied her, "Dear people, one must play the game." Ettarre did play the game; she played it through. That is what I want to tell.

All these things that I had heard about her were in my mind as I stood on the jetty, seeing her disembark. I looked at her somewhat closely as I gave her my hand to help her out of the launch; she was busied with her foothold on the uncertain logs, and could not see how I was staring.

. . . Five-and-twenty, fair of skin, dark of eyes and hair, the hair growing low over her forehead in a "widow's peak;" slight, well-made, with delicate hands and feet—treading the rough bush track, when she landed, with a resilient grace of movement that I had seen once before, in Germaine, the world's most famous dancer, and never saw again; fine of feature, with deep, ivory-lidded eyes, and a small, sweet mouth, closed tightly, as the mouth of no happy woman ever is closed; eyebrows dark, narrow, and raised into a sort of half plaintive, half humorous curve, strangely attractive and arresting—such was Garnet Stannaway's wife.

I noticed that her head drooped a little, and thought it was because she was tired. Later, I came to know that Ettarre, the proud, the clean of soul, carried her head like that always—since the passing of her girlhood's days—while Stannaway, whose mind had not a clean spot in it, lifted his front and "looked the whole world in the face." . . .

I fell in love with Ettarre.

I need not tell the why and the how and the when. Love is love; one can say no more, if one wrote or spoke for a century. I loved Ettarre—from the first moment, when I saw her toiling wearily through the hot plantation behind her careless owner, who never slacked his athlete's pace to rest her weariness, until the last, when she opened her shut white eyelids just once more, and looked at me, and died.

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ETTARRE, THE PROUD, THE CLEAN OF SOUL, CARRIED HER HEAD DROOPING, ALWAYS.

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We were three Europeans, only three, cast away together in a sea of savagery. Like shipwrecked folks, we clung to each other. At the first, I was very intimate with the Stannaways—in and out, by Stannaway's invitation, half a dozen times a day; away shooting and fishing with him; asked in for meals so often that I rarely ate in my own house. He was bored, and I relieved the boredom.

Ettarre did not count—to him.

As for her, she "played the game." She cooked in the little tin kitchen, trying to teach the Kiwai houseboy dishes that might tempt her husband's brandy-soaked palate. She made the rough bungalow cheerful and homelike with a score of little womanly devices. She got up sporting papers and racing novels by mail for Stannaway, and read or sang to him, when he felt inclined—which was seldom. He lay late abed in the mornings, but she rose early and wandered about the plantation almost before the boys were out and at work—watching the glory of the sunrise among the avenues of palm, seeing the scarlet birds of paradise sweep like fiery comets from tree to tree, wondering at the huge, bird-winged butterflies, emerald, gold, and blue, that sailed down the open glades in the sunlight, like great flowers swept on the wind. We used to meet and talk, often enough, in those exquisite early hours, and very soon I came to look anxiously for the meetings.

There was no harm in it. We were the only white folks for more than a hundred miles—save for that sleeping sot in the house—and our minds each needed the atmosphere of another white mind to breathe in.

Still—I loved her, and when I told her that the day was breaking warm, and that rain would surely follow, or that there was a bower-bird nesting in the pandanus scrub beyond the creek, I was in reality telling her that she had my heart in the hollow of her white-silk palm, and asking her if Garnet Stannaway, the handsome, wicked boy drinking his soul away under the tin roof on the top of the hill, indeed held hers, as he had vowed to hold it.

And when she answered me, saying that the rain would make the young nuts spring quick, or that she would like to see the nest, only for the fear of frightening away the bird from its eggs, she was telling me (though she did not know it) that I, John Riggs, older by ten good years than she, a big man, a rough man, not handsome nor refined with the rotten refinement of Stannaway, almost a stranger, a man without a prospect or a home, was the man into whose care she would have put her life—if she had known.

But, as I say, she did not understand that she was telling me this, for, in spite of her being the wife of Garnet Stannaway, she was very innocent.

WELL, as I have said, it happened that I had to leave the plantation and travel up into the Kuniki hills for boys. I got the boys, and I brought them with me. And on the way back to the coast, about a day's journey from Kelata, we crossed the No-Man's Land that all New Guinea travelers know. And right in the heart of this land I saw the Lodge in the Wilderness.

That was the name I gave it in my mind. I had been reading Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," and something—I could hardly say what—about a hunting-lodge in the forest, owned by Tristram, lover of Mark's faithless Queen Iseult, came dimly back to me when I looked at it. This, too, was a hunting-lodge, built (so my cannibals told me) by the last remnants of a daring coastal tribe that used to go wallaby-hunting through the uninhabited land, a few years past. These people were no more; the Kuniki had come down upon them and swept them from the surface of the earth.

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The lodge of this vanished race was in the loneliest part of all that desolate land. It stood upon the spine of a burned brown hill, a long way off the track. I had not noticed it going up, being in somewhat of a hurry; but on the way down our big party of carriers and recruits had to go easily, and there was leisure to look about. So I saw the place. We had a long day's walk from the wet green dusk of the mountain forests, down across the flame-hot plain; and all the way we saw never a living soul—nothing but the gray wallaby, unsubstantial in the glare, loping off from the track, and the leathernecks "craking" in the shadeless trees. And the hunting-lodge, long and low, standing all alone against a sky of merciless hard blue, seemed like a monument to the wandering race that had been and was not.

NEXT morning, before we broke camp, I was up in the early sunrise light, climbing the hill to the lonely hunting-lodge, with a feeling on me of fresh adventure and wonder, such as I had scarcely known since boyhood. The building was larger than it looked from below; I found it to be nearly fifty feet long, and twenty or so in width—a cool, cave-like place, fashioned of grass and saplings, with a huge thatched roof that overhung the walls and ran low in front, to eastward, shutting out the long day's sun but letting in the dawn. I can not say how solitary I found it, how far away and still, in this untraveled country, empty to the roaming, tameless wind. I went away, but the thought of the Lodge in the Wilderness followed me, and stayed in my heart.

On the plantation, at this time, I was doing most of Garnet Stannaway's work as well as my own. I need not say why I did it, or for whom. He had taken one of his drinking fits and would have let every seed-nut rot and every ounce of copra spoil in the rain, rather than stir from his long chair on the veranda, where he lay day after day, stupefied and half asleep. It made busy times for me, but it allowed me to see more of Ettarre, for I had to get the stores from the house, and fetch medicines out of the manager's chest, and tell off boys to do odd jobs about the garden. A dozen times a day I passed beneath the veranda of the manager's house, crossing the fiery lake of the clearing from forest to dark forest, and every time I saw the white, clear-cut face of Stannaway lying back against his cushions.

BAIVA TOLD ME THE TWO SECRETS—THAT OF THE NOBO HOUSE AND THAT OF THE LONG SLEEP.

"Ettarre," I said (we had fallen into the use of Christian names; at least I had, by virtue of that vague cousinship of ours), "Ettarre, does he put anything in his drink?"

I had traveled a good deal in Malaysia, and seen many things I would rather not have seen, among white and brown. It was the thought of those things that prompted my question.

Ettarre's strange, plaintive eyebrows drew together, and she looked apprehensively toward the house. We were standing for shade in one of the wonderful

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triangular rooms that are formed by the buttress roots of a certain forest tree—I never knew its name. The wooden walls about us were tapestried with exquisite small leaves of many colors. A long, long way above, the dark grove of the upper branches shook to the ground-swell wind of a coming storm; but here in the green cell of the tall roots the air was deadly still.

"I don't know," said Ettarre in reply. "If he does, it is quite lately. I have no reason to—but—he is different, somehow."

We were both silent for a minute. The ground-swell in the sky rose just a little higher; you could hear the fronds of the topmost tree-crests straining to its call. But yet, down here in the wonderful deep room of the buttressed roots, it was very hot and still.

"Well," I said at last, "I must get back to my work. If you want me—send for me."

"Why, of course," said Ettarre, opening her eyes. "I always do."

I lifted my hat, and went, wondering all the way to the six-year-old plantation whether I should turn back or not. . . .

THE storm did not come. It passed over, but the air was unrefreshed, and the night set in black and heavily oppressive. Baiva, the sorcerer, came up to see me after dinner, and I was glad of his company, for it was a wicked evening. Baiva was one of my Kuniki men; a fellow I had been glad to get, since I knew that he would help me to keep order.

I found him squatting on the sago-sheath floor of the veranda, when I came out after my cheerless meal of biscuit and "tinned dog." He had his betel-nut bag and was chewing and spitting gorily, watching me the while with his dark, fixed eyes, that had each a spark of something almost sinister only half hidden in their deeps. He was younger than most New Guinea puri-puri men, being a tall, well-made man in the full prime of life, with amazing masses of upright hair, strong muscles, and smooth skin. There was indeed something smooth about the whole man, something silken yet strong, that made one think of tigers and black pumas, and other things that are not found in New Guinea. He had a curiously soft voice, and his hands were like a woman's. I never noticed that he spoke roughly to any native on the place.

But it was clear that the natives held this soft-spoken aristocrat, with his dress of costly dogs' teeth and beads, in the utmost reverence and fear. There were some of them, indeed, who would even fly before his face, and hide themselves in the unbroken thickets walling in our new-cleared land, whenever Baiva's tall, well-muscled form came somewhat mincingly down the lines.

He seemed to have a liking for me, and had come in more than once in the evening to "yarn" with me about New Guinea sorcery. Of course he told me as little as possible, but I caught a glimpse, now and then, of things queer enough to be worth some following up; and I thought the few sticks of tobacco paid out for my evening's entertainment were very well expended.

This night, being more than usual in need of some distraction to keep my thoughts from things that troubled me, I took possession of Baiva's professional sorcerer's bag, and tumbled out its contents on the floor. They were the usual thing—crystals, fossils, oddly shaped stones, bats' wings, frogs' feet, bundles of withered herbs and leaves, a human bone or two, an ugly, dried man's ear. "Tell me about these things," I said, in the Kuniki tongue.

Baiva answered with some nonsense.

"Look here; I'm tired of your talk," I declared. "You say things for girls and children to listen to. Tell me something for a great chief to hear."

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"A great chief is rich. A great chief is generous," said Baiva in a dull singsong, looking anywhere but at me.

"If you had any secret worth telling, I would give you what you liked," I told him.

"Rickesi [Riggs] is a man who says a thing and does that thing, not another," chanted Baiva, who was getting excited, probably with betel-nut. "If Rickesi gives me great things, great, great things, I will tell him great secrets." His dark, smoldering eyes leaped to a sudden spark, and his naked body stirred rustlingly on the floor.

"Kill the snake with one blow," I said. "What do you want?"

He leaped to his feet with an amazing yell, and cried in English (Baiva had been once to Port Moresby, on a charge of murder, and knew something of the white men's tongue and ways of living): "The fiano!"

I never in my life wanted so much to laugh, but I knew my shy bird of a sorcerer, and knew that I might easily spoil the happy moment. What Baiva, the cannibal magician, desired with all his soul, it seemed, was nothing more or less than my violin. He called it a "fiano" (piano), being apparently under the impression that all the noise-making instruments of the white man belonged to the same family. But whatever he called it, his hungry glance at the violin-case was enough. I judged that he had listened to my not very brilliant performance from time to time, and had come to the conclusion that such a "fiano" as this, that could wail and sing and laugh at will, might be the making of a clever sorcerer like himself.

"I'll see you hanged first," was my reply. I did not want to part with the instrument and, anyhow, I did not much believe in his sorceries, though it amused me to pass the time talking about them.

Then Baiva became another man, and I saw what it was that had made him practically the king of his tribe. Where force was useless, he had other weapons at command.

I can not write down the speech he made, for it would translate into only a nursery sort of English at best. But in his own Kuniki tongue it was eloquence, neither more nor less. There in the unknown Kuniki country, in the hide of a black, hairy cannibal, Nature had seen fit to create an orator. The gift that Chrysostom and Demosthenes and Gladstone had, that Baiva, the man-eating sorcerer of the hills, had too. When he ceased, there was silence in my house, and you could hear the distant flow of the river, and the creeping of insects in the deep-thatched roof above our heads, like the ticking of many clocks in a watch-maker's shop. After a minute I got up and handed Baiva the black wood case that held the violin.

"You shall teach me those two great secrets," I said. "The secret of the Nobo House and the secret of the Long Sleep."

BAIVA opened the case carefully, as a mother might unwrap the clothes of her baby. As a mother might lift her baby, he lifted the violin and cuddled it in his arms. Then he took up the bow, and drew long screams from the instrument, his features quivering with delight. I am bound to admit that he made it say things—things that I had not thought were in the vocabulary of a violin before—though he did not and could not play it. In the years to come, I have no doubt at all that the Kuniki hills will be haunted by many and terrible ghosts, and devils of a power altogether unheard of before. I shall not know it, though. Or perhaps I shall—for it is certain that I shall know everything or nothing within a very little time.

I took the violin from him by and by, and laid it on the floor at his side.

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"Tell me the secret," I said. "First that of the Nobo House, and then that of the Long Sleep. I have paid; give me the things I paid for."

Baiva told me.

The Nobo House is a thing known to many New Guinea travelers; it has even been included in Governmental bluebooks. But by no white man, before that night when Baiva gave me the Two Great Secrets, was the meaning of it understood. So far as the magistrates and the patrol officers know, a Nobo House is an empty house into which strangers are enticed for purposes of capture and murder. There is nothing in it, though the Papuan usually tells his intended victim that it is full of beautiful things and treasures. Although the victim must often know or suspect what the place really is, he always enters without any attempt at resistance. It seems as if he had no power to resist. So much even the official world of Papua knows.

WHAT Baiva told me I find myself unable to tell again, not because I wish to carry the secret away with me into the dark, but because I can not find any terms of expression. It deals with things, with states of mind, and powers of nature for which the white man has no language. I can only hint at it by saying that there is a wall, and that Baiva, and a few other sorcerers such as he, can break it down—for a little time. Once beyond the wall, you can touch things, and hold things, for a very brief moment. In that moment, you can do almost anything. If you can bring something back with you, ever so little (it sounds like nonsense, but, as I said, there are no words), you may apply it in certain ways. The Nobo House is one.

Of the Long Sleep I find myself able to speak more clearly. Every one knows the dark races have a power that we of the white world have long since lost—that of dying at will. Not of committing suicide in the ordinary sense of the word, but just dying, quietly and painlessly, of nothing at all. Many a man of the race that holds so tight to a life that is always imperfect, and often cruel, has envied the dark man's knowledge of the swift and easy gate.

It was that that Baiva taught me. Again, I can not quite explain. One may teach it to another in person, but of the letting go itself I can—in this way—tell nothing. White languages have not got the words.

It was late when Baiva went. Before he left, he gave me yet another proof of his standing as a sorcerer. He took my hand, and held it hard for a moment or two, looked into my cold European eyes with his burning eyes of the savage, and then threw away my hand again with a laugh.

"Chief," he said, "any house may be made a Nobo House, now that you know. And any person must come to that house whenever you tell it (he deliberately used the neuter pronoun) to do so. Till the sun sets, that person must stay."

Then he went down the steps and away into the blue-silver night, among the leaning trunks of the twenty-year plantation.

I went back on to the veranda and began picking up some bits of litter that had fallen out of Baiva's bag—mechanically, as one does things while the mind is far away. But something I found among the litter struck me back from the fourth dimension where my soul was traveling, down to common earth, as the lightning strikes the cocoanut from the tree.

It was a bit of green stuff, partly withered—a piece of *Cannabis Indica*—hemp-hashish. Now hashish does not grow naturally in Papua, and no one has ever planted it economically. I saw in one horrible moment Ettarre's puzzled face of that afternoon. . . . "Does he put anything in his drink?" . . . "He is changed." I saw the things I had seen in Malaysia. . . .

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I TOOK THE STEP IN ONE JUMP AND BROKE THROUGH THE FLIMSY, LOCKED DOOR JUST AS I HEARD ANOTHER SCREAM.

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Baiva was not half-way down the first avenue when I caught him up.

"What is this, and where did you get it?" I asked.

"It is the other chief's puri-puri" (sorcery), he said. "The white chief who sleeps all day. I saw him plant it in the bush, many, many moons ago, and laugh when he was planting it. He had little seeds and they came up, in some moons and some moons. And the white chief came in the moonlight night and got it, and made a fire alone in the bush. He made sorcery. So I thought I would have some too. I do not know his sorcery, but I will learn it."

"No fear," I thought. "It's not so easily made, thank God. Go, Baiva; keep your tongue still." Baiva went, nursing his "fiano."

I RETURNED to my house, feeling simply sick. Hashish! Garnet Stannaway, soaked with drink and hashish, that fiendish drug, and Ettarre, alone, at his mercy! . . . The cunning of the devilish creature! The secrecy! What other hideous secrets did his life hold, besides drink, drugs, and the rest that poor Ettarre had had to know and ignore? What future lay before her?

I went on a long ride next day, and the plantation took care of itself. I spent some hours of the day at the deserted hunting-lodge, which I reached about noon. I had taken a pack-mule with me. I cached its load near the house. And then I spent the afternoon, until the waning of the sun, about matters that had nothing at all to do with the load of tins and boxes I had left outside the house. Outside—I would put nothing inside.

"Hashish and drink," I kept saying and thinking to myself. "Hashish and drink—and Port Moresby days away, and Ettarre at his mercy. . . . No, I wouldn't harm him; it's not that I mean. But if there is anything in the Secret of the Nobo House, I may be glad to use it. Not imprisonment, you know," I said to myself. "It wouldn't look like that to any one. It would only be an odd fancy of the manager's to go off and stay by himself in the bush for a while—till one could get Ettarre away to Port Moresby. I could persuade her to go, if he were out of the way. It's only to take him a ride some day, and—use it."

So I said to myself, and my heart was lighter when I rode home again. I did not get back till very late indeed—not till the early hours of next day—because it is a very long ride, even when you go alone, and go hard.

I waited and watched, and I did not like what I saw. Stannaway was, as Ettarre had said, "different." There was nothing on which you could put your finger, so to speak, but it was another spirit that looked out of those big gray eyes of his, from time to time. He knew it, and pulled down the blinds whenever he felt the thing was peeping forth. I think this made it worse.

Ettarre got thin, in no more than a few days' time, and I saw she had acquired a habit of suddenly turning and looking behind her, whenever she was out alone about the place. And she seemed to stay out-of-doors more than was good, in that cruel sun. She hardly spoke to me at all, and when she said anything about Stannaway it was only an assurance that he was quite well and "very quiet."

There is no need to write down what I thought and felt.

In about ten days after I had been for the ride into No-Man's Land there came wet weather, and I did not see Ettarre out for some days. Most nights it rained; but after a while a clear night came, starlight, dead still, and full of thick, cloying scents from the bush, like the smell of the heavy flowers that are laid about a corpse. It was one of those nights when you can hear the rustle of a snake a hundred yards away, the chip of a wood-cutter bird miles off.

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Stannaway's house was fifteen minutes' walk from mine, but in the dead small hours of the day before dawn, I woke and heard a scream—Ettarre's.

If any man on earth ever came near to breaking Garnet Stannaway's own famous record, it was I, that night, on the track that led through the twenty-year cocoanuts, down the river, and past the six-year and the ten-year lots, to the manager's bungalow. I reached it panting like a broken-winded horse, but I had enough strength left to take the veranda steps in one jump and break with a good Rugby-forward charge through the flimsy, locked door, behind which I heard another scream.

Ettarre, in her night-dress, with her hair loose, was crouching behind a chest of drawers, in a corner of the room. Her face was horribly white, and a vermilion stain ran down one cheek. Stannaway, planted in the middle of the floor, was laughing like a fiend let loose from hell. The pupils of his eyes were contracted to pins' points. In his hand he held something long and thick and black. I did not understand what it was at first, but when he waved it triumphantly in the air I saw that it was a heavy tress of hair—black hair.

At that, I saw red. There seemed to be no interval at all before I was looking down at Stannaway's face on the floor, and stupidly examining my own cut knuckles. But there must have been some interval, for Ettarre had come out, thrown a loose garment round her, and was clutching my arm with both hands.

"Don't kill him," she was saying.

"I won't, but he deserves it," I answered.

Stannaway was sitting up now, looking at us with a devil in each eye. He was still bewildered, but he was recovering rapidly.

Ettarre saw it. "Take me away from him—anywhere—get the horses!" she said, her teeth chattering. "He is Satan himself—you don't know—I can't— Be quick, John; he will be all right in another minute."

She let go my arm and gathered her clothes into a heap. She snatched up her boots and hat. We went down the veranda steps together, and I took her to the stable, which was close to my house. I was dressed in a few seconds, and had the horses out as she was fastening her last bootlace. While I was mounting her, I heard footsteps coming down the track, pad, pad, pad—long and regular and fast. There was only one man in the world who could run like that. Ettarre screamed as a hare screams in a trap.

There were three horses in all. I stepped back into the stable for a moment, drew my revolver, and sent one shot safe home.

"Come, come!" cried Ettarre; and even as she cried I swung into the saddle alongside her. The low-hanging fronds of the palms went crack-crack against our hats as we lay down over our pommels; the wind of our going hit our faces. The Colonel and King Arthur went fast. We were out of the plantation in a minute or two, and far beyond the reach of pursuit. The sun came up, and saw us clearing the borders of the jungle country, and entering on the open, windy plains of the No-Man's Land.

LATE on in the morning we halted by a stream, and I bathed and bound up the hurt in Ettarre's head.

"Where are we going?" she asked, looking at me with the eyes of a lost child.

"Where you will be safe," I said. We rode on.

Noon had passed when we reached the Lodge in the Wilderness, standing above the tiger-colored plain, on the spine of the burned brown hill. I reined in my horse upon the track below, and we got down.

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IN A MINUTE OR TWO WE WERE FAR BEYOND THE REACH OF PURSUIT.

"Cousin John," said Ettarre (I saw she leaned upon the word "cousin," though indeed there was no relationship deserving that name between us), "Cousin John, I am feeling better now. I am quite myself; I can think. We ought to go back. You can come and stay in the house with—him—" (she turned white as she spoke) "and I can go to your house, till a ship comes in. If we stay here . . ."

There was a short silence, and the wind sang loudly in the pause.

". . . he would think—" she said, and turned as red as she had been pale. "I was too frightened at first," she went on. "But now I see what I must do. We can get back to-night if we ride fast."

"You must have rest," I said. "You are worn out."

"It can't be helped," she answered, leaning wearily against King Arthur's glossy side. "You were good to bring me here, but neither of us thought . . . We must go back; there isn't time to stop."

Back to that devil, under any conditions, in any way—I swore to myself that she should not. I would save her from herself.

I brought to mind, with an effort that I can not hope to describe, the secret of the Nobo House, and all that went to its making and its use. I swung the gates open—the gates that I may not tell about.

"Ettarre," I said, "you must rest—in that house."

"Yes, certainly," she said, turning round like a docile child, and mounting the track at once. Without another word she went into the house and sat down on the grassy floor, leaning against the woven reeds and saplings of the wall.

Alone, I went out into the tearing wind and the sun, and walked I do not know where for I can not tell how long.

The sun was setting when I climbed the hill again. Ettarre had not moved. She was sitting just as I had left her, leaning against the wall, her eyes wide open and fixed, like the eyes of a sleep-walker. She did not move when I came to the door and looked in.

I got out my stores from behind the rock where I had cached them. I lit a

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fire and made tea; I took meat and biscuits and put them on tin plates. I brought the meal to the doorway, and set it within. And as I did, the sun went down behind the Kuniki hills.

Ettarre moved, stretched, and rose stiffly to her feet.

"John—John!" she said. "What has happened? Why are we not riding back? Oh, my God, we are too late! Have I been asleep or mad?"

"Have some food first, and I'll tell you everything," I said.

She submitted, and took what I gave her, and we ate and drank together. The afterglow faded away; the chrysolite green of the New Guinea twilight darkened down to star-sown blue. I lit the hurricane lamp, and cleared away the meal. Then, seated on the ground by Ettarre, I told her everything, from the night when Baiva had come to my home, and taught me the Two Great Secrets, down to the present hour.

She took it very quietly; I think—no, I know—that this was because she loved me too much to upbraid me for anything I had done. Moreover, she trusted me, as only one like Ettarre could trust. . . . One like her! What am I saying? There never was one like her, and never will be again.

We talked over Stannaway.

"You should have divorced him," I said. "But one had not time to think, or do anything but what was done. Now, he will divorce you. Can you stand that, Ettarre, white flower? It is your only way out."

"It is indeed," said Ettarre, in a low voice, "for I could not get free from him. I did not mean to try—but my friends made—all sorts of inquiries. They found that—he had been too clever. You see, I shall have more money, some day."

"Then, Ettarre," I said, "we must stand what will come to us. I will take you back to-morrow, if you like; you will see him only in my presence"—for she was shivering with fear—"and you shall leave for Port Moresby at once, if you have to go in a canoe. The Dutch boat is near due; you can get away by Java, and be home with your people in six weeks. When you are free, I will come to you."

The moon was up now, and the silver rays slipped underneath the low-hanging eaves of the Lodge in the Wilderness. I gathered the few rude comforts I had left near the house, and brought them in. I took her hand and kissed it, and left her.

Very early next morning, from my camp among the rocks, I saw a native coming along the track. He had a canvas bag over his shoulder, such as one uses to put letters in. When he came nearer, I saw that it was one of the plantation boys.

I TOOK the letter that he had and read it. Garnet Stannaway wrote to me to say that I and Ettarre might do as we chose; he had done with her. He made no reference to anything that had happened in the plantation house, and the letter was perfectly lucid and plain. It concluded with a brief statement that he did not intend to seek for a divorce, and we need not hope for one. And he remained mine very truly, Garnet Stannaway.

No one who saw the letter would have imagined for a moment that the writer was other than an ordinary, rather stupid young man, suffering an apparent wrong somewhat too patiently. It was a letter to make any man giddy with bewilderment who had witnessed the ghastly scene in the plantation house. One thing was plain, however—there was no marriage, so long as he lived, to be hoped for Ettarre and me.

I showed her the letter. She read it and gave it back, with the comment:

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"It is like him. There was only one cruel thing for him to do, and he has done it."

We sat for a long time without speaking, in the shade of the low, brown house, the tameless, thirsty wind roaming and roaring over the empty plain below. The world had crumbled to pieces. "What next? What next?" I kept asking myself. What was there left for Ettarre, so pure, so proud, in the life that lay ahead? A choice of evils. A selection of one shame from another shame. For there would be shame: Stannaway would see to that—his letter showed how cleverly he could manage it. Perhaps the close friends who had tried to keep her back from coming would understand; but not the others. Ettarre knew, and I knew, the life she must live in England.

Of all things that were possible to happen, I had never thought of this.

I thought, and there was no end to my thinking. I broke off the thread of my thoughts at last, and turned to look at Ettarre.

There was that in her beautiful face which frightened me—the immovable look, the resolution, that it must have worn when she went out alone with the man she had ceased to love, to the ends of the earth, against the wish of all who knew and cared for her; that it had shown for a moment, on the day before—when she stood against King Arthur's glossy side and said that she must go back.

"Ettarre, what is it?" I asked.

She put her hand on mine, and left it there while she spoke.

"It is always wrong to kill oneself," she said, looking away across the horizon and beyond. "But when everything comes to an end, and there is no way out, I think one may let go—if one knows how. There can not be any sin in that. And sin . . ."

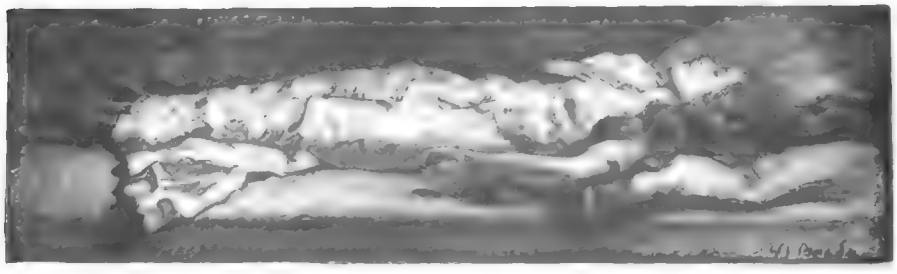
She broke off; her face flushed red, and she looked down upon the ground.

"You told me one of the two secrets you learned from Baiva," she said, lifting her face again. "Now tell me the other, dear. I must have the secret of the Long Sleep."

I can not write the history of that day. It was evening before she had her way with me. At the last, I gave her the secret, and that night—she slept.

I have waited here alone these few weeks, in case Garnet Stannaway should be man enough to seek me out. I would not have him say that I had run away. But he has made no sign. I have written all that has happened, so that the truth may be known. To-night I shall sleep too; I shall sleep beside her.

There is only one thing that troubles me, and that is the crimson canna flower that blooms where I laid her. The plain is barren; I could find no other blossoms. But the flowers above Ettarre should have been white!



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"MY BEST LINES"

Chosen by Eleven leading Players and Reported by Karl Schmidt

YOUR pet highbrow of the theatre will tell you that in the drama there really must be no lines and speeches which do not arise from the situations. Actually, a play may be as funny as "The Boomerang," which has delighted New York all season, and have no lines that are humorous when taken out of the context. Or a play may be as funny as "Fair and Warmer" and be replete with lines that would be amusing no matter where transplanted. In any event, the single sure-fire line has helped many an American play of recent years off the rocks.

As with most other things in our theatre, surprise is the most effective element in the line that makes a hit. Surprise coupled with humor, of course, is doubly successful. Rarely does a line win out by mere beauty, while a profane line almost never fails to "get across." For instance, *Erstwhile Susan*, so delightfully played this season by Mrs. Fiske, gets her most generous round of applause when at the second curtain she hurls at the mean-spirited Pennsylvania farmer—"You damned Dutchman!"

The lines printed on the following pages have been selected by various players in answer to the question:

"What is the most effective line you ever sent over the footlights?"

GRACE GEORGE

"I DO not believe," said Grace George, "that any humorous line of mine ever held an audience so intently as that speech of *Major Barbara:*

"'Let God's work be done for its own sake: the work He had to create us to do, because it can not be done except by living men and women.'"

This line is almost at the end of the Bernard Shaw play, in which Miss George is appearing in New York this season, under her own management.

"On the stage I can feel the tension of the audience," she says. "I am sure a pin could be heard to drop if only some one were to remember to drop it."

Photograph by White Studio

DESPITE THE TEMPTING SUCCESS OF "MAJOR BARBARA," MISS GEORGE IS MAKING GOOD HER PROMISE TO GIVE NEW YORK A SEASON OF REPERTOIRE. SHE HAS ALREADY PRESENTED FOUR PLAYS.

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MADGE KENNEDY AND JOHN CUMBERLAND STARTING TROUBLE IN "FAIR AND WARMER."

SHELLEY HULL PLAYS THE RÔLE OF THE POET IN "THE CINDERELLA MAN."

MADGE KENNEDY

MADGE KENNEDY, who plays *Blaney Wheeler* in Avery Hopwood's successful farce, "Fair and Warmer," has youth, charm, and a keen sense of the ridiculous. She "gets away with" lines and speeches that would be impossible for many an actress.

"The surest line that I have in this part," said Miss Kennedy, "is in the scene in which *Billy Bartlett* and I, bent upon compromising ourselves, and with no very definite idea of how we are going to do it, decide that the way to begin is by making a cocktail. After we have put in ingredients from many bottles, and the mixture has been shaken, I sip from the tumbler and then I say:

"'If this is a cocktail, what must a horse's neck be like?'

"That line always rocks the house—even at a Wednesday matinée."

Incidentally, Miss Kennedy has never had a cocktail.

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SHELLEY HULL

SHELLEY HULL chose his best line from "The Cinderella Man," the play by Edward Childs Carpenter in which Hull is now appearing as a young poet who wins a $10,000 prize—and the daughter of a financier. The line Mr. Hull selects comes in a scene at the end of the play between the rich man and the poet—a scene, by the way, which had to be several times rewritten. It was not until just before the play came to New York that the one now used was devised.

The poet says he has often wondered how a pile of money is made. The financier replies that it is through foresight and imagination. The poet answers, with a wise tap of his head:

"That's how we all begin, poet or millionaire—we all see it in our dreams first."

"That puts us in the same boat," exclaims the financier.

"Yes," answers the poet, "I sing—while you row."

BLANCHE BATES

BLANCHE BATES did not hesitate. "My best line," she said instantly, "came in 'The Darling of the Gods.' To the Palace of *Yo San* comes the handsome *Prince Kara*, wounded, a fugitive. Stirred by pity and dawning love, *Yo San* gives him a refuge in her own chambers. The dread War Minister and his band of spies follow immediately.

"*Yo San* is summoned and questioned. She is called upon to make solemn oath as to her ignorance. She does so—by Kwannon, goddess of mercy, protector of women and children, by the ashes of her ancestors, by her hope of living worthily of these same ancestors in this world and meeting them in the next, she swears that she has not seen nor heard of the young Prince.

"Then they leave the Princess alone, and she whispers softly to herself:

"'It is better to lie a little than to be unhappy much.'"

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OTIS SKINNER

OTIS SKINNER says the most effective line he was ever called upon to read in the theatre was: "*Kiouski*, we've had a hell of a time; let's go and have a drink."

This line is in "For the Honor of the Family," the play which Paul M. Potter made from Fabre's French play, which was in turn taken from Balzac. *Colonel Philippe Bridau* comes back from prison to find that his rich uncle has fallen into the hands of *Flora*, the unscrupulous daughter of a laborer in the village. She refuses to let *Philippe* see his uncle. But in a battle of wits—always effective on the stage—*Philippe* gets the upper hand. He knows, however, that he has only taken the first line of trenches, and there is a bitter fight to come. But in his temporary elation he turns to his orderly, *Kiouski*, and makes his abandoned proposal.

DAVID WARFIELD

"I HAVE had lines of greater force, I have had chances for greater declamatory effect, but never in 'The Music Master,' nor in 'The Auctioneer,' nor in 'The Return of Peter Grimm' did I have a line that carried such intensity as:

" 'What you can not have now, dream that you shall have hereafter.' "

This line is from "Van der Decken," the title rôle of which Mr. Warfield is playing at present.

In this Belasco development of the familiar legend of the Flying Dutchman, Van der Decken, who has sailed in storms for more than two hundred years, can make port only once every nine years. If he can find some woman who will accompany him on one of these trips, his wanderings can end. A young girl, whom he recognizes as the reincarnation of the woman he once loved, is willing to sail with him. But he refuses the sacrifice. It is then that he speaks the line Mr. Warfield has chosen.

New York audiences will have to wait until next season to hear him deliver it.

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Photograph by White Studio.

FRANCES STARR

IT IS in that provoking play, "Marie-Odile," in which Frances Starr has played for more than a year, that she finds her favorite line. It is necessary in Mr. Knoblauch's play, the scene of which is laid in a convent in Alsace-Lorraine in 1870, to accent the innocence and purity of the character of the poor novice, who is really little more than a drudge. Of the outside world she has only heard. The aged gardener is the only man she has ever seen. In a talk with two of the sisters she says:

"I believe a great many children have mothers."

Miss Starr says she chose this line because audiences like it, and because to her it seems to portray so clearly the pathetic innocence of *Marie Odile.*

LEO DITRICHSTEIN

"I AM not one of those who believe that to-night's audience laughs at what last night's audience derided," says Leo Ditrichstein, who this season is acting the part of *Jean Paurel*, the opera singer in "The Great Lover." "Of course some people are more demonstrative than others, but I find that when a play has been given four or five times I know just what will be laughed at by any audience. In our present play there is one speech which has always delighted the house, whether on the road or in New York. It is in the third act, when my valet brings me some old letters. I read one or two, then I find one that interests me specially. 'This is from a Russian,' I

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say. Then I pause. 'She is stupid and she can not spell.' I read further. Then—'She must have been very beautiful.'

"That I consider one of the most successfully subtle lines I have ever had."

FLORENCE SHIRLEY

FLORENCE SHIRLEY, who is charming Chicago by her youth and expertness as the ingénue in "His Majesty, Bunker Bean," the farce that Lee Wilson Dodd made from Harry Leon Wilson's story, thinks that her present part, the *Flapper*, gives her the best line she has ever had.

"You will remember," she says, "that all of my stage family, except grandma, is opposed to my marrying *Bunker*. At a critical point in the play I turn and say: 'Grandma, I don't care; I have a perfect right to choose the father of my own children.' I only hope New York will laugh as wholeheartedly next season at this line as Chicago is laughing now."

LEO DITRICHSTEIN AS *JEAN PAUREL*, AN OPERA SINGER, IN "THE GREAT LOVER."

FLORENCE SHIRLEY—
IN "HIS MAJESTY, BUNKER BEAN."

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FRED NIBLO, who is *Billy Holliday*, bartender-evangelist, in brother-in-law George M. Cohan's play, "Hit-the-Trail Holliday," thinks he has his best line in his present part. It comes in the barber-shop scene of the first act. "What will it be—a shave or a hair-cut?" asks the barber in the small-town hotel. "A shave, I hope," answers Holliday.

MARTHA HEDMAN AND SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER IN "THE ATTACK."

MARTHA HEDMAN

MARTHA HEDMAN, who is playing this year in "The Boomerang," has had a chance to give her favorite line both in England and in America. It is in Bernstein's play, "The Attack," in which Miss Hedman acted the part of a young girl, *Renée*, in love with an elderly politician—a part played in London by Sir George Alexander and in New York by John Mason. Unable to understand her love for him, the politician is astounded when *Renée* says:

"Don't you want me to be your wife?"

"I could always hear gasps from all over the audience whenever I read this line," said Miss Hedman. "Some people thought it just funny—some were shocked—some regarded it as pathetic; but never was the speech received with apathy."

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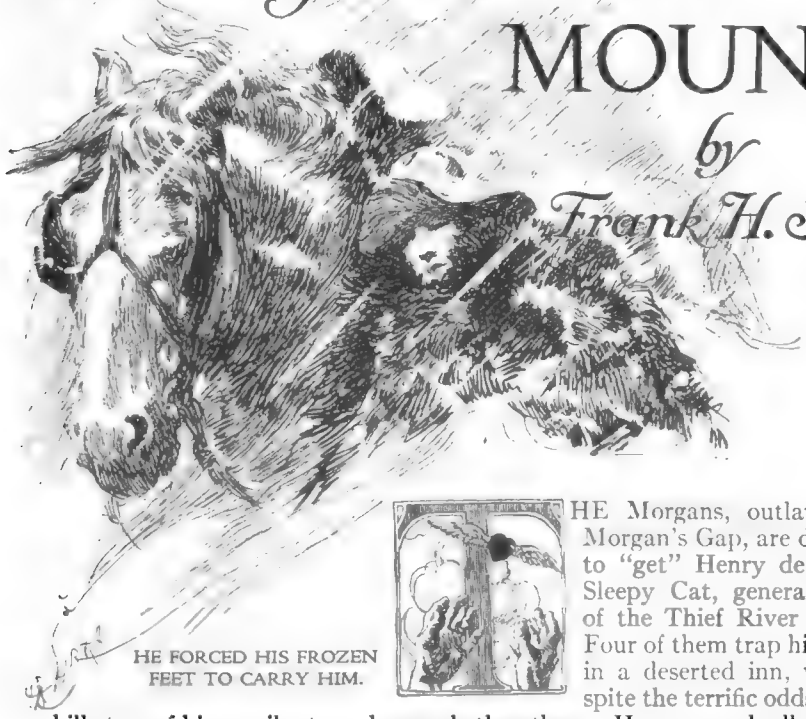
NAN of MUSIC MOUNTAIN

by

Frank H. Spearman

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES SARKA



HE FORCED HIS FROZEN FEET TO CARRY HIM.

THE Morgans, outlaw clan of Morgan's Gap, are determined to "get" Henry de Spain, of Sleepy Cat, general manager of the Thief River stage-line. Four of them trap him one day in a deserted inn, where, despite the terrific odds, de Spain kills two of his assailants and wounds the others. He escapes, badly hurt, and finally makes his way to a cavern in Music Mountain. Here Nan Morgan, niece of the Morgan chief, finds him; though bitterly distrustful of him, eventually she brings him food; and after he defends her against her drunken cousin, Gale Morgan, she helps him out of the Gap.

A week or so later Nan's uncle, Duke, is injured and is taken to the Sleepy Cat hospital, where Nan comes to nurse him. De Spain finds her there and one night coaxes her out into the park, where he tells her of his love and wins her promise to marry him if ever her uncle's consent can be gained. After that the lovers meet repeatedly, in secret, on the desert, until they are discovered. Nan's cousin Gale, who wants her himself, accuses her before her uncle; she admits her engagement, denounces Gale, and pleads with her uncle to be friends with de Spain. He refuses furiously, tells her she is to marry Gale, and forbids her to leave the Gap.

De Spain gets a message from her pleading for patience. A little later there comes a mysterious telephone call purporting to be from Nan and summoning de Spain to her aid. Leaving a party of friends outside, he penetrates alone at night into the Gap. Through Morgan's windows, he sees Duke, Gale, and a lawyer, Druel, and, stealing into the house, he hears them arranging for Gale's marriage to Nan. "Who will be the second witness?" the lawyer asks. De Spain, stepping into the room, astounds them by saying he will. Guns are drawn on both sides, but de Spain dominates the Morgans, holding them till Nan can get ready to leave the house, and covering their escape. Outside, they are fired upon by Morgan followers, and are unable to

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get any horses; so they start in the dark for Music Mountain. A fierce storm overtakes them, but at dawn they venture on a narrow, slippery trail, bordering a precipice, that will lead them over the mountain and out of the Gap.

While they are still on this ledge, high against the face of a cliff, they find themselves under fire from below. A terrible duel follows between de Spain and his distant assailant. De Spain wins, and the two finish their perilous journey and join de Spain's friends outside.

Two days later, in the house of de Spain's chief, where Nan is sheltered, de Spain receives a call from one Jim Pardaloe. He has come to tell de Spain the name of the man who murdered his father—the man whom de Spain had been hunting throughout this country all his life long. The man is Duke Morgan; and his niece, Nan, listening over the stair-rail, hears the terrible charge, which de Spain receives in a silence more awful to her than words.

PARDALOE shuffled his feet. He coughed; but he evoked no response. "I thought you was entitled to know," he said finally, "now that Sassoon will never talk any more."

De Spain moistened his lips. When he spoke his voice was cracked and harsh, as if with what he had heard he had grown old. "You are right, Pardaloe. I thank you. I—when I—in the morning— Pardaloe, for the present, go back to the Gap. I will talk with Wickwire—to-morrow."

"Good night, Mr. de Spain."

"Good night, Pardaloe."

Bending forward, limp, in his chair, supporting his head with his hands, trying to think and fearing to think, de Spain listened mechanically to the retreating echoes of Pardaloe's footsteps down the shaded street. Minute after minute passed. De Spain made no move. A step so light that it could only have been the step of a delicate girlhood, a step free as the footfall of youth, poised as the tread of womanhood and beauty, came down the stairs. Silent as he was, Nan walked straight to him in the darkness, and, sinking between his feet, wound her hands through his two arms.

"I heard everything, Henry," she murmured, looking up. An involuntary start of protest was his only response. "I was afraid of a plot against you. I stayed at the head of the stairs. Henry, I told you long ago some dreadful thing would come between us—something not our fault. And now it comes to dash our cup of happiness when it is filling. Something told me, Henry, it would come to-night—some bad news, some horror laid up against us out of a past that neither you nor I are to blame for. In all my sorrow I am sorriest, Henry, for you. Why did I ever cross your path to make you unhappy when blood lay between your people and mine? My wretched uncle! I never dreamed he had murder on his soul—and of all others, that murder! I knew he did wrong—I knew some of his associates were criminals. But he has been a father and mother to me since I could creep—I never knew any other."

She stopped, hoping perhaps he would say some little word, that he would even pat her head or press her hand; but he sat like one stunned. "If it could have been anything but this!" she pleaded, low and sorrowfully. "Oh, why did you not listen to me before we were engulfed! My dear Henry! You,

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who've given me all the happiness I have ever had—that the blood of my own should come against you and yours!"

The emotion she struggled with and fought back with all the strength of her nature, rose in a resistless tide that swept her on, in the face of his ominous silence, to despair. She clasped her hands in silent misery, losing hope, with every moment of his stoniness, that she could move him to restraint or pity toward her wretched foster-father. Her tortured imagination pictured the horror of the scene in which the son of the murdered man should meet him who had taken his father's life. Her breath, no longer controlled, came brokenly, and her voice trembled. "You have been very kind to me, Henry—you've been the only man I've ever known that always, everywhere, thought of me first. I told you I didn't deserve it, I wasn't worthy of it."

His hands slipped over her hands, and while he gathered her close in his arms his tears fell on her upturned face.

Nan Acts on a Last Hope.

THERE were hours in that night that each of them had reason long to remember; a night that seemed to bring them, in spite of their devotion, to the end of their dream. They parted late, each trying to soften the blow as it fell on the other, each professing a courage which neither could clearly feel.

In the morning Jeffries brought down to de Spain, who had spent a sleepless night at the office, a letter from Nan. De Spain opened it with acute misgivings. Hardly able to believe his eyes, he slowly read:

DEAREST:

A wild hope has come to me. Perhaps we don't know the truth of this terrible story as it really is. Suppose we should be condemning poor Uncle Duke without having the real facts? Sassoon was a wretch, Henry, if ever one lived—a curse to every one. What purpose of his own he could serve by repeating this story, which he must have kept very secret till now, I don't know; but there was some reason. I *must* know the whole truth—I feel that I alone can get hold of it.

Long before you get this I shall be speeding toward the Gap. I am going to Uncle Duke, to get from him the exact truth. If you were here, you would tell me I am attempting what is hopeless. It is not. Uncle Duke is breaking—has broken—and now that the very worst has come and we must face it, he will tell me what I ask. Whether I can get him to repeat this to you, to come to you, to throw himself on your pity, my dearest one, I don't know. But it is for this I am going to try, and for this I beg of your love—the love of which I have been so proud!—that you let me stay with him until I at least learn everything and can bring the whole story to you.

And I shall be safe with him—perfectly safe. Gale and Uncle Duke have quarreled. Pardaloe I know I can trust, and he will be under the roof with me. *Please do not try to come to me.* It might ruin everything. Only forgive me, and I shall be back with what I hope for, or what I fear, very, very soon. Not till then can I bear to look into your eyes. Kiss me, my darling. Be patient for only a little while with

NAN.

It was Jeffries who said, afterward, he hoped never again to be the bearer of a letter such as that. Never, until he had read and grasped the contents of Nan's note, had Jeffries seen the bundle of resource and nerve and sinew that men called Henry de Spain go to pieces.

When he was able to speak, he told Jeffries everything. "It is my fault," he said hopelessly. "I was so crippled, so stunned, she must have thought—I see it now—that I was making ready to ride out by daybreak and shoot down Duke on sight. It's the price a man must pay,

DE SPAIN'S VOICE WAS CRACKED AND HARSH. "YOU ARE RIGHT, PARDALOE. GOOD NIGHT."

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Jeffries, for the ability to defend himself against this bunch of hold-up men and assassins. Because they can't get me, I'm a 'gunman'——"

"No, you're not a 'gunman.'"

"A gunman, and nothing else. That's what everybody, friends and enemies, reckons me—a gunman. You put me here to clean out this Calabasas gang, not because of my good looks, but because I've been, so far, a fraction of a second quicker on a trigger than these double-damned crooks. I don't get any fun out of standing for ten minutes at a time with a sixty-pound safety-valve dragging on my heart, watching a man's eye, to see whether he is going to pull a gun on me and knock me down with a slug before I can pull one and knock him down. I don't care for that kind of thing, Jeff. Hell's delight! I'd rather have a little ranch with a little patch of alfalfa—enough alfalfa to feed a small bunch of cattle—a hundred miles from every living soul. What I would like to do is to own a piece of land under a ten-cent ditch, and watch the wheat sprout out of the desert."

JEFFRIES, from behind his pipe, regarded de Spain's random talk calmly.

"I did feel, for a long time, I'd like to kill with my own hands that man who murdered my father, Jeff. My mother, when she saw him that awful night, must have realized that her babe, if a man-child, was doomed to a life of bloodshed. I've been trying to think most of the night what she'd want me to do now. I don't know what I *can* do or can't do, when I set eyes on that old scoundrel. He's got to tell the truth—that's all I say now. If he lies after what he made my mother suffer, he ought to die like a dog. But I don't want to break Nan's heart. What *can* I do? Hanging him here in Sleepy Cat, if I could do it, wouldn't help her feelings a whole lot. If I could see the fellow—" de Spain's hands, spread before him on the table, contracted—"if I could get my fingers on his throat for a minute, and talk to him, tell him what I think of him—I might know what I would want to do. Nan might be there to see, and judge between us. I'd be almost willing to leave things to her to settle herself. I only want what's right. But—" the oath that recorded his closing threat was collected and pitiless—"if any harm comes to that girl now, from this wild trip back among those wolves, God pity the men that put it over. I'll wipe out the whole accursed clan, if I have to swing for it right here in Sleepy Cat."

John Lefever, Jeffries, Scott, in turn, took him in hand to hold him during three days; to restrain the fury of his resentment, and keep him from riding to the Gap in a temper that each of them knew would mean only a tragedy worse than what had gone before. They might not have succeeded if the word had not come just after Nan left that Gale had been driven out of the Gap.

Mountain men who happened in and out of Sleepy Cat during those three days remember how it seemed as if the attention of every man and woman in the whole country was fixed on the new situation that balked de Spain. They knew only that Nan had gone back to her people, not why she had gone back; but the air was eager with surmise and rumor as to what had happened, and, in this complete overturning of all de Spain's hopes, what would happen before the story ended.

Even three days of tactful representation and patient admonition from cool-headed counselors did not accomplish all they hoped for in de Spain's attitude. His rage subsided, but only to be followed by a settled gloom that they knew might burst at any moment into uncontrollable anger.

A report reached McAlpin that Gale Morgan was making ready to return to Music Mountain with the remnant of Sandusky's gang, to make demand on Duke for certain property and partnership adjustments. This rumor he

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telephoned to Jeffries. Before talking with de Spain, Jeffries went over the information with Lefever. The two agreed it was right, in the circumstances, that de Spain should be nearer than Sleepy Cat to Nan. Moreover, the period of waiting she had enjoined on him was almost complete.

Without giving de Spain the story fully, the two men, talking before him, let the discussion drift toward a proposal on his part to go down to Calabasas, where he could more easily keep track of any movement to or from the Gap, and they approved it. De Spain, already chafing under a hardly endured restraint, lost no time in starting for Calabasas, directing Lefever to follow next day.

"WHY DID I CROSS YOUR PATH TO MAKE YOU UNHAPPY WHEN BLOOD LAY BETWEEN OUR PEOPLE?"

It added nothing to his peace of mind in the morning to learn definitely from McAlpin that Gale Morgan within twenty-four hours had really disappeared from Calabasas. No word of any kind had come from Music Mountain for days. No one at Calabasas was aware even that Nan had gone into the Gap again. Bob Scott was at Thief River. De Spain telephoned to him to come up on the early stage, and turned his attention toward getting information from Music Mountain without violating Nan's injunction not to frustrate her almost desperate effort with her uncle.

As a possible scout to look into her present situation and report on it, McAlpin could only point to Bull Page. Bull was a ready instrument, but his present value as an assistant had become a matter of doubt, since practically every man in the Gap had threatened within the week to blow his head off. Bull himself felt no scruples against making an attempt to reach Music Mountain and get back again. It was proposed by the canny McAlpin to send him in with a team and light wagon, ostensibly to bring out his trunk, which, if it had not been fed to the horses, was still in Duke's barn. As soon as a rig could be got up, Page started.

It was now late

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November. The frost of winter had already set in, in a far, clear air, that drew the snow-capped ranges sharply down to the eye of the desert—as if the speckless sky, lighted by the radiant sun, were but a monster glass, rigged to trick the credulous retina. De Spain, in the saddle in front of the barn, his broad brim set on the impassive level of the Western horseman, his lines over his forearm, and his hands half-slipped into the pockets of his snug leather coat, watched Page drive away. Idling around the barns in the saddle, de Spain saw him gradually recede into the long desert perspective.

De Spain's restlessness prevented his remaining quietly anywhere for long, and as the morning advanced, he cantered out on the Music Mountain trail, thinking of Nan. The deadly shock of Pardaloe's story had been dulled by days and nights of painful thinking. His deep-rooted love for her, and his loneliness had stilled his impulse for vengeance, and overwhelmed him with a profound sadness. He realized how different his feelings were now from what they had been when she knelt before him in the darkened room, and, not daring to plead for mercy for her uncle, had asked him only for the pity for herself that he had seemed so slow to give.

THE crystal brightness of the day brought no elation to his thoughts. His attention fixed on nothing that did not revert to Nan and his love and his hunger to see her again. If he regarded the majestic mountain before him, it was only to recall the day she had fed him at its foot long before she loved him —he thought of that now—when he lay dying on it. If the black reaches of the lava-beds came within view, it was only to remind him that among those desolate rocks this simple, blue-eyed girl, frail in his eyes as a cobweb, despite her graceful strength, had entrusted all her life and happiness to him, given her fresh lips to his kisses, endured without complaint the headstrong violence of his caresses, and by the pretty mockery of her averted eyes provoked the ardor of his love to new adventure.

Memory seemed that morning as keen as the fickle air—so sharply did it bring back to him the overwhelming pictures of their happiness together. And out of his acute loneliness rose vague questionings and misgivings. He reproached himself with the bitter thought that she would not have gone if he had been to her all he ought to have been in the fearful crisis of that night. If harm should befall her now! The thought clutched at his heart. Forebodings tortured him.

It was while riding in this way that his eyes, reading mechanically the wagon trail he was aimlessly following—for no reason other than that it brought him, though forbidden, a little closer to her—arrested his attention. He checked his horse. Something, the trail told him, had happened. Page had stopped his horses. Page had met two men on horseback coming from the Gap. After a parley—for the horses had tramped around long enough for one—the wagon had turned completely from the trail and struck out across the desert, north; the two horsemen, or one with a led horse, had started back for the Gap.

All of this de Spain gathered without moving his horse outside a circle of thirty feet. What did it mean? Page might have fallen in with cronies from the Gap, abandoned his job, and started for Sleepy Cat; but this was unlikely. He might have encountered enemies, been pointedly advised to keep away from the Gap, and pretended to start for Sleepy Cat to avoid trouble with them. Deeming the second the more probable conclusion, de Spain, absorbed in his speculations, continued toward the Gap to see whether he could not pick up the trail of Page's wagon farther on.

Within a mile a further surprise awaited him. The two horsemen, who had

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headed for the Gap after stopping Page, had left the trail and turned to the south down a small draw which would screen them from sight, and set out across the desert.

No trail and no habitation lay in the direction they had taken—and it seemed clearer to de Spain that the second horse was a led horse. There was a story in the incident, but his interest lay in following Page's movements, and he now spurred swiftly forward to see whether his messenger had resumed the Gap trail, and gone on with his mission. He followed his quest almost to the mountains without recovering any trace of Page's rig. He halted. It was certain now that Page had not gone into the Gap.

"IT SEEMED LIKE NAN WAS IN A HURRY."

Perplexed and annoyed, de Spain, from the high ground on which he sat his horse, cast his eyes far out over the desert. The brilliant sunshine flooded it as far as the eye could reach. He scanned the vast space without detecting a sign of life anywhere, though none better than he knew that any abundance of it might be there. His gaze caught something of interest on the farthest northern horizon, and on this his scrutiny rested a long time. A soft brown curtain appeared to rise just above the earth-line against the blue sky. Toward the east it died away, and toward the west it was cut off by the Superstition peaks.

De Spain, without giving the weather signs much thought, recognized their import; but his mind was filled with his own anxieties, and he rode smartly back toward Calabasas because he was not at ease over the puzzles in the trail. When he reached the depression where the horsemen had, without any apparent reason, turned south, he halted. Should he follow them, or turn north to follow Page's wanderings? If Page had been scared away from the Gap for a time, he had now no information that de Spain wanted, and de Spain knew his cunning and persistence well enough to be confident he would be back on the Gap road and within the cover of the mountains before a storm should overtake him.

On the north the brown curtain had risen fast, and already enveloped the farthest peaks of the range. Letting his horse stretch its neck, he hesitated a moment longer, trying to decide whether to follow the men to the south or the wagon to the north. A woman might have done better. But no good angel was there to guide his decision, and in another moment he was riding rapidly to the south, with the even, brown, misty cloud behind him rolling higher into the northern sky.

Nan Meets Her Lover Again.

HE HAD ridden the trail but a short time when it led him in a wide angle backward and around toward Calabasas, and he found presently that the men he was riding after were heading apparently for the stage barns. In the north the rising curtain had darkened. Toward Sleepy Cat the landscape was already obliterated. In the south the sun shone, but the air had grown suddenly cold, and in the sharp drop de Spain realized what was coming. His first thought was of the southern stages, which must be warned, and as he galloped up to the big barn with this in mind, he saw, standing in the doorway, Bull Page.

De Spain regarded him with astonishment. "How did you get here?" was his sharp question.

Page grinned: "Why, I got what I was after and c'm' back sooner'n I expected. Half-way over to the Gap I met Duke and the young gal on horseback headed for Calabasas. They pulled up. I pulled up. Old Duke looked kind

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THE LADY LEAPED THROUGH THE DOORWAY, AND DE SPAIN RAISED A HAND TO THOSE BEHIND.

o' ga'nted, and it seemed like Nan was in a considerable hurry to get to Sleepy Cat with him, and he couldn't stand the saddle. Anyway, they was heading for Calabasas to get a rig from McAlpin. I knowed McAlpin would never give old Duke a rig, not if he was dyin' in the saddle."

"They've got your rig!" cried de Spain.

"The gal asked me if I'd mind accommodatin' 'em," explained Bull, deprecatingly, "to save time."

"They headed north!" exclaimed de Spain. The light from the fast-changing sky fell copper-colored across his horse and figure.

McAlpin, followed by a hostler, appeared in the barn door. Bull nodded to de Spain. "Said they wanted to get there quick. She figgered on savin' a few miles by striking the hill trail in. So I takes their horses and let on I was headin' on for the Gap. When they got out of sight I turned around——"

Even as he spoke, the swift-rolling curtain of mist overhead blotted the sun out of the sky. De Spain, waiting to hear no more of Bull's story, sprang from his saddle with a stinging order to McAlpin: "Get up a fresh saddle-horse!"

"A horse!" cried the startled barn-boss, whirling on the hostler. "The strongest legs in the stable—and don't lose a second! Lady Jane: up with her!" he yelled with his hands to his mouth, bellowing his orders into the echoing barn. "Up with her, for Mr. de Spain, in a second! Marmon! Becker! Lanzon! What in hell are you all doing?" he roared. "Look alive, everybody!"

"Coming!" yelled one voice after another from the depths of the distant stalls.

De Spain ran into the office. Page caught his horse, stripped the rifle from its holster, and hurriedly began uncinching. Hostlers running through the barn called shrilly back and forth, and de Spain, springing up the stairs to his room, provided what he wanted for his hurried flight. When he dashed down

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with coats on his arm, the hoofs of Lady Jane were clattering down the long gangway. A stable-boy slid from her back on one side, as Bull Page threw the saddle across her from the other; hostlers caught at the cinches, while others hurriedly rubbed the legs of the quivering horse. De Spain, his hand on McAlpin's shoulder, was giving his parting injunctions, and the barn-boss, head cocked down and eyes cast furtively on the scattering snow-flakes outside, was listening with an attention that recorded indelibly every uttered syllable. "Ready!" cried Page, buckling the rifle-holster into place. Still talking, and with McAlpin glued to his elbow, de Spain vaulted into the saddle, caught the lines from Bull's hands, and steadied the Lady as she side-stepped nervously—McAlpin following close, and dodging the dancing hoofs as he looked earnestly up to catch the last word.

De Spain touched the horse with the lines. She leaped through the doorway, and he raised a backward hand to those behind. Running outside the door, they yelled a chorus of cries after the swift-moving horseman, and, clustered in an excited group, watched the Lady, with a dozen great strides, round the Calabasas trail, and disappear with her rider into the whirling snow.

SHE fell at once into an easy, reaching step, and de Spain, busy with his reflections, hardly gave a thought to what she was doing and little more to what was going on about him. The great swift wind, spreading over the desert, emptied on it snow-laden puffs that whirled and wrapped a cloud of flakes about horse and rider in the symbol of a shroud. De Spain gave no heed to these skirmishing eddies, but he knew what was behind them, and for the wind, he only wished it might keep the snow in the air till he caught sight of Nan.

The even reach of the horse brought him to the point where Nan had changed to the stage wagon. Without a break in her long stride, Lady Jane took the hint of her swerving rider, put her nose into the wind, and headed north. De Spain, alive to the difficulties of his venture, set his hat lower and bent forward to follow the wagon along the sand. With the first of the white flurries passed, he found himself in a snowless pocket, as it were, of the advancing storm. He hoped for nothing from the prospect ahead; but every moment of respite from the blinding whirl was a gain, and with his eyes close on the trail that had carried Nan into danger, he urged the Lady on.

When the snow again closed down about him he calculated from the roughness of the country that he should be within a mile of the road which Nan was trying to reach from the Gap to Sleepy Cat. But the broken ground straight ahead would prevent her from driving directly to it. He knew she must hold to the right, and her curving track, now becoming difficult to trail, confirmed his conclusion.

A fresh drive of the wind buffeted him as he turned directly north. Only at intervals could he see any trace of the wagon-wheels. The driving snow compelled him more than once to dismount and search for the trail. Each time he lost it, the effort to regain it was more prolonged. At times he was compelled to ride the desert in wide circles to find the tracks, and this cost time, when minutes might mean life. But as long as he could he clung to the struggle to track her exactly. He saw almost where the storm had struck the two wayfarers. Neither, he knew, was insensible to its dangers. He found a spot where they had halted, and with a start that checked the beating of his heart, his eyes fell on her footprint, not yet obliterated, beside the wagon-track.

The sight of it was an electric shock. Throwing himself from his horse, he knelt over it in the storm, oblivious for an instant of everything but that this

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LEAPING FROM HER BACK, HE STEADIED HER AND LOOKED UNDERFOOT.

tracery meant her presence, where he now bent, hardly half an hour before. He swung, after a moment's keen scrutiny, into his saddle, with fresh resolve compressed in his lips. Pressed by the rising fury of the wind, the wayfarers had become from this point, de Spain saw, hardly more than fugitives.

And with this increasing uncertainty in their direction, vanished de Spain's last hopes of tracking them. The wind swept the desert now as a hurricane sweeps the open sea, snatching the fallen snow from the face of the earth as the sea-gale, flattening the face of the waters, rips the foam from the frantic waves to drive it in wild, scudding fragments across them.

De Spain, urging his horse forward, unbuckled his rifle-holster, threw away the scabbard, and, holding the weapon up in one hand, fired shot after shot at measured intervals, to attract the attention of the two he sought. He exhausted his ammunition without eliciting any answer. The wind drove with a roar against which even a rifle-report could hardly carry, and the snow swept down the Sinks in a mad blast. Flakes torn by the fury of the gale were stiffened by the bitter wind into powdered ice that stung horse and rider. Casting away the useless carbine and pressing his horse to the limit of her strength and endurance, the unyielding pursuer rode in great coiling circles into the storm, firing shot upon shot from his revolver, and putting his ear intently against the wind for the faint hope of an answer.

Suddenly the Lady stumbled and, as he cruelly reined her, slid helpless and scrambling, along the face of a flat rock. De Spain, leaping from her back, steadied her and looked underfoot. The mare had struck the rock of the upper lava bed. Drawing his revolver, he fired signal shots from where he stood. It could not be far, he knew, from the junction of the two great desert trails—the Calabasas road and the Gap road. He felt sure Nan could not have got much north of this, for he had ridden in desperation to get abreast of or beyond her; and if she were south, where, he asked, in the name of God, could she be?

He climbed again into the saddle—the cold was gripping his limbs—and, watching the rocky landmarks narrowly, tried to circle the dead waste of the half-buried flow. With chilled, awkward fingers, he filled the revolver and rode on, discharging it every minute, and listening—hoping against hope for an answer. It was when he had almost completed, as well as he could compute, the wide circuit he had set out on, that a faint shot answered his signals.

WITH the sound of that shot and those that followed it, his courage all came back. But he had yet to trace, through the confusion of the wind and the blinding snow, the direction of the answering reports. Hither and thither he rode, this way and that, testing out the location of the slowly repeated shots, and signaling at intervals in return. Slowly and doggedly he kept on, shooting, listening, wheeling, and advancing, until, as he raised his revolver to fire it again, a cry close at hand came out of the storm. It was a woman's voice borne on the wind. Riding swiftly to the left, a horse's outline revealed itself at moments in the driving snow ahead.

De Spain cried out, and, from behind the furious curtain, heard his name, loudly called. He pushed his stumbling horse on. The dim outline of a second

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horse, the background of a wagon, a storm-beaten man—all this passed his eyes unheeded. They were bent on a girlish figure running toward him as he slid stiffly from the saddle. The next instant Nan was in his arms.

Duke Morgan is Witness at a Strange Ceremony.

WITH the desperation of a joy born of despair, she laid her burning cheek hysterically against his cheek. She rained kisses on his ice-crusted brows and snow-beaten eyes. Her arms held him rigidly. He could not move nor speak till she would let him. Transformed, this mountain girl, who gave herself so shyly, now forgot everything. Her words crowded on his ears. She repeated his name in an ecstasy of welcome, drew down his lips, laughed, rejoiced, knew no shamefacedness and no restraint; she was one freed from the stroke of a descending knife. A moment before she had faced death alone: it was still death she faced—she realized this—but it was death, at least, together, and her joy and tears rose from her heart in one stream.

De Spain comforted her, quieted her, cut away one of the coats from his horse, slipped it over her shoulders, encased her in the heavy fur, and turned his eyes to Duke. The old man's set, square face surrendered nothing of its implacability to the dangers confronting him. De Spain looked for none of that. He had known the Morgan record too long, and faced the Morgan men too often to fancy they would flinch at the drumbeat of death.

The two men, in the deadly, driving snow, eyed each other. Out of the old man's deep-set eyes burned the resistance of a hundred storms faced before. But he was caught now like a wolf in a trap, and he knew he had little to hope for, little to fear. As de Spain regarded him, something like pity may have mixed with his hatred. The old outlaw was thinly clad. His open throat was beaten with snow and sand—beside the wagon he held the team-reins in a bare hand. De Spain cut the other coat from his saddle and held it out. Duke pretended not to see, and when no longer equal to keeping up the pretense, shook his head.

"Take it," said de Spain, curtly.

"No."

"Take it, I say. You and I will settle our affairs when we get Nan out of this?" he insisted.

"De Spain!" Duke's voice, as was its wont, cracked like a pistol. "I can say all I've got to say to you right here."

"No."

"Yes," cried the old man.

"Listen, Henry," pleaded Nan, seeking shelter from the furious blast within his arm, "just for a moment, listen!"

"Not now, I tell you," cried de Spain.

"He was coming, Henry, all the way—and he is sick—just to say it to you. Let him say it here, now."

"Go on," cried de Spain roughly. "Say it."

"I'm not afraid of you, de Spain!" shouted the old man. "Don't think it! You're a better man than I am, better than I ever was—don't think I don't know that. But I'm not afraid of e'er a man I faced, de Spain: they'll tell you that when I'm dead. All the trouble that ever come between you and me come by an accident—come before you was born, and come through Dave Sassoon, and he's held it over me ever since you come up into this country. I was a young fellow. Sassoon worked for my father. The cattle and sheep war

THE DRIVING SNOW COMPELLED HIM TO DISMOUNT AND SEARCH FOR THE TRAIL.

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SHE WAS STILL FACING DEATH, BUT IT WAS DEATH, AT LEAST, WITH HIM.

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THE OLD OUTLAW'S THROAT WAS BEATEN WITH SNOW AND SAND—BESIDE THE WAGON HE HELD THE TEAMREINS IN A BARE HAND. BUT HIS SET, SQUARE FACE SURRENDERED NOTHING OF ITS IMPLACABILITY TO THE DANGERS CONFRONTING HIM.

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was on, north of Medicine Bend. The Peace River sheepmen raided our place—your father was with them. He never did us no harm, but my brother, Bay Morgan, was shot in that raid by a man name of Jennings. My brother was fifteen years old, de Spain. I started out to get the man that shot him. Sassoon trailed him to the Bar M, the old de Spain ranch, working for your father."

THE words fell fast and in a fury. "Sassoon took me over there. Toward night we got in sight of the ranch house. We saw a man down at the corral. 'That's Jennings,' Sassoon says. I never laid eyes on him before—I never laid eyes on your father before. Both of us fired. Next day we heard your father was killed, and Jennings had left the country. Sassoon or I, one of us, killed your father, de Spain. If it was I, I did it never knowing who he was, never meaning to touch him. I was after the man that killed my brother. Sassoon didn't care a damn which it was, never did, then nor afterward. But he held it over me to make trouble sometime 'twixt you and me. I was a young fellow. I thought I was revenging my brother. And if your father was killed by a patched bullet his blood is not on me, de Spain, and never was. Sassoon always shot a patched bullet. I never shot one in my life. And I'd never told you this of my own self. Nan said it was the whole truth from me to you, or her life. She's as much mine as she is yours. I nursed her. I took care of her when there weren't no other living soul to do it. She got me and herself out into this, this morning. I'd never been caught like this if I'd had my way. I told her 'fore we'd been out an hour we'd never see the end of it. She said she'd rather die in it than you think she quit you. I told her I'd go on with her, and do as she said—that's why we're here, and that's the whole truth, so help me God. I ain't afraid of you, de Spain. I'll give you whatever you think's coming to you with a rifle or a gun any time, anywhere—you're a better man than I am or ever was, I know that—and that ought to satisfy you. Or I'll stand my trial, if you say so, and tell the truth."

The ice-laden wind, as de Spain stood still, swept past the little group with a sinister roar, insensible alike to its emotions and its deadly peril. Within the shelter of his arm de Spain felt the yielding form of the indomitable girl who, by the power of love, had wrung from the outlaw his reluctant story—the story of the murder that had stained with its red strands the relations of each of their lives to both the others. He felt against his heart the faint shivering of her frail body.

A sudden aversion to more bloodshed, to vengeance, swept over him, as her heart mutely beat for mercy against his heart. She had done more than any man could do. Now she waited on him. Both his arms wrapped round her. In the breathless embrace that drew her closer to him, she read her answer. She looked up into his eyes and waited.

"There's more than what's between you and me, Duke, facing both of us now," said de Spain sternly, when he turned. "We've got to get Nan out of this—even if we don't get out ourselves. Where do you figure we are?"

"I figure we're two miles north of the lava beds, de Spain," shouted Morgan. De Spain shook his head in dissent. "Then where are we?" demanded the older man.

"I ought not to say, against you. But if I've got to guess, I say two miles east. Either way, we must try for Sleepy Cat. Is your team all right?"

"Team is all right. We tore a wheel near off getting out of the lava. The wagon's done for."

De Spain threw the fur coat at him: "Put it on," he said. "We'll look at the wheel." They tried together to wrench it into shape, but worked without

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avail. In the end, they lashed it, put Nan on the Lady, and walked behind, while the team pushed into the pitiless wind. Morgan wanted to cut the wagon away and take to the horses, but de Spain said not till they found a trail or the stage road. So much snow had fallen that, in spite of the blizzard, driving with an unrelenting fury, the drifts were deepening, packing, and making all effort increasingly difficult. It was well-nigh impossible to head the horses into the storm, and de Spain looked with ever more anxious eyes at Nan. After half an hour's superhuman struggle to regain a trail that should restore their bearings they halted, and de Spain, riding up to the wagon, spoke to Morgan, who was driving: "How long is this going to last?"

"All day and all night." Nan leaned closely over to hear the curt question and the stern answer. Neither man spoke again for a moment.

"We'll have to have help," said de Spain, after a pause.

"Help?" echoed Morgan scornfully. "Where's help coming from?"

De Spain's answer was not hurried: "One of us must go after it." Nan looked at him intently.

Duke set his hard jaw against the hurtling stream of ice that showered on the forlorn party. "I'll go for it," he snapped.

"No," returned de Spain. "Better for me to go."

"Go together," said Nan.

De Spain shook his head. Duke Morgan, too, said that only one should go; the other must stay. De Spain, while the storm rattled and shook at the two men, told why he should go himself. "It's not claiming you are not entitled to say who should go, Duke," he said steadily. "Nor that our men, anywhere you reach, wouldn't give you the same attention they would me. And it isn't saying that you're not the better man for the job—you've traveled the Sinks longer than I have. But between you and me, Duke, it's twenty-eight years against fifty. I ought to hold out a while the longer—that's all. Let's work farther to the east."

Quartering against the mad hurricane, they drove and rode on until the team could hardly be urged to a further effort against the infuriated elements —de Spain riding at intervals as far to the right and the left as he dared in vain quest of a landmark. When he halted beside the wagon for the last time, he was a mass of snow and ice; horse and rider were frozen to each other. He got down to the ground with a visible effort, and in the singing wind told Duke his plan and purpose.

HE HAD chosen on the open desert a hollow falling somewhat abruptly from the north, and beneath its shoulder, while Morgan loosened the horses, he scooped and kicked away a mass of snow. The wagon had been drawn just above the point of refuge, and the two men, with the aid of the wind, dumped it over sidewise, making of the body a windbreak over the hollow, a sort of roof around which the snow, driven by the gale, would heap itself in hard waves. Within this shelter the two men stowed Nan. The horses were driven down behind it, and from one of them de Spain took the collar, the tugs, and the whiffletree. He stuck a hitching strap in his pocket, and while Morgan steadied the Lady's head de Spain buckled the collar on her, doubled the tugs around the whiffletree, and fastened the roll at her side, in front of the saddle.

Nan came out and stood beside him as he worked. When he had finished she put her hand on his sleeve. He held her a moment, to tell her what he meant to try to do. Each knew it might be the last embrace. Yet each, for the other, summoned every reserve of restraint to make the moment less painful.

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"One thing and another have kept us from marriage vows, Nan," said de Spain, beckoning to Morgan to step closer that he might clearly hear all. "Nothing must keep us longer. Will you marry me?"

She looked up into his eyes: "I've promised you I would. I will promise every time you ask me. I never *could* have but one answer to that, Henry—it must always be yes!"

"Then take me, Henry," he said slowly, "here and now, for your wedded husband. Will you do this, Nan?"

Looking into his eyes, she answered without surprise or fear: "Henry, I do take you."

"And I, Henry, take you, Nan, here and now, for my wedded wife: for better for worse, for richer, for poorer, from this day forward, until death us do part."

They sealed their pact with their lips. De Spain turned to Duke. "You are the witness of this marriage, Duke. You will see, if an accident happens, that anything, everything I have—some personal property—my father's old ranch north of Medicine Bend—some little money in bank at Sleepy Cat—goes to my wife, Nan Morgan de Spain. Will you see to this?"

"I will. And if it comes to me—you, de Spain, will see to it for me that what stock I have in the Gap goes to my niece, Nan, your wife."

She looked from one to the other of the two men. "All that I have," she said in turn, "the lands in the Gap, everywhere around Music Mountain, go to you two equally together, or whichever survives. And if you both live, and I do not, remember my last message—bury the past in my grave."

Duke Morgan tested the cinches of the saddle on the Lady once more, unloosed the tugs once more from the horse's shoulder, examined each buckle of the collar and every inch of the two strips of leather, the reinforced fastenings on the whiffletree, rolled all up again, strapped it, and stood by the head till de Spain swung up into the saddle. He bent down once to whisper a last word of cheer to his wife, and then, without looking back, headed the Lady into the storm.

De Spain's Fight With Death.

BEYOND giving his horse a safe headway from the shelter, de Spain made little effort to guide her. He had chosen the Lady, not because she was fresher, for she was not, but because he believed she possessed, of the three horses, the clearest instinct to bring her through the fight for the lives that were at stake. He did not deceive himself with the idea that he could do anything to help the beast find a way to succor: that instinct rested wholly in the Lady's head, not in his. He only knew that if she could not get back to help, he could not. His own part in the effort was quite outside any aid to the Lady—it was not more than to reach alive whatever aid she could find, that he might direct it to where Nan and her companion would endure a few hours longer the fury of the storm.

His own struggle for life, he knew, was with the wind—the pitiless, roaring wind, that hurled its broadsides of frozen snow in monstrous waves across the maddened sky, challenging every living thing. It drove icy knives into his face and ears, paralyzed in its swift grasp his muscles and sinews, challenged the stout flow of blood through his veins, and searched his very heart to still it.

Encouraging the Lady with kind words, and caressing her in her groping efforts, as she turned head and tail from the blinding sheets of snow and ice, de Spain let her drift, hoping she might bring them through what he confessed in his heart to be the narrowest of chances. He bent low in his saddle under the unending blasts. He buffeted his legs and arms, to fight off the fatal cold. He slipped more than once out of his saddle, and with a hand on the pommel

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tramped beside the horse to revive his failing circulation. There would come a time, he realized, when he could no longer climb up again; but he staved that issue off to the last possible moment of endurance, because the Lady made better time when he was on her back. When the struggle to remount had been repeated until nature could no longer be made to respond to his will, until his legs were no longer a part of his benumbed being, until below his hips he had no body answerable to his commands, but only two insensible masses of lead that anchored him to the ground—he still forced the frozen feet to carry him in a feeble gait beside the Lady, while he dragged with his hands on the saddle for her patient aid.

One by one every thought save one deserted his mind—the thought that he must not freeze to death. More than once he had hoped the insensate fury of the blizzard might abate. The Lady had long since ceased to try to face it—like a stripped vessel before a hurricane, she was drifting under it. De Spain realized that his helpless legs would not carry him farther. His hands, freezing on to the pommel, no longer supported him. They finally slipped from it and he fell prostrate in the snow beside his horse. When he would cry out to her, his frozen lips could mumble no words. He struggled to his feet, and fell again and more heavily. He pulled himself up by the stirrup-strap, got his hands and arms up to the pommel, and clung to it for a few paces more. But he fell at last and could no longer rise from the ground. The storm swept unceasingly on.

The Lady, checked by the lines wrapped on his arms, stopped. De Spain lay a moment, then backed her up a step, pulled her head down by the bridle, clasped his wooden arms around her neck, spoke to her; and, lifting her head, the mare dragged him to his feet. Clumsily and helplessly he loosened the tugs and the whiffletree, hooked the middle point of the whiffletree into the elbow of his left arm, brought the forearm and hand up flat against his shoulder, and with the hitching strap lashed his forearm and upper arm tightly together around the whiffletree.

HE STRUGGLED TO KEEP ALIVE BY SHEER WILL-POWER, AND TO DO SO CONCENTRATED EVERY THOUGHT ON NAN.

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He drew the tugs stiffly over the Lady's back, unloosed the cinches of the saddle, pushed it off the horse, and, sinking into the snow behind her, struck with his free arm at her feet. Relieved of the saddle, the Lady once more started, dragging slowly behind her through the snow a still breathing human being. Less than an hour before it had been a man. It was hardly more now, as the horse plodded steadily on, than an insensate log. But not even death could part it again from the horse to which de Spain, alive, had fastened it.

The fearful pain from the tortured arm, torn at times almost from its socket, the gradual snapping of straining ligaments, the constant rupture of capillaries and veins, sustained his consciousness for a while. Then the torturing pain abated, the rough dragging shattered the bruised body less. It was as if the Lady and the storm together were making easier for the slowly dying man his last trail across the desert. He still struggled to keep alive by sheer will-power, flickering sparks of consciousness, and, to do so, concentrated every thought on Nan. It was a poignant happiness to summon her picture to his fainting senses; he knew he should hold to life as long as he could think of her. Love stronger than death welled in his heart. The bitter cold and the merciless wind were kinder as he called her image from out the storm. She seemed to speak, to lift him in her arms. Ahead, distant mountains rose, white peaked. The sun shone. He rode with her through green fields. A great peace rested on his weary senses.

Lady Jane, pushing on and on, enlightened by that instinct before which the reason of man is weak and pitiful, herself a slow-moving crust of frozen snow, dragged to her journey's end—to the tight-shut doors of the Calabasas barn—her unconscious burden, and stood before them patiently waiting until some one should open for her. It was one of the heartbreaks of a tragic day that no one ever knew just when the Lady reached the door, or how long she and her unconscious master waited in the storm for admission. A startled exclamation from John Lefever, who had periodically and anxiously left the red-hot stove in the office to walk moodily to the window, brought the men tumbling over one another, as he ran from his companions to throw open the outer door and pull the drooping horse into the barn.

It was the Indian, Scott, who, reading first of all the men everything in the dread story, sprang forward as the horse dragged in the snow-covered log behind, whipped a knife from his pocket, cut the encumbered arm and marble hand from the whiffletree, and, carrying the stiffened body into the office, began with insane haste to cut away the clothing.

LEFEVER, perceiving it was de Spain thus drawn to their feet, shouted, while he tore from the blade of Scott's knife the frozen garments, the orders for the snow, the heated water, the warm blankets, the alcohol and brandy, and chafed the marble feet. The Indian, better than a staff of doctors, used the cunning of a sorcerer to revive the spark of life not yet extinguished by the storm. A fearful interval of suspense followed the silence into which the work settled, a silence broken only by the footsteps of men running to and from the couch over which Scott, Lefever, and McAlpin, half-naked, worked in mad concert.

De Spain opened his eyes to wander from one to the other of the faces. He half rose, struggling in a frenzy with the hands that restrained him. While his companions pleaded to quiet him he fought them until, restored to its seat of reason, his mind reasserted itself and, lying exhausted, he told them in his exquisite torture whom he had left, and what must be done to find and bring them in. While the relief wagons, equipped with straining teams and flanked by

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veteran horsemen, were dashing out of the barn, he lapsed into unconsciousness. But he had been able to hold Scott's hand long enough to tell him he must find Nan and bring her to him or never come back.

And it was Scott who found her. In their gropings through the blizzard the three had wandered much nearer Calabasas than any one of them dreamed. And on the open desert, far south and east of the upper lava-beds, it was Scott's horse that put a foot through the bottom of the overturned wagon-box. The suspected mound of snow, with the buried horses scrambling to their feet, rose upright at the crash. Duke crouched, half-conscious, under the rude shelter. Lying where he had placed her snugly between the two horses, Scott found Nan. He spoke to her when she opened her staring eyes, picked her up in his arms, called to his companions for the covered wagon, and began to restore her to life without a moment of delay. He even promised that, if she would drink the hateful draft he put to her lips, and let him cut away her shoes and leggings and the big coat frozen on her, in less than an hour she should see Henry de Spain alive and well.

The Calm.

NOTHING in nature, not even the storm itself, is so cruel as the beauty of the after calm. In the radiance of the sunshine next day de Spain, delirious and muttering, was taken up to the hospital at Sleepy Cat. In an adjoining room lay Nan, moaning reproaches at those who were torturing her reluctantly back to life. Day and night the doctors worked over the three. The town, the division, the stage-men, and the mountain men watched the outcome of the struggle. From as far as Medicine Bend, railroad surgeons came to aid in the fight.

De Spain caused acute anxiety. The crux of the battle, after the three lives were held safe, centered on the effort to save de Spain's arm—the one he had chosen to lose, if he must lose one, when he strapped it to the whiffletree. The day the surgeons agreed that if his life were to be saved the arm must come off at the shoulder, a gloom fell on the community.

In a lifetime of years there can come to the greater part of us but a few days, a few hours, sometimes no more than a single moment, to show of what stuff we are really made. Such a crisis came on that day to Nan. Already she had been wheeled more than once into de Spain's room to sit where she could help to woo him back to life. The chief surgeon, in the morning, told Nan of the decision. In her hospital bed she rose bolt upright: "No!" she declared instantly. "You sha'n't take his arm off!" The surgeon met her rebellion tactfully. But he told Nan, at last, that de Spain must lose either his arm or his life. "No," she repeated, without hesitation and without blanching, "you sha'n't take off his arm. He sha'n't lose his life."

The blood surged into her cheeks—hotter blood and redder than the doctors had been able to bring there—such blood as de Spain alone could call into them. Nan, with her nurse's help, dressed hurriedly, joined de Spain, and talked long and earnestly with him. The doctors, too, laid the situation before him. When they asked him for his decision, de Spain nodded toward Nan. "She will tell you, gentlemen, what we'll do."

And Nan did tell them what the two who had most at stake in the decision would do. Any man, true, could have done as much. But Nan did more. She set herself out to save the arm and the patient both; and lest the doctors should change their tactics, and move

HE FIRED SHOT AFTER SHOT, AT INTERVALS, TO ATTRACT THEIR ATTENTION.

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together on the arm surreptitiously, Nan stayed night and day with de Spain until he was able to make such active use of either arm as to convince her that he, and not the surgeons, would soon need the most watching.

Afterward, when Nan, in some doubt, asked the chaplain whether she was married or single, he obligingly offered to ratify and confirm the desert ceremony. This affair, when it took place, was the occasion for an extraordinary round-up at Sleepy Cat. Two long-hostile elements—the stage and railroad men, and the Calabasas-Morgan Gap contingent of mountain men—for once, at least, fraternized. Warrants were pigeonholed, suspicion suspended, sidearms neglected in their scabbards. The fighting men of both camps, in the presence of a ceremony that united de Spain and Nan Morgan, could not but feel a generous elation. Each party considered that it was contributing, in the bride and the groom, the very best each could boast, and no false note disturbed the harmony of the notable day.

Gale Morgan, having given up the fight, had left the country. Satterlee Morgan danced till all the platforms in town gave way. John Lefever attended the groom, and Duke Morgan sternly, but without compunction, gave away the bride. . . .

The railroad has not yet been built across the Sinks to Thief River. But only those who lived in Sleepy Cat in its really wild stage-days are entitled to call themselves early settlers, or to tell stories, more or less authentic, about what then happened. The greater number of the Old Guard of that day, as cankering peace gradually reasserted itself along the Sinks, turned from the stage-coach to the railroad coach; some of them may yet be met on the trains in the mountain country. Wherever you happen to find such a one, he will tell you of the days when Superintendent de Spain of the Western Division wore a gun in the mountains, and used it, when necessary, on his wife's relations.

Whether it was this stern sense of discipline or not that endeared him to the men, these old-timers are, to a man, very loyal to the young couple who united in their marriage the two hostile mountain elements. One in especial, a white-haired old man, described by the fanciful as a retired outlaw, living yet on Nan's ranch in the Gap, always spends his time in town at the de Spain home, where he takes great interest in a little boy, Morgan de Spain, who waits for his Uncle Duke's coming, and digs into his pockets for rattles captured along the trail from recent huge rattlesnakes. When his uncle happens to kill a big one—one with twelve or thirteen rings and a button—Morgan uses it to scare his little sister Nan. And Duke, secretly rejoicing at his bravado, but scolding sharply the while, helps him adjust the old ammunition-belt, dragged from the attic, and cuts fresh gashes in it to make it fit the little waist.

His mother doesn't like to see her son rigged up with warlike equipment and ambushing little Nan in the way Bob Scott says the Indians used to do. She threatens periodically to burn the belt up and throw the old rifles out of the house. But when she sees her uncle and her husband watching the boy together, and laughing at the parade, she relents. It is only children, after all, that keep the world young.

The End

"KING, OF THE KHYBER RIFLES"

By Talbot Mundy

A Story of a British Secret Service Officer in War-Stirred India
The Greatest Adventure Story of the Year

BEGINS IN THE MAY *EVERYBODY'S*

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EDITOR'S NOTE—Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

HEADING BY RAYMOND PERRY. SKETCHES BY H. L. DRUCKLIEB.

Former Speaker Cannon tells this story of his early impecunious days:

"One of my friends was a struggling physician. Neither fame nor fortune had come to either of us, but we were always hopeful. The hard life told on my friend, however, for he became quite bald while he was still young.

"One day I greeted him with a beaming countenance and exclaimed:

"'What do you think, Henry? I have just bought an office safe!'

"'Then, Joe,' said he, with the utmost gravity, 'I shall buy a hairbrush.'"

A young married couple who lived near a famous golf-course were entertaining an elderly aunt from the depths of the country.

"Well, Aunt Mary, how did you spend this afternoon?" asked the hostess on the first day.

"Oh, I enjoyed myself very much!" replied auntie with a beaming smile. "I went for a walk across the fields. There seemed to be a great many people about, and some of them shouted to me in a most eccentric manner, but I just took no notice. And, by the way," she went on, "I found such a number of curious little round white things. I brought them home to ask you what they are."

And the dear old lady produced from her handbag about a dozen golf-balls!

"You were pretty well pickled when I brought you in last night," said the copper to the man who had been arraigned in City Court.

"Was I?" replied the man, whose thumping head was also telling him that he had drunk, not wisely, but too well.

"You sure were. You gave the desk sergeant your name and address, but you couldn't for the life of you tell him your occupation. You tried and tried, but you couldn't say it."

"Well, no wonder! I'm a statistician!"

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A well-known actress, who is very fond of dogs, numbers among her possessions a magnificent specimen of the St. Bernard type. One day a New Yorker, visiting the actress at her summer home, met a colored maid in the road accompanied by this big dog. He asked to whom it belonged.

"He b'longs to my missus."

"Aren't you afraid of him? He's awfully big."

"No, indeed, suh. Dis dog won't harm nobody; he's just chuck-full of fun all de time."

"What kind of a dog is he?"

"Well, suh, I hears my missus call him a full-blooded Sam Bernard."

Some Georgia editors spray English recklessly. Here is an exhibit from the Brunswick *News* of January 23, 1916:

"Between the upper and the nether of two consuming fires in Europe, Greece certainly has no flowery bed of ease to travel. It is believed, however, that sooner or later she will have to stand or fall by either the one or the other of these two forces."

An Irishman had been having a long struggle with a balky horse on a steep hill, and he had given vent to exasperated language quite unfit for publication. On reaching the top he addressed the refractory animal reproachfully:

"Shure, 'tis the likes of ye that keeps me out of the Howly Name Society."

Not long ago the editor of an English paper ordered a story of a certain length, but when the story arrived he discovered that the author had written several hundred words too many.

The paper was already late in going to press, so there was no alternative—the story must be condensed to fit the allotted space. Therefore the last few paragraphs were cut down to a single sentence. It read thus:

"The Earl took a Scotch high-ball, his hat, his departure, no notice of his pursuers, a revolver out of his hip-pocket, and, finally, his life."

The foreman employed by a big contractor rushed into the office of the boss, wide-eyed and palpitating. "Boss," said he, in an agitated voice, "one of them new houses of ours fell down in the night!"

"What's that?" exclaimed the boss, jumping right up and beginning to take notice. "What was the matter? How did it happen?"

"It was the fault of the workmen, boss," answered the foreman. "They made the mistake of taking down the scaffolding before they put on the wall-paper."

Mrs. Moore was engaging a new maid of all work. The new applicant answered all questions satisfactorily. "And what is your name?" queried the lady of the house in conclusion.

"Mary," answered the hopeful one.

"That being the case," said the new mistress, "we will adopt the English custom and call you by your last name, as we have one Mary in the family already. What is your last name?"

"Darling," said the new applicant.

"In China, dear friends," commenced the absent-minded missionary, "human life is regarded as of slight value. Indeed, if a wealthy Chinaman is condemned to death, he can easily hire another to die for him, and I believe many poor fellows get their living by thus acting as substitutes."

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Everybody's Magazine
PUBLISHED BY THE RIDGWAY COMPANY
ERMAN J. RIDGWAY, PRESIDENT
GEORGE B. MALLON, SECY & TREAS.
HOWARD WHEELER, MNG. EDITOR
RUTHERFORD BOYD, ART DIRECTOR
SPRING & MACDOUGAL STREETS, NEW YORK CITY
KEEP POSTED

CARTOONS BY GEORGE M. RICHARDS.

SOMETHING TO CHEW ON

THE *Frankfurter Zeitung* is what is known as a semi-official German newspaper. It is a mouthpiece of the great financial interests of the empire, and its policy is inspired by the government.

On February 25th, this newspaper published an article expounding the conflicting views of German officials on the probable results to Germany of a break with the United States. The majority of the German statesmen, said the article, believe that a complete breach would be perilous to Germany, while the major portion of the naval officers believe that the war could be brought to a close much sooner if every advantage were taken of a breach with the United States. This is the way the naval officers figure:

"As soon as we are relieved of the necessity of having any further regard for the United States we can conduct our naval war with the same ruthlessness that the British hitherto practised, and like them, we can set up our own sea law. This would enable us to declare all Great Britain and Ireland forthwith as blockaded, and notify all concerned that any and every ship, no matter what flag she might carry, which still attempted to reach English harbors, would on entering the war zone be considered as a blockade-runner and destroyed without warning."

As justification for such a policy of sea warfare the German naval officers put this forward:

"This proposal, it is true, conflicts with the provisions which hitherto have prevailed at sea, but as the British themselves, since the beginning of the war, have not bothered themselves about any of the sea or international law regulations that have been in force, we must arrogate to ourselves the same right and set up regulations in our own interest."

"As for the charge of barbarism, this already has been raised against us with such violence that the cry can hardly become much louder than it already is, and it is a much greater act of barbarism to sacrifice hundreds of thousands of our own people through this immeasurably prolonged war."

As for the fate of the United States, the German naval officers dispose of our nation this way:

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"With the fall of England, however, Russia and France will also automatically collapse like the organs of a body whose heart has been bored through. Then also America will remain isolated and must for her part also accept any conditions which we impose, because in the peace treaties with our European foes we can, among other things, also demand the handing over of all large battle-ships and submarines, whereby our fleet would become seven times the strength of the American navy. Then America would be compelled to surrender and as a matter of course she would not only have to give up all the interned German liners, but also pay all the war expenditures of the Germanic powers and their allies."

Would the German naval officers dispose of us so glibly in their calculations if we had anything like adequate preparedness?

You can not govern Americans without their consent. This includes wage-earning Americans. In the Watertown Arsenal the wage-earners have overwhelmingly resisted "Scientific Management." Miner Chapman, Efficiency Expert, says that this disaster is due to "the lack of means and methods of democratic cooperation." Scientific Management will never really win out in this country till it holds its stop-watch on the wage-earner's ideals and prejudices as well as on his muscle-motions.

THE BORAX MAN IN THE NATIONAL PARKS

HE'S PUSHING US INTO OUR PARKS.

STEPHEN T. MATHER teaches us that when a man makes a pile of money it is not absolutely necessary always that he should spend the rest of his life making it bigger. Instead, he can, for instance, take a Government job in Washington at a small salary and work like a dog trying to make the National Parks accessible to the people in general and trying to make the people in general accede into the National Parks.

Mather started his business career by giving the "Borax Trust" a new distribution system. In consequence he became manager of its Chicago office. In time he revolted against the "Trust" and departed into the desert and looked for borax not yet "monopolized." There was some. He established the Thorkildsen-Mather Company to convey it to the public. The "Trust" thought it should not be conveyed—by Mather. Mather thought it should. This difference of opinion lasted ten years. At the end of it Mather was very rich. He was also very intelligent.

Nevertheless when Secretary of the Interior Lane asked him to come to Washington and work for what looked like nothing compared with borax, he went. He retired from borax completely and went into National Parks, and is now selling the facts that in Hot Springs Park in Arkansas there are forty-six hot springs possessing curative properties and twenty bath-houses under public control; in Mount Rainier Park in Washington there are fourteen glaciers; in Crater Lake Park in Oregon there is a body of marvelous blue water with no outlet and no inlet; in Mesa Verde Park in Colorado there are prehistoric cliff-dwellings; in Sequoia Park in California there are 12,000 sequoia trees more than ten feet in diameter; in other parks there are other things; and there are going to be roads and trails and public camps for people who are rich and for people who are poor, all sorts of camps for all sorts of incomes, and the revenue from each park is to develop that park, and they are to have more wild birds and more wild mammals for scientists to puzzle over and for children to wonder at.

Mather will sell that National Parks proposition. He will make those parks get used.

If every year a hundred men who had made their pile were to dedicate the rest of their lives to selling some public-service idea, what a country it would soon be!

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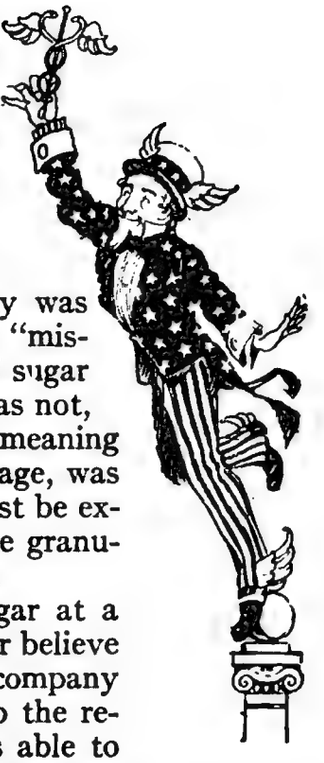
SUGAR AND CLAMS AND UNFAIR COMPETITION



UNCLE SAM PLIES BETWEEN RIVAL COMPANIES, PREVENTING BATTLES IN SUGAR AND OTHER COMMODITIES.

A CERTAIN sugar-manufacturing company made a complaint to the Federal Trade Commission at Washington. It charged a certain other sugar-manufacturing company with seeking to injure it through a certain method of "unfair competition."

The complainant company was small. The defendant company was large. Its method of "unfair competition," in this instance, was "misbranding." It was putting up and sending out a certain "brand" of sugar which it called "pure cane fine granulated." This sugar, however, was not, in fact, "pure cane fine granulated," in the current established trade meaning of the words. The correct designation for this sugar, in trade language, was "off." It contained a certain residue of molasses. That residue must be extracted from an "off" sugar before it can become a "pure cane fine granulated" sugar. The process of extraction is, unfortunately, expensive.

The defendant company, therefore, was sending out a cheap sugar at a cheap price under an expensive name calculated to make the purchaser believe that he was getting an expensive article. Further, the defendant company was sending out this "misbranded" sugar solely and exclusively into the restricted territory within which the small complainant company was able to operate. The motive was clear: the destruction of the small rival. The method was clear: misrepresentation.

Such were the charges of the complainant company. The Commission began to make inquiries. The result was not a legal battle. The result was "results." The defendant company discontinued the sale of the "brand" alleged to be "misbranded." It also undertook not to resume that sale. It said so to the Commission. It said so to the complainant company. The complainant company thereupon withdrew its complaint, and the Commission ruled: "The method of competition complained of having been permanently discontinued, it does not appear to the Commission that a proceeding by it in respect thereof would be to the interest of the public."

This is one of forty cases disclosed in the Federal Trade Commission's first "Bulletin of Rulings." The "Unfair Competition" cases are the most important in the list, because it was peculiarly on account of "Unfair Competition" that the Commission was created. It appears from the bulletin that all such cases, so far, have had one of three endings.

FIRST: The Commission has decided that it has no power to take jurisdiction over the complaint. For instance, a certain manufacturer complained that his product was being sold by a certain retailer at a "cut" price. This price was so low that the retailer was losing money. He was losing it in order to advertise himself. Incidentally, he was cheapening the reputation of the manufacturer's product in the minds of the public and he was doing the manufacturer a distinct money injury. It was found, however, that the retailer conducted his business entirely within *one* state and that accordingly his alleged "unfairness" was not within the field of *inter*state commerce and therefore not within the jurisdiction of the Commission.

Or, second: The Commission has decided that the complaint was not well-founded. For instance, a dispute arose between two clam-packers. Each of these men was engaged in buying fresh clams and in then canning them for the grocery trade. The complainant claimed that the defendant was paying excessive prices for fresh clams. This is an illustration of a very common method

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of "Unfair Competition." The defendant, being presumably richer than the complainant, was "bidding up" the price of the local "raw material" till it was becoming impossible for either him or his poorer rival to sell the "finished product" in the general market at a profit. He was hoping, presumably, to squeeze his poorer rival out of the business by turning it into a contest not between two grades of skill but between two sizes of pocketbook. So the complainant alleged. It was found, however, that the defendant, in fact, was not guilty of the practise charged against him, and the Commission refused to "proceed further."

Or, third: *The unfair practise has been absolutely discontinued, as in the sugar case, without any formal "trial" whatsoever.*

So far, surely, the Federal Trade Commission is a great credit to the Progressive Party which demanded it, and to Woodrow Wilson who first opposed it and then changed his mind and enacted it.

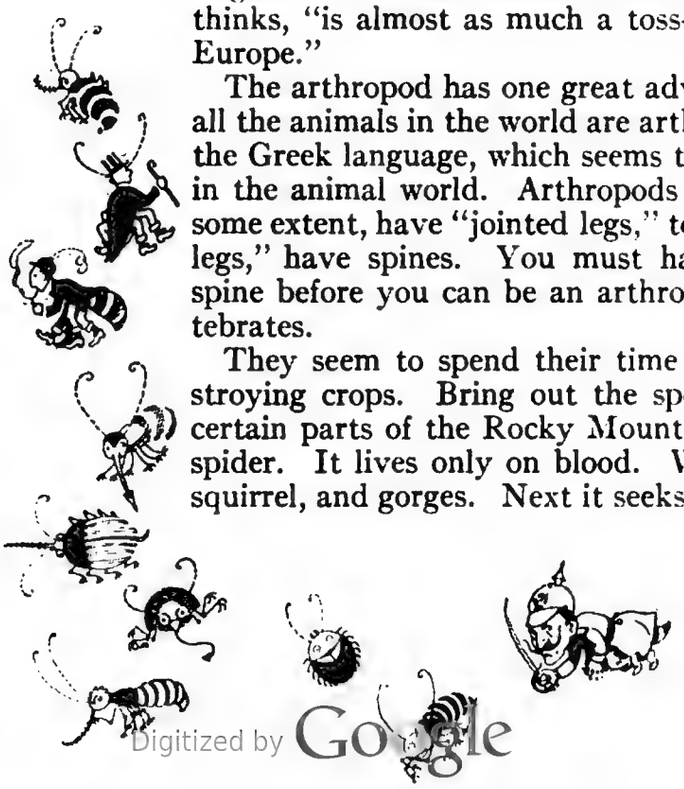
One of the finest features of the Commission's present work is its avoidance of unnecessary publicity for the business men who come before it. That clam-packer who was charged with "bidding up" was innocent. Nevertheless, if the newspapers and magazines could print his name, the charge of unfairness would always cling to him. As things are, we can not print his name. We do not know it. In not one of the Commission's first forty rulings is there any mention of any name either of defendant or of complainant.

Ethical standards in business are now on their way to getting settled by business specialists without law-court delays and without law-court scandals.

One member of the Naval Affairs Committee of the House says that battleships should go forth to the fight with submarines lashed to their decks! Mr. Hearst says that we should have great cargo-carrying merchant ships, owning great guns, which, however, should be kept on land in a safe place where sailors can practise using them till needed!! *The Commoner* says that we should drain all our swamps, so that in war we could use the resulting trenches!!! Saved!!!!

MEN, BIRDS, AND FISHES *VERSUS* ARTHROPODS

THERE is just one animal which may at last defeat man for the mastery of this planet. It is the arthropod. So thinks Sir Harry H. Johnston, G. C. M. G., J. P., K. C. B., who used to be commander-in-chief of the Uganda Protectorate in Africa but who is now quite at home at St. John's Priory, Poling, Arundel, near Little Hampton, Sussex, England. The war between the arthropod and the human being, Sir Harry thinks, "is almost as much a toss-up at present as the war now going on in Europe."



The arthropod has one great advantage. It is so numerous. Four-fifths of all the animals in the world are arthropods. They have taken their name from the Greek language, which seems to be a favorite one among the lower classes in the animal world. Arthropods are animals with "jointed legs." Men, to some extent, have "jointed legs," too. Men, however, besides having "jointed legs," have spines. You must have "jointed legs" and then be without a spine before you can be an arthropod. Arthropods are jointed-legged invertebrates.

They seem to spend their time carrying disease to other animals and destroying crops. Bring out the spotted-fever tick. This arthropod inhabits certain parts of the Rocky Mountains. It is a sort of dirty little degenerate spider. It lives only on blood. When it is an infant it attaches itself to a squirrel, and gorges. Next it seeks a mountain goat, then a bear, then a steer.

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At last, full-grown, it bites a man and the man usually dies. The female of this species has a soft, elastic, wrinkled body and a spiny beak. When it drinks blood, it swells up to many times its original size. It lays four thousand eggs. Not even if Roosevelt were reelected could we hope to rival this birth-rate.

Sir Harry says: "If we could get rid of the noxious forms of tick, flea, bug, louse, fly, mosquito, chafer and cockroach, we should almost, if not quite, extirpate yellow fever, malarial fever, blackwater fever, relapsing fever, dengue, beriberi, scarlet fever, sleeping sickness, and almost all diseases of cattle, sheep, swine, horses, camels, and poultry. With further attacks on harmful beetles, scale insects, midges, and aphids [which are plant lice], we should increase the plant-food output of the world at least a hundredfold."

Other arthropods which one should endeavor to crush are jiggers and various ants and grasshoppers and locusts and caterpillars, and the melancholy rose-chafer which can not control its appetite for grapes.

In our approaching great offensive against the arthropods we have certain allies. The best are the birds. The next best are the fresh-water fishes. Both of these, unfortunately, we have greatly reduced in number. We must restore them and organize them.

Sir Harry exclaims: "Is the lord of this earth some day to be a gigantic ant or bug or wasp or midge or tick?"

We do not believe it. The allies, of course, have committed many blunders. They were not prepared. They did not think that arthropods were so clever. Besides, many of them were opposed to killing anything. They thought that it would be better to simply try to understand the arthropod. Now, however, they are in earnest, and we are confident that arthropodic frightfulness will be cr-r-ushed, if only a few of Sir Harry's countrymen will leave the briny deep and get their feet on the ground.

There are 250,000 business corporations in this country. Only 60,000 of them make net profits of more than $5,000 a year. Only 5,000 of them do an annual gross business of $500,000. Only 462 of them do an annual gross business of more than $5,000,000. There are not so very many really big ones or really rich ones, after all.

U. S. BULLETS AND DOLLARS IN NICARAGUA

WE HAVE kept marines in Nicaragua almost continuously for more than five years; and we have now extracted from Nicaragua, by treaty, its three most important military defensive positions: Great Corn Island, Little Corn Island, and the Gulf of Fonseca.

It is denied that our marines have coerced Nicaragua. The denial is technical. These marines have helped to keep one faction in power and to keep the other out. Diaz is president. In 1912 an extremely strong gentleman named Mena revolted against him. Mena took firm possession of a strategic part of the national railway system. For what followed we quote Clifford D. Ham, who was appointed by our State Department to be Collector-General of Nicaraguan Customs. Ham says that our military forces in Nicaragua "*put down the political bandits who were killing and looting.*"

What? Is it our right to "put down bandits" in a neighboring independent and sovereign state? Bryan, who is responsible for our present Nicaraguan policy and who negotiated the treaty, once exclaimed: "It is a reflection on the Creator to say that He denied to any people the capacity for self-government."

"NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY!" WHY DOES SHE SAY IT TO NICARAGUA AND NOT TO MEXICO?

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Why, then, did Bryan continue the process of undermining self-government in Nicaragua? Why did he continue to police Nicaragua? Why did he continue to collect the sovereign revenues of Nicaragua at its sovereign customs-houses through a United States State Department appointee?

It is time for just a dash of mental honesty at Washington. The fact is that we have used bullets in Nicaragua *and we have used them on behalf of dollars.* Inevitably. Rightly.

In the city of New York there is a banking firm of the name of J. & W. Seligman and another banking firm of the name of Brown Brothers. They own fifty-one per cent. of the stock of the Nicaragua National Railway. It was this railway that Mena seized. It was this railway that our marines recaptured.

J. & W. Seligman and Brown Brothers also own fifty-one per cent. of the stock of the Nicaragua National Bank. Through this bank they have given Nicaragua the first foundation of ultimate prosperity—a currency which means what it says and which can safely be accepted by all traders. Almost fifty million "pesos" of worthless fiat paper money have been called in and burned. Money in Nicaragua is now money. The country is on a gold basis.

J. & W. Seligman and Brown Brothers have also made a loan to the Nicaraguan Government. This loan amounts to more than a million dollars. The Nicaraguan Government needs money, just as the owner of an undeveloped farm needs money, legitimately. The Nicaraguan Government had already borrowed a considerable sum of money from Europe. It had contracted to pay six per cent. to its European creditors. J. & W. Seligman and Brown Brothers arranged a reduction of that interest from six per cent. to five. The European creditors had taken a first lien on the customs-receipts. The American creditors took a second lien. They then asked our State Department to appoint a Collector-General. Our State Department appointed Ham, and he has doubled the revenues by the device of actually collecting them.

Still, it continued to be impossible for Nicaragua to meet all its financial obligations on the precise day when they were due. The arrears of interest, created by previous misgovernment, were too great. The crisis came. It came because of Europe. The American creditors were willing to be patient. The European creditors were not.

In January of 1914 the governments of Great Britain and of Italy and of Germany reached out their hands to take Nicaragua by the throat. They wanted their money at once.

THEN what? Then Bryan and Wilson found themselves in the real world—in the world in which the development of the undeveloped parts of America and Asia and Africa is going forward in the only way in which it is possible that it should go forward, namely, through loans of capital under conditions which will insure the repayment of those loans. Bryan and Wilson were struck across their mouths by the world's international irresistible trade-winds. They dropped all their Villa and Carranza chatter about "dirty dollars" and "foreign concessions." They took *political* action in Nicaragua in order to establish *financial* security and *economic* progress.

Under the new treaty we give Nicaragua three million dollars. In theory we give Nicaragua this money in return for the three naval bases on Great Corn Island, Little Corn Island, and the Gulf of Fonseca, and also in return for the exclusive right to build an interoceanic canal across Nicaraguan territory. In reality we give Nicaragua this money to enable it to struggle to its financial feet and to begin to meet its obligations promptly. Not one dollar of the money is to be spent except with the approval of our Secretary of State.

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In the meantime our marines, by checking disorder, have helped to turn the minds of the people of Nicaragua toward a peaceful discussion of their political affairs and so have helped to give Nicaragua the first foundation of ultimate genuine self-government. At last reports there was not one political prisoner in the jails of Nicaragua, and the political opponents of President Diaz were criticising him in the Congress and in the press without limit and without restraint. Six years ago, under President Zelaya, it would have seemed incredible that any such condition of free speech and of free political action could ever be established.

Out of this incident may we not hope that some slight additional tincture of mental honesty may be distilled into our congressional speeches and into our presidential manifestoes? We have encouraged American finance and we have protected American property in Nicaragua. Next time we refuse to encourage American finance in China, next time we refuse to protect American property in Mexico, will it not be possible to be just a little bit less soapy-mouthed about it? The fact is that China is too awful far away. The fact is that Mexico is too beastly big. Those are the real reasons, if any.

As for Great Corn Island and Little Corn Island and the Gulf of Fonseca, we took them because we had a good opportunity to take them and because it is our solemn duty to embrace every such opportunity to place our soldiers and our sailors on the weak coasts of Central America against the day when some European or Asiatic fleet will go too far in its demands on the Central American powers and when this United States will be the only power in all the world which will come to their rescue and defense. That's why.

Since we have to live in this world, why not talk its language?

St. Louis gave Woodrow Wilson a meal. The choice of drinks was between cold water and hot bouillon. The state of New York gave a meal to George Washington in 1783. The Roosevelt of that day, Isaac Roosevelt, handed the bill to the state treasury. It included 135 bottles of Madeira, 36 bottles of port, 60 bottles of English beer, 60 bowls of punch, and "coffee for eight gentlemen."

THE BIGGEST PRESENT HUMAN-WELFARE JOB

FREDERICK L. HOFFMAN, statistician of the Prudential Insurance Company, calculates that the sickness of the wage-earners of the United States amounts to more than 300,000,000 days every year. In a certain steel-mill in Pennsylvania in 1913 the number of employees was 10,846. The number of cases of sickness was 7,910.

In the United States, generally speaking, sickness means that wages stop. In Germany during sickness a part of wages keeps on. The sick-pay comes, amounting to at least half of the pay during health; and doctors come, and medicines, and hospitals, all furnished by routine. This is one of several reasons why an excited American labor speaker recently advised the wage-earners of Paterson, in case of a German invasion, to side with Germany. It would treat the wage-earners better. In proportion to its resources, it certainly does.

If all American wage-earners were insured against sickness, as in Germany, the total cost would be about $250,000,000. We probably spend almost that amount on sickness now. The difficulty is that we spend it so aimlessly and so scatteredly that most of it fails to hit the right spots at the right times in the right ways. The need is for organization.

The German Government gives organization. That is all it gives. Sickness Insurance in Germany is not by the state. It is by employers and employees. They pay in the premiums. They

TAKING THE STING OUT OF SICKNESS.

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pay out the benefits. The state lays down the rules for it. The state compels it to start and to go. The employers and employees pay for it and manage it.

The American Association for Labor Legislation has studied Health Insurance all over the world and has drafted a "tentative bill" for the United States. Out of this work a Health Insurance measure has been introduced into the Legislature of New York. A similar measure in time will be introduced into the legislature of every other state. The "tentative bill" makes the state do more than the German Government does. It makes the state pay one fifth of the cost. It divides the rest of the cost equally between employers and employees.

Sickness is more important than accidents. It is a bigger bulk of physical misery. It is a bigger bulk of mental misery. Nobody thinks he is going to meet with an accident. Everybody knows he is going to be sick. Sickness, for the wage-earner, casts black dread before and bare despair after.

We have adopted compulsory insurance against industrial accidents. We are going to adopt compulsory insurance against sickness. The American Association for Labor Legislation is one of the soundest, safest, sturdiest, most useful organizations in this country. It never goes one step farther in theory than it can go in action. Its record every year is many actual improvements on the labor laws of the United States, and not one yawp.

Its managers are John and Irene Andrews, both trained scholars and experienced legislative experts—and just as "human" as the cheap-skate grafters who usually monopolize the word "human." The headquarters address is 131 East Twenty-third Street, New York City. Get the facts and do your part in your state in the biggest thing that can just now be done for the daily welfare of the mass of human beings in your country.

Paterson, New Jersey, tries to preserve order by preventing certain Socialists from talking. Result: perpetual trouble. In New York the Police Commissioner, Arthur Woods, permits all Socialists to talk against capital as much and as far as they like. Result: perfect peace and order at all Socialist demonstrations all the time. Free speech works.

SEAWARD THE COURSE OF EMPIRE TAKES ITS WAY

WHEN the United States Industrial Relations Commission died, a certain fraction of it did an act of resurrection and then baptized itself "Committee on Industrial Relations." It sounds official. It is not. This Committee has attacked the American International Corporation, which consists of men of various interests grouped to forward American foreign trade. On the other hand:

President Wilson said to the United States Chamber of Commerce: "You can not do your business after this war is over the way you did it before. You can not limit your horizons. America is going to be thrust out into the economic leadership of the world. We ought to have a business that looks out upon all the world, to make peaceful conquest of every field of legitimate endeavor."

Joseph E. Davies, Chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, said to the National Foreign Trade Council: "In the absence of injury to any American interest a greater degree of cooperation in export trade than is allowed in domestic trade may be beneficial to the country. If it is not now permitted by law, new legislation to that end, properly safeguarding the public interest, should be enacted."

Certain so-called "radicals" are really reactionaries.

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